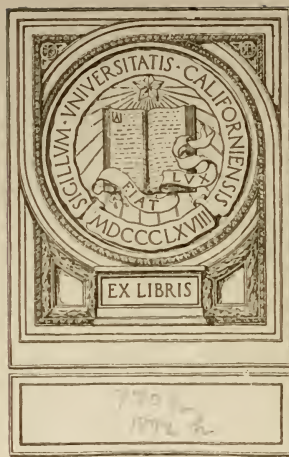


THE ODES AND EPODES

OF HORACE

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THE ODES AND EPODES

OF

HORACE

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE WITH AN INTRODUCTION
AND NOTES AND LATIN TEXT

BY

JOHN B. HAGUE, PH.D.

Non Omnis Moriar

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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DEDICATION.

To the memory of my brother, the REV. WILLIAM HAGUE, D.D., S.T.D., for years my companion in reading and study ; to Hamilton College, our common Alma Mater ; to the memory of the REV. SIMON NORTH, S.T.D., LL.D., who filled for so many years with honor its Presidential Chair, and was my instructor in the Greek and Latin Classics ; and to all who love the genius and culture of the Past, this volume is affectionately dedicated by

J. B. H.

PREFACE.

THIS volume is offered to the scholar as well as to the general reader, but in the work connected with its preparation particular regard has been had to the wants of the latter. It may be described as the outcome of thirty years of labor as a teacher and reader of the Greek and Latin Classics, including ten years of special work in moulding it to its present form.

One of the principal objects which the translator has kept before him is the greatest possible condensation in giving to the odes this English dress. While anything like literal translation would be out of the question in a poetical version, yet it has been thought desirable to represent these lyrics more closely than has been generally considered necessary where the forms of poetry have been employed. In carrying out this design, which renders additions almost impossible, it is hoped that nothing of importance has been omitted. It is applying strictly to all the odes the methods which distinguished scholars have applied to some of them, and in which their finest work as translators has appeared. Mr. Conington (Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford) has carried this out as a principle through the whole of his scholarly translation of the four books of Odes and the Sæcular Hymn.

As represented by the editions generally used, the odes of Horace number one hundred and twenty-one, including the Sæcular Hymn. Seventy-eight of these are written in stanzas of four lines each, no line exceeding a pentameter in length, while many lines are still less in the number of feet. Thirty-six of the seventy-eight are in the measure called Alcaic, and twenty-six in the measure called Sapphic, leaving only sixteen nearly equally divided between two other measures. Thus it appears that there were favorite rhythms which took precedence with the poet. We borrow this idea from our bard; and, since there are no recognized measures in English poetry which bear the slightest resemblance to the rhythms of these lyrics, the translator has been left free to select poetical forms such as in his judgment would best convey the meaning and spirit of the odes. He has therefore selected as the most agreeable to the English ear, and the most

in consonance with the forms of the odes, those shorter measures known as eights and sevens (or their compounds), with rhyme in couplets or alternate, and in the one or in the other of these almost all the odes have been rendered. For a very few, of exceptional length of line, other measures have been chosen. The thirty-six odes which are in couplets, presenting the appearance of solidity, and the seven which are in equal lines, have not been changed either as to the length or the form of the lyric. The number of its lines is always stated at the head of each ode, its form noticed, as stanzas, or couplets, or equal lines, and its general shape as far as possible retained. Two epodes are omitted, in accordance with custom.

The notes which stand at the heads of the lyrics have been written with care, designed, as stated before, particularly for the general reader. They are gathered (and the statement may be applied to the Introductory Essay) from the Classical Dictionaries, from the Historians, and especially from Horatian Editors and Commentators, by whose teachings our work has been largely moulded and shaped. The writer has added a few gleanings of his own, made in the course of years, and has been obliged to exercise his own judgment amid the discussions so abundantly found in Horatian literature.

Some information respecting the Latin text used in this volume may be expected. The numerous publications of Horace used in our schools and colleges, and for general reading, during the last forty or fifty years, and in relation to which the present translator's work has been done, may be divided into four general classes:

First. The older Dauphin editions, representing the best scholarship of their times, and still used by many Horatian scholars. Our copy is marked, London, 1771.

Second. The younger Dauphin editions; based upon the older, yet differing somewhat in readings and arrangement; represented by the edition of the Rev. Henry Pemble, Cambridge, England, 1832.

Third. The Anthon editions—larger and smaller—1830, 1838; with much additional matter from the Commentators, and excellent in arrangement—extensively used in this country.

Fourth. The Latin text represented by the translation of Lord Lytton, and bearing the names of Orelli, Maclean, and Yonge, 1868; very good for comparison with other Latin texts.

The translator has used for many years, in his teaching and reading, the Latin texts above named, has carefully collated them with reference to the text

here presented, and has exercised his best judgment where they differ from each other, which is chiefly in the minor points of arrangement and punctuation.

While there are many fine translations of special and favorite odes, there are comparatively few versions of them all by the same hand. Yet the number even of these is not small. From the mass we take six or seven names of the most eminent translators, and the best known in our day :

First. A translation in prose by Christopher Smart, A.M., Cambridge. Sat. and Epis.

Second. A translation in verse by the above, with Sat. and Epis.

Third. A translation in verse by Philip Francis, D.D., with Sat. and Epis.

Fourth. A metrical translation of the Odes, Epodes, and Sæc. Hymn, by Lord Lytton.

Fifth. A translation in verse of four books of Odes and Sæc. Hymn by John Conington, Oxford.

Sixth. A translation in verse by Sir Theodore Martin, with Sat. and Epis.

Seventh. An Appendix, with poetical translations of particular odes, by eminent scholars.

The first, third, fourth, and seventh are published in this country.

From the above list we have selected the versions of Dr. Francis, of Lord Lytton, and of Sir Theodore Martin, as those of the most eminent and best known translators, for brief reference and comparison in the notes prefixed to the odes. The number of lines in which each has rendered the lyric is stated, and brief comparisons are made and peculiarities noted. We have also mentioned a considerable number of special translations by eminent scholars, for comment, such as we have been able to gather up in the course of our reading.

To Edward North, L.H.D., LL.D., Professor of the Greek Language and Greek Literature, and to the Rev. Abel Grosvenor Hopkins, Ph.D., Professor of the Latin Language and Latin Literature, who have so long and so ably filled those important Chairs in Hamilton College, and who have been conversant with portions of the translator's work, we return thanks for the favorable opinions expressed; contributing in no small degree, as this has done, to the decision finally reached in connection with the presentation of this volume.

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THE ODES AND EPODES OF HORACE.

INTRODUCTION.

THE POLITICAL, SOCIAL, MORAL, AND RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF THE ODES.

THE odes of Horace are not simply beautiful lyrics. They enter into the whole life of Rome in perhaps her grandest days, for an entire generation. They are history and portraiture, they are notes of warning and songs of praise, they weep and rejoice, they pour out scorn and admiration, hate and love, and pass through the heights and depths of human emotion. They are addressed to the Gods, to the greatest of earthly monarchs, to princes who might ascend the throne, to the most renowned generals of the day, to the most distinguished poets of the age, to consuls, and priests, and magistrates, to the men and women of society, to the poor and the rich, to the virtuous and the vicious ; and, touching on almost every topic on which men think and speak, they weave themselves into the political, social, moral, and religious life of Rome. It would be difficult to overestimate the influence of these poems upon those among whom they first saw the light ; nor has too much stress been laid upon this by those who have admired and loved these remains of antiquity. This feeling of regard is but a reflection of the past, a fulfilment of his vision of future fame, expressed by the bard in the odes which close the second and the third books, and wonderfully realized.

Horace was born at Venusia, in Apulia, December 8th, 65 B.C. According to the twenty-first ode of the third book, Manlius Torquatus was one of the consuls of that year. The father of the poet was a freed-man of some branch of the illustrious family of the Horatii, whose name, it is said, custom permitted him to bear. Horace was then free-born, and in right of this possessed the privileges of a Roman citizen. His father's business was probably that of a collector of moneys, the proceeds of auctions of various kinds. Although by no means rich, there was enough

with which to buy a house and farm on the banks of the "far-sounding Aufidus," celebrated in the ode to Lollius, and to furnish the means for the best education of the future poet that Rome could give. It is to the honor of our bard that he was not ashamed of these circumstances pertaining to his father, and of his own comparative poverty and humble position at this early period of his life. So far from concealing them, he seems to take special pains, in the odes which close the second and third books, to bring them out in a manner the most marked and striking, as if in reply to the taunts of some small souls who had made these things a matter of reproach.

The education which Horace received through the forethought and care of his father, who lived with his son at Rome for this purpose, was such as to secure for the future poet admission to the very best society of the city, and to fit him in every respect for the work to which he was called by his genius. It differed but little from what in these days would be called a classical education. The boy commenced in one of the best private schools of Rome with the grammar and literature of his own tongue, took up at the early age of twelve or thirteen the Greek, and read, under his preceptor, Homer and perhaps some other Greek authors. There were also numbers and geometry to match on the mathematical side of his studies. All this required time extending to the seventeenth or eighteenth year.

The Roman youth who were able to do so then spent three or four years at Athens (more if possible) in the study of various Greek authors, of rhetoric, of history, of philosophy, and of liberal art. All this was best found in Greece, to which country our bard resorted in his eighteenth year, and continued till at least his twenty-third birthday. It is easy to see that an education whose foundations were laid so broad and deep at Rome, with the superstructure that years of application at Athens would lay upon it, must have made Horace the peer in culture of any around him. His writings would be regarded as those of a man who had received the highest culture which the times could give—a consideration of no small value to the young poet when his first attempts were made. We now turn to another feature of his life of no less importance than his education, and one which has left as deep a mark upon these odes, and the knowledge of which is necessary to a proper understanding of their true character and position, or at least of a large number of them.

Seldom has one been born in more troublous times than those in which the poet first saw the light. The Servile war which swept through Italy had closed only five or six years before the birth of Horace. He was a child of but five years

when another conflict more terrible still began, and wasted the Republic for a whole generation. The civil wars of which Pollio wrote the history began, according to the first ode of the second book, in the Consulate of Metellus, with the leagues formed by the chiefs, Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus, leagues not to last, and culminating in terrible conflicts extending through some thirty years of Rome's history. This was in 60 B.C. The battles of Pharsalia, of Thapsus, of Munda, of Philippi, of Nauclous, and of Actium were only the heavier surges of this awful civil commotion. Proscriptions, banishments, conspiracies, assassinations, and minor battles were constant throughout the widely extended domains of the Republic, so that the bard could say to Pollio in the ode addressed to him, "that there was scarcely a field not made richer with Roman blood," and in the ninth stanza of the lyric could ask these terrible questions :

What gulfs, what streams know not our war?
 What sea unstained though distant far
 With Roman slaughter? Name the shore
 Not reddened with Italian gore.

These are strong words, but they were uttered by one whose childhood and youth up to his twenty-third year were passed where the most bloody scenes were transpiring, and who himself was on the Republican side in its last battle on the field of Philippi. Whatever political questions or personal ambitions may have originated and continued this long civil commotion, the question which at last divided the combatants was—shall Rome continue to be a republic, or shall she become a monarchy? Julius Cæsar, Octavius Cæsar, and Mark Antony represented those who believed in a monarchy as the true and proper outcome of the years of civil strife. The names of Cicero, Brutus, Virgil, and Horace would represent those who favored the Republican idea. The death of Julius Cæsar was a part of this long strife, and when it took place Horace, now twenty-three years old, was at Athens pursuing his studies. Nothing but a great and decisive battle can settle such wide political differences. The parties prepared for the final conflict. Brutus passed through Greece at the head of the Republican legions, and Horace and many others joined him heart and soul in the contest. The armies met at Philippi in a three-days' battle, the cause of the poet was lost, he himself fled from the field, and Brutus and Cassius perished there. We can easily understand why Horace wrote such odes as that addressed to Pollio, and the seventh and sixteenth epodes.

From that fatal field Horace found his way at length to Rome, poor and destitute, and his paternal property confiscated. Yet he was unbroken in spirit, strong in youth, and possessed of a culture equal to that of any around him. Almost every man has some friends, and Horace had two who interested themselves in his affairs. Both were poets, both had been on the Republican side, and both were ready to lend a helping hand to our poverty-stricken bard. One of these was Virgil, only five years older than Horace. The other was Varius, not much more advanced in years, and well spoken of at that day, but whose works have not come down to us. It was not long before the young poet was introduced to Mæcenas, who possessed the entire confidence of Octavius Cæsar, and was entrusted by him with the greatest civil responsibilities. There was a short delay, for the times were still unsettled, and Mæcenas was full of work, but the poet then formed friendships which lasted through all his life. He was made the confidential secretary of Mæcenas, an office not to be hastily conferred. It is not strange, in view of such services, that Horace should call Virgil the "half of his soul," in the third ode of the first book; and in that elegant little lyric to Agrippa should compliment Varius as "A Bird of Homeric wing." These events bring us to 39 or 38 B.C.

No man called in troublous times to hold the reins of government, and to re-establish peace and order in a country long distracted by civil war, ever stood in greater need of help than did Octavius Cæsar when, after the battle of Philippi, he assumed the direction of affairs in Italy. No man was ever more fortunate in the friends and counsellors whom he called around him; and it is only just to say that no man more fully deserved the happy results that came, by the exercise of moderation and kindness toward those who had been his enemies, and who, like Horace, had even fought against him. The Republican cause was lost forever. Those who had loved it and fought for it accepted the decision at Philippi as final. They had also a question of great moment to ask. If the Republic were restored, what security have we that ambition, and selfishness, and passion may not break forth again into "leagues of the Chiefs," and again deluge the land with blood? If Octavius will govern with moderation and clemency, let him do so, and bring quiet to this distracted country. The one need of Rome is peace. Everything was favorable for this result. Men were weary of bloodshed, Octavius was peacefully inclined and needed help, and the leaders on the opposite side were ready to give that help. They were men to be trusted when they took upon themselves the obligations of friendship. Horace became the private secretary of Mæcenas,

and the friend of Octavius Cæsar. Virgil's land had been restored to him, but the patrimony of Horace was gone beyond recall, and a small but beautiful farm at Tibur was made to take the place of that which was lost at Venusia. The two poets visited Octavius constantly, and gave their whole influence to the new order of things.

But so long and terrible a storm could not at once be stilled. The Empire was not wholly at peace, nor could it be until certain elements of discord and danger destructive of all right results were dissipated. Some of these elements were found among the old friends of Pompey, represented by his son Sextus, who were defeated by Agrippa in a great naval battle off Naulochus in 36 B.C. But by far the greatest dangers to the peace of Rome and of the Empire sprang from the ambitious schemes of Antony and Cleopatra in Egypt. One more struggle before lasting peace may come. The friends of Octavius stood by him in this crisis; and on the second of September, 31 B.C., the great and final battle of Actium was fought, and the victory won that closed up fully the long years of strife, and left Octavius Cæsar sole monarch of the Empire, and paved the way to a lasting peace. The long reign of Cæsar, of forty-five years, begins here. The title of Augustus was given in 27 B.C. It was in this first decade after the battle of Philippi that Virgil wrote the *Eclogues* and the *Georgics*, and Horace the *Satires* and the *Epodes*. Virgil recognizes, in two eclogues, the restoration of his lands, and the excellence of the rule of Octavius. Horace, in several epodes, recognizes the gift of the Sabine farm, and the battles of Naulochus and Actium, besides other events, and the satisfactory condition of affairs under Cæsar,—all this by both poets before Octavius began to reign alone.

We are now able to estimate the political influence and value of these lyrics. Written by a cultivated leader of the Republicans, one who had fought at Philippi under Brutus, the influence which they must have exerted in favor of the existing order of things was, doubtless, very great. Augustus, as it appears, was glad to receive the assistance which these poems afforded, especially after the battle of Actium, from which his reign as sole monarch is dated, and after which more than five sixths of them were composed. The Emperor had a hard task before him. There were political animosities to soothe, civil, social, and religious reforms to make, the ravages of war to repair, reviving art and literature to cherish, industry and commerce to protect, and robbers on the sea and land to extirpate. There was surely enough to do, that would justify him in calling upon every well-disposed citizen for aid.

With such ends to accomplish, it is natural to suppose that many of these odes would be addressed to Augustus, to Mæcenas, and to the Roman people. We would expect to find such lyrics touching largely upon the needs and troubles of the times. Augustus and Mæcenas wielded the executive power of the state. Accordingly there are addressed to Augustus, directly and indirectly, about fourteen odes, nearly the same number to Mæcenas, and six to the Roman people. If a new temple was to be dedicated, or an old one to be repaired; if laws for the repression of crime or the reformation of manners were to be passed; if a policy of conciliation was to be carried out; if victories like those of Drusus, or of Tiberius, or like those of the Emperor himself, were securing peace and order and prosperity, an ode of elegant diction in which any or all of these things were made a matter of favorable notice, would strengthen the hands of the ruling powers under whom all this was taking place. We will give some illustrations of what is meant.

One of the most important duties of Augustus would be the building and repairing of the sacred edifices. In the sixth ode of the third book, addressed to the Romans, the bard urges upon the Emperor and the people the religious duty of repairing these temples and altars—the ruins of the war. The reader is referred to the first and second stanzas of the ode. The mild policy pursued by Augustus after the battles of Philippi and Actium was one of the wisest things ever done by that monarch. In the fourth ode of the third book, to Calliope (tenth and eleventh stanzas), Horace ascribes this policy to the inspiration of the Muses. This is a beautiful recognition of a broad and generous policy, and was not without its worth to Augustus. The political importance of the victory at Actium is placed in a strong light in the ninth epode, written just after the battle. In the four lines commencing with the second, "Io Triumphe" (lines 23–26), the poet declares that not even the fall of Carthage was more to Rome in great results than the victory at Actium. This closed up almost two generations of civil war, and furnished the date for the beginning of the new Empire, and of one of the longest and most glorious reigns known to history.

There was nothing which the Rome of Horace's day felt more deeply than the defeat of Crassus in 53 B.C., on the Median or Parthian plains, and particularly the capture of the Roman standards. This defeat must be avenged, and these standards restored. No opportunity was lost of reminding the Emperor of what all felt and desired. This is finely done in the last two lines of the second ode of the first book, addressed to Augustus:

" And now great leader of our hosts,
Cæsar, avenge the Medes' proud boasts."

The standards were restored in 20 B.C., and we may be sure that it was with deep emotion that Horace gazed upon the grand triumphal entry which was made when Augustus returned from the East, and the long-lost banners came back. A boy of twelve, he had perhaps seen them when the legions of Crassus went out—he was a man of forty-five when he saw them again.

The campaigns of Drusus and Tiberius, step-sons of the Emperor, contributed greatly to the full and final establishment of peace. They were the closing up of a long series of battles and of victories on the outskirts of the Empire. These are recognized in two magnificent lyrics, the fourth and the fourteenth of the fourth book, the former entitled, "The Praises of Drusus," and the latter (addressed to Augustus) is designed to commemorate the victories of Tiberius. They should be read entire. We trust that we have not wearied the reader with these references, which we could multiply greatly in number, but they seemed necessary to a proper understanding of the political position of these odes. As we have seen, there is scarcely anything of state-policy or state-business into which they do not enter. Both Horace and Virgil up to the death of the latter in 19 B.C., were as much as possible at the palace, and with Mæcenas, and gave their whole influence to the interests of peace, as these were represented by the government of Augustus. Nothing is clearer than this from the odes, and as Horace was the secretary of Mæcenas, he must have enjoyed unusual opportunities for knowing whatever was done or contemplated in the various departments of the state—everything must pass through his hands.

Horace has been charged with adulation in some of the epithets applied to Augustus, and in ascribing to his reign such grand results. We see no ground for either charge. If Augustus brought law, and order, and prosperity to a country distracted by thirty years of civil war, if he revived agriculture, and art and learning; if he restored reverence and worship, and made moral sentiments respected, and virtue possible, too much can scarcely be said in his praise. Nothing higher could be attained. In the beautiful ode which closes the fourth book (13 or 12 B.C.), the poet congratulates the Emperor on these magnificent results. Augustus had reigned eighteen years, and had brought the Empire into a state of quiet and prosperity that fully justified the bard in all that he has said in the fine lyric mentioned above. We refer the reader particularly to the second, third,

and fourth stanzas. And it must be considered that, in such a case, no beauty and garnish of poetry could have stood before a palpable untruth.

It has always appeared to us not a little singular that the Roman bards should ever be judged religiously, from a Christian standpoint. To some, certain epithets applied to Augustus by Virgil and Horace have seemed improperly to ascribe to him a character and position above those which belong to mortals. It must always be remembered that the ideas which a modern Christian man associates with the name of God are as different from those which the ancient Roman connected with the same name in his tongue, as it is possible to conceive. The modern applies it to one Being only, infinite in intelligence and power, the Creator of heaven and earth. The Roman applied it to a great number of beings of every grade of intelligence and power, many of them scarcely above himself, and some of them said to be his immediate ancestors. When he said *Deus*, or *Dea*, he might mean Jove or Juno, who ruled in the heavens, or a fountain nymph, once a mortal, whose powers would not greatly transcend those which some mortal might wield. The difference between the two conceptions, Christian and Pagan, is immense, and it is easy to see that the term *Divine* might be applied by the ancient Roman without impropriety to the Emperor, supposed to represent in his earthly reign the Monarch of the skies, and who might be descended from some one of those deities presiding over particular localities. It would be strange indeed if the Roman bards had not written as Romans.

The odes of Horace enter largely into the social and moral life of Rome. Wherever there has been civilization, or society, there have always been found men of deep moral instincts, "in whose hearts the law was written," who have acted as a conservative moral force. They have been poets, or philosophers, or prophets, and have sung, and reasoned, and taught in such a way as to render the continuance of society possible. Providence has given such men to every age of which we know anything by tradition or history. Their mission has been to soften, and restrain, and teach,

" Moulding by their art and grace,
Manners of a new-formed race."

as our bard happily expresses it. Orpheus, Amphion, and Homer, Pythagoras, Socrates, and Plato, Cicero, Virgil, and Horace were such men. The Jewish prophets and Christian apostles were such men, with a higher inspiration. The poet and the instructor blend in the odes of Horace. Taken as a whole, they teach

moderation, and contentment, and peace. They reprove avarice and ambition, and extravagance. They hold up proper ideals of taste, of honor, and of truth.

Besides the intrinsic excellence of the odes themselves considered as poems, there were several things which contributed in no small degree to facilitate their reception by the public of Rome, and to give them additional weight and influence. These were the high social position of Horace, his freedom from vices which were considered as stains upon the character, and his well-known moderation as to the acquisition of lands and other property—a thing rare in all times and countries. We may add that the sacrifices which he had made for the Republican cause, and the friendships which grew out of them, would win for him a favorable consideration on the part of those who had fought on the same side with himself.

The social position to which a kind fate assigned our bard could not well be higher. The secretaryship of so distinguished a man as Mæcenas, the companionship of the ablest men of his day in the halls of his patron, or in the palace of the Emperor, left nothing to be desired on the score of rank, or wealth, or character. We are able to gather from the odes the names of those who constituted, with few exceptions, that select circle of which Horace was a member at will, and which was seen not seldom at the royal residence. It would be strange if the lyrics which grew so largely out of the poet's life should not represent in a considerable degree those who made up so great a part of that life. It is a remarkable list of names that presents itself to our gaze. There was Augustus, who ruled that household so absolutely, yet so wisely, and who lived in the midst of it an exemplary life. There was the younger Marcellus, nephew of the Emperor, the son of a noble woman, and destined to be the successor of Augustus; a youthful and brilliant member of that family circle, disappointing by his early death the hopes of sovereign and people, lamented by Virgil in his finest strains, and praised by Horace in one of his grandest lyrics. There were the princes Tiberius and Drusus (the former afterward Emperor), step-sons of Augustus; the elder a boy of four years when Horace first entered that royal circle in 38 B.C., the younger born that same year in the palace. These grew up under his eye, and became in early manhood leaders in battle among the wilds of the Alps,—celebrated in the fine lyrics of the fourth book in strains worthy of the poet. There was Agrippa, afterwards son-in-law of the Emperor, one of the most distinguished generals of the age, commander at Naucluchus and Actium, addressed in the sixth ode of the first book, and declared worthy of Homeric strains. There was Julius Antonius, the husband of Marcella (niece by blood of the Emperor), the son of Mark Antony and step-son

of Octavia, nobly educated through her care, himself a poet, and addressed in the second ode of the fourth book,—this before he departed from the path of virtue. Belonging to that household was one of the grandest women of antiquity, Octavia, the only sister of Augustus. Of exquisite beauty, of commanding intellect, of the highest culture, of pure life and noble heart, the mother of young Marcellus, she wielded a moral power perhaps superior to that of any other, and which her misfortunes and sorrows only rendered the greater. To see constantly such a woman was something to our bard. There was Livia Drusilla, the wife of the Emperor, a woman of "great personal attraction," of cultured and resolute mind, and if she was ambitious of spirit, she was pure and faithful in life. Both the wife and sister of Augustus are addressed in the fourteenth ode of the third book, on the occasion of his return from Spain, and both are called upon to join the people in giving thanks for the safety of him who stood at the head of the Empire. In addition to these, we may name the virtuous Marcella (daughter of Octavia and Marcellus, her first husband), and, we are obliged to add, the profligate Julia, daughter of Augustus.

But this royal circle was enlarged from without by names as distinguished as were those within. Here is Mæcenas, "sprung from kingly race," a man of the largest culture, whose house in Rome is the resort of every one who had genius and learning. Here is Pollio, poet, historian, a leader of armies, and a victor on the fields of Dalmatia, "whom senates call in danger's hour," as Horace writes in the fine ode addressed to him at the beginning of the second book, and whom Virgil has honored in two eclogues. Here is Messala, who almost took Octavius a prisoner in the first day's battle at Philippi, now Cæsar's friend. For Messala, in the twenty-first ode of the third book, Horace calls on his oldest cask as alone worthy of his distinguished visitor, whose Socratic studies (he says) will not prevent a due appreciation of the good wine that is to greet his coming. Here is Virgil, whose name alone it is sufficient to repeat, to whom Horace addresses three odes, and calls the "half of his soul." Varius helps to swell the number of this remarkable company, himself a poet, and highly honored by our bard in the ode to Agrippa. Plotius is here, honorably mentioned in the tenth satire of the first book, and with Varius, editing the *Æneid* after Virgil's death. Tibullus was a member of that circle, whose elegies won the praises of his contemporaries, and to whom our poet addresses a playful ode, the thirty-third of the first book. Valgius, too, is here, whose mournful strains over the lost Mystes are so gently reproved by his brother poet in that beautiful ode, the ninth of the second book.

And here may be seen Terentia, the wife of Mæcenas, whom our bard in the twelfth ode of the second book, under the name of Licymnia, praises for her wit, and culture, and beauty, and constancy of affection.

This was the circle, with two or three names added, of which Horace formed one, and with which he was constantly associated. It would be difficult to find in the pages of history any mention of an assemblage of eighteen or twenty persons, so many of whom had made their mark upon the world, as in this association of friends that met together at the house of Mæcenas, and at the imperial residence. We can believe that the best things of the day were heard in that company of generals, and statesmen, and poets, and scholars, and accomplished women, all of whom possessed the highest culture that Rome and Athens could give. Death removed in early life Marcellus, one of its most distinguished members. We can easily receive the story of that memorable scene in the palace, when Virgil took there the sixth book of the *Æneid*, just completed, and read to Augustus, and the Empress, and Octavia, and a favored few, those magnificent verses, fresh in power and beauty to-day. We can see the rising enthusiasm of the company as Hades unfolds its last scene, and when the poet pronounces those immortal lines that close it, and brings up that form not long removed, and names the name, we are not surprised that the Emperor is unmanned, and that the mother of the lost Marcellus faints away. Surely no one could say that the odes were the production of some poverty-stricken poet, envious of the happiness of others, and discontented with the lot which a hard fate had assigned him.

There was, however, another advantage greater even than that which has just been presented, the want of which could not have been made up by any superiority of social position. Few men stood better as to moral character than Horace. He had spent several years as a boy and as a young man at Rome, attending its best schools, and must have been well known in the city. In the sixth satire of the first book, describing his introduction to Mæcenas, he makes a reference to that part of his life which was passed in study at Rome. He says that his father was with him all this time, and kept him free, not only from the actual stains of vice, but even from the imputation of these. He speaks with gratitude of his parent, and says (in the rendering of Dr. Francis) :

" Nor while my senses hold shall I repent
Of such a father, nor with pride resent,
As many do, th' involuntary disgrace
Not to be born of an illustrious race."

He could challenge the severest scrutiny into his youthful life, confident that it would be found on the side of virtue. Mæcenas made this scrutiny when he invited this young man of twenty-six years to a position of so much trust and responsibility in his household. He refers to this in the same satire, and we take Sir Theodore Martin's version of the passage :

" You bid me 'mongst your friends assume a place,
And proud I feel that thus I won thy grace,
Not by an ancestry long known to fame,
But by my life and heart devoid of blame."

It was a strong position that our bard occupied when the vices of society fell under his lash, for no one could justly say, " Physician, heal thyself."

We have dwelt upon this feature of the poet's position and character, because of its important bearing upon a number of odes in connection with which great injustice has been done to Horace, and certain lyrics rendered unintelligible, which under a proper view are easy of comprehension. The odes referred to are about sixteen in number, and are addressed to females, differing greatly in age, in character, and in social position. We are surprised that any of the commentators have spoken of the poet as if he were the lover of all these, or of nearly all, and the phrase " Horace's mistresses " has been applied to the greater part. But when we come to inspect these lyrics carefully, and to study their special characteristics, we find abundant reason to reject this term as applicable to the relations which Horace sustained to the women whose names stand at the head of the odes referred to. In the sense which that term usually conveys among us, Horace had no mistresses. This is also the conclusion of some of the best Horatian scholars. We must consider not only the circumstances, but what may be called the reason and logic of the whole case.

To say nothing of the improbability that the poet (or indeed any man) would feel special personal interest in so large a number of women of such different ages and positions in society, we have found that at his twenty-sixth year, up to the time of his taking the position of trust and responsibility in the household of Mæcenas, he was free from everything which the phrase " Horace's mistresses " would imply, and that it was this very circumstance, this purity of life, which contributed so largely to his becoming a member of that household. With no greater temptations, and with increased reasons for a life of virtue, is it probable

that his boyhood and youth of innocence would be followed by a manhood of vice? May we not ask, too, whether in the midst of so large an acquaintance there may not have been women of culture and refinement, both young and of maturer years, with whom Horace associated in honorable friendship? The odes abundantly show this, and such association, if that were needed, would prove one of the strongest safeguards against the blandishments of the unworthy. He who knew Galatea would scarcely admire Barine. In the odes alluded to, our bard appears as the satirist, the reprove, the guardian of society, the friend but not the lover. There are sarcasm and good-natured raillery, and sometimes he assumes a feeling for the sake of saying more than could otherwise be said.

When we examine particularly the lyrics of which we are speaking, we find that the persons addressed in them may be readily divided into two general classes, very unequal in number,—those, whether married or single, who recognized the laws of Rome and the moral sense of society, and those who paid no regard to either. The laws permitted marriages of only one year's duration; the parties might then separate under certain conditions, or make the union permanent, or perhaps for some stipulated time. Horace by the influence of his writings, and Augustus through the powers of the state, sought to render these marriages as permanent as possible. The reader is referred to the last stanza of the thirteenth ode of the first book, and to the fifth stanza of the Secular Hymn, both of which indicate the spirit and the efforts of the bard and the Emperor in this direction. Augustus, it may be said, lived an exemplary life in the palace, and had what we would call his golden wedding. The two classes of persons mentioned above are treated very differently by our poet. The former, who regarded the laws and feelings of society, are met with sympathy and advice, or kindly criticism, or friendly remonstrance. The latter receive unqualified condemnation, and of these there are, as represented in our translation, only three—Barine, of the second book, Chloris in the third, and Lyce in the fourth. These are treated as persons whose lives are clearly injurious to society—all in good taste and manner.

Of those who were living in recognized marriage relations, there are Pyrrha, Lydia, and Glycera in the first book, Asteria, Lyce, and Galatea in the third book. These are addressed in the language of friendship, of advice, or of remonstrance, as the case may have required. Of those unmarried, there are Leuconoe, Tyndaris, and Chloe in the first book; Lyde, Neobule, and Phyllis in the third; Phyllis in the fourth; and Nereia in the fifteenth epode. Of this group, some are

quite young, and some older in years, but all seemed to have moved in good society, and to have been regarded by the poet with kind and friendly interest. Some odes of very fine thought and diction belong to this group.

It would seem then, that there are sixteen or seventeen women, differing greatly in age, in character, and in social position, to whom odes are addressed, and in the same general period of his life. From what has been presented, we infer that Horace was not personally interested in any of them farther than a regard for the public good, or the claims of an honorable friendship would require. He was unmarried, and of his household at the "Sabine farm," we have no means of knowing anything. In the eighth ode of the third book he invites Mæcenas to spend a day at his "wifeless hall," and from other odes we know he was visited by ladies and gentlemen of the highest distinction and of the best intellectual and moral culture. All this would have been impossible if he had not been regarded as meeting the moral requisitions of his times in the social relations in which he was placed. We may well suppose that he who was aiding Augustus so earnestly in his difficult work of moral and social reform, would be the last person to throw obstacles in the way of that reform by a life subject to reproach. He who wrote the fifth stanza of the Sæcular Hymn, praying for the blessing of Diana upon the "marriage laws established by the state's decree," would be likely to respect those laws in his own home.

This seems to be the proper place in which to refer to a subject that has called forth much remark from moralists and religious men, and on which an Apostle has expressed himself with much strength in his epistle to the Roman Christians of his day. These are all agreed in the condemnation of one of the grossest vices of that age, and one not unknown at Rome. We are naturally desirous of knowing how Horace stood affected toward a thing characterized as an exercise of "vile affections," and of the existence of which in the society around him he must have been aware. We write with great satisfaction that the poet has given expression to his feelings in ways and terms which indicate strong disapprobation, and place him among those who utter the words of condemnation. There are five odes in which in his own peculiar way he expresses disapproval and disgust. These are the odes to Sextius, to Pyrrhus, the latter part of the ode to Venus (first of the fourth book), the ode to Ligurinus, and the eleventh epode to Pettius, to the introductory notes of which the reader is referred. We are confident that he will reach the same conclusions with ourselves—that our bard had no sympathy in the direction referred to, and that he has done what his situation permitted in the way of mak-

ing his disapprobation distinctly understood by those around him. There comes up just here this corroborating circumstance for our consideration. He who believed in the intrinsic excellence of permanent unions between the sexes, and in their value to society, and who joined with Augustus in encouraging and promoting them, a thing alluded to above, would of necessity be strongly opposed to a vice which, physically and morally considered, would more than any other render honorable marriage impossible.

We agree with those who think that Horace was sincerely attached to Neæra, addressed in the fifteenth epode, and who seems to have deserted our bard in favor of some one in better worldly circumstances. The ode is one of his earliest, and the only one which discovers deep and earnest personal feeling. We believe, too, that the Cinara mentioned in the first and thirteenth odes of the fourth book, who died very early in life, and who is always spoken of with kindness and feeling, took the place which Neæra left vacant, and which the poet declares with much emphasis would be occupied by some "truer heart." It is not unreasonable to suppose that the loss of both these may have had much to do with his subsequent celibacy, and therefore with the social and moral phenomena of his life. We trust that the reader is not wearied by this attempt to put him in possession of facts relating to this part of the poet's life and character.

→ Horace was an enemy to excess of all kinds, and especially to that which comes through the intemperate use of wine. Nothing appears more clearly and more abundantly in the odes than this moderation on the part of our bard. In the Italy of his time, the common wine of the country was daily used, especially at the evening meal, so that a man is spoken of as coming home to his wine—see the sixth stanza of Ode iv. 5. Yet men went to excess in the use of this necessary of life. This always receives rebuke from the poet whenever it comes to his observation. From a great number of passages found in different odes we select only one, which, however, will convey a full idea of what is meant. The eighteenth ode of the first book, addressed to Varus, commends the vine, and the proper use of wine. But Bacchus himself punished all abuse of this, his gift to man. We take the four lines from the seventh to the eleventh:

"Lest we exceed the temperate draught, the warning comes full well,
How Lapithæ and Centaurs quaffed, and bloody strife befell,
How Bacchus comes with hand not light to Thracia's farthest bound,
To punish men when wrong with right immoderate cups confound."

The bard's abstemiousness was a part of his daily life, and it was a good example of moderation on the part of one whose influence both from position and culture must have been great.

There was, however, nothing in the life and character of Horace that would be likely to give more weight to his words, and especially to the utterance of his sentiments on the favorite themes of contentment and moderation, than his own position, and well-known refusal to increase his lands and other property when it was perfectly easy to do this. To many this moderation seems the most difficult of all virtues, and it is perhaps the most rarely met with. There must have been many around him, to whom such a thing would seem almost incredible, or with whom it would put in question the sanity of the poet. He teaches that true happiness is in the "golden mean," not in riches or high station,—that a contented spirit, and just enough to keep one from the apprehension of want, is the happiest condition of life. Some of the longest and finest of the odes preach this doctrine, and it is often touched upon in odes not designed to set forth this particular theme. We shall refer the reader to one of several very fine odes—the sixteenth of the third book, and particularly to the last four stanzas. There are many odes in which kindred sentiments are brought prominently forward, and in which luxury, and avarice, and money-hoarding are rebuked in the sharpest manner. These lectures came from one who was in a position to gain wealth merely by receiving it. Here stood Augustus and Mæcenas ready to pour a golden shower upon him, but he remained contented with his "Sabine farm," saying in the four closing lines of his first epode :

" For thou hast given enough and more,
Nor shall thy friend with added store,
Like Chremes hide it in the ground,
Or like some spendthrift heir be found."

The man who wrote these lines sat, when he would, in the halls of nobles and in the palaces of kings.

In passing to the religious character of the odes, we would remark that the conclusions here presented have at least not been hastily reached, but are the results of many years' study in connection with teaching, of ancient classical literature, and particularly of the Roman writers, Virgil, Horace, and Cicero, doubtless the best exponents of the thought and feeling of their countrymen. The writer has not been without the experience of others in this direction, and offers

these results with a deep sense of the difficulties and uncertainties which must attend all inquiries into subjects of this kind. By the term religious, we mean those impulses within us which lead to the recognition of a Power higher than ourselves—to prayer, adoration, worship. The manifestation of this feeling is as widespread and as constant as anything else that belongs to man. Horace and the people of his day shared in these impulses in common with the race. The manifestations of these were everywhere to be seen, in the numerous places of worship provided by the care of the state, or by the promptings of private devotion and beneficence. The religion of Horace and of his countrymen is not left for a moment in doubt. They were polytheists, worshippers in Horace's day, essentially of the same Gods that were honored in Assyria, in Egypt, and in Greece, and they adopted in a general way, with some alterations of a local character, the same system of sacrifices and observances.

Since religious feeling belongs to the nature of man, its development must be in certain respects the same everywhere. Reverence, and supplication, and thanksgiving would be called into exercise wherever beings of a superior order are believed in as Gods, with power to bless or to harm us, very much as they would be experienced by ourselves in the worship of the True God before whom we bow,—more elevated and enlightened in us. In this respect the difference would be great, indeed ; yet in both cases the religious emotions must be generically the same. What with us would be accounted as atheism, or irreverence, or blasphemy, would be so esteemed among the countrymen of our bard,—that is, a denial of the existence of the Gods, or any conduct that would be considered as disrespectful toward them, or such as would tend to bring into contempt whatever represented them—temples, and sacred images, and the rites of religion. In all such cases the feeling among religious people would be as strong as under similar circumstances it would be among ourselves. There existed the same grades of character as in Christian lands, from the deeply pious, and reverent, and devout, through the indifferent to the irreligious and the scornful.

If there was anything in which the masses of the Roman people, and the brilliant and cultured men who led them, were agreed, it was that society could not exist without the conservative force of religious worship. And this term must be considered as embracing ideas which take in the future after death, as well as the present life. When a Roman offered worship, it was to Gods who could follow him after his earthly existence had closed, some of whom presided especially over the very realms into which the departing spirit was received. The doctrine

therefore, of a future existence was generally accepted—attended, indeed, with dimness of conception, but still universally believed. Every funeral, as Cicero declares, set forth this belief, since the funeral rites themselves were based upon it, being performed largely if not chiefly for the surviving soul.

Whatever differences of opinion might have existed among the cultured and the thoughtful on what may be called the theoretic or speculative side of religion, there was a very general reception of ideas to which we may apply the term practical, and to which we may give expression somewhat as follows. The Gods are, on the whole, just and benevolent; they prefer a life of virtue on the part of man; their providence extends to the affairs of life, and their protection may be obtained by prayer, and sacrifice, and offerings; the awards of a future world await us as consequences of the present life. This is a very brief statement, yet it covers a great deal of ground. It contains the essentials of practical religious thought, and the influence exerted by it upon the life and character of those who accepted it in a general way, was of immense value. With all its shortcomings, and positive errors, its conservative moral force as an aid to civilization and to the reign of law and order, can scarcely be overestimated.

This was what we have termed the practical religious belief of the Romans of Horace's day, finding expression in the temples, and altars, and sacred images, and religious rites to be seen on every hand. This was the teaching of Horace, of Virgil, and of Cicero, who all clearly recognize it as the accepted belief of their times. We do not mean, of course, that there was anything of a regular formulation of the principles mentioned above, or that they were all believed in with equal strength, or that there were no difficulties felt in connection with any of them, especially by the cultured and the thoughtful. Whatever of this there may have been, it would be correct to say that among the countrymen of Horace there was a general agreement as to the necessity and value of what they regarded as practical religion.

The depth and energy of what we would call religious feeling, and the power of the moral sense as existing among them, have not always been sufficiently appreciated. Both of these belong to the nature of man, and possess the same strength generically in all; so that to the pious Roman his religion was a great deal, and his moral sense was not without power over him. He possessed by nature the capacity for the highest worship, and the purest morality. This is fully recognized in the grand Christian commission to preach the gospel to "every creature," and by that Apostle of Christianity who commended the worship of

the "Unknown God" to the Athenians, and who said of men generally, that "The work of the law was written in their hearts, their conscience bearing witness." We would make a great mistake if we overlooked the sincerity and earnestness that could be found among some of the worshippers in that old idolatrous world; and without taking into account these traits of character, we cannot understand many of these odes.

It must not be forgotten that this religion was received as divine by the great masses of those who practised its rites. No religion could stand long unless it were regarded as having come from those higher Powers who are the objects of its worship. Had we asked any of the devotees among the crowds that were offering up worship in the temples of Rome, as to the origin of these religious observances, we would have received a prompt reply—that they had come from the Gods themselves, principally through Romulus and Numa, and more through the latter than the former. To the Roman, therefore, his religion stood as a divine revelation, and had he not believed in it as such, temple and altar would soon have become things of the past.

We are not to suppose, as some have done, that Numa, a man of great intellectual power, of high culture, and of a deeply religious nature, consciously deceived the Romans of his day into the belief of his intercourse with the Gods, or with any one of them. Providence has always sent to the nations some light in men of deep moral and religious natures, as well as in men possessed of other gifts necessary for carrying on the work of the world in the organization of society. The inventor, the poet, the musician, the painter, the statesman, the magistrate, the moralist, and the man of religious fervor, are alike a part of those natural arrangements "ordained of God," without which there could be no civilization, no government. These are the forces which soften, and restrain, and preserve.

With the world's history before us, it is easy to conceive of a man so constituted as to believe himself the subject of an influence which he regards as in some way divine, and as one commissioned to soften by the power of religious ideas a people who stood in need of such a thing. There have lived among Christian people men who sincerely but erroneously supposed themselves to be the subjects of some higher influence, but who have not been accused of conscious deception. They believed in their mission, and have been pronounced sincere, while yet in the course of events it has clearly appeared that they were not specially sent by Heaven. The number of such cases is by no means small, and when they occur our verdict is generally the charitable one of self deception, and often it adds the

praise of good motives. We do not see why Numa may not receive the same lenient judgment. It may be that this peaceful and religious king felt himself called by what he regarded as a divine power to the conservative work of sowing the seeds of moral and religious truth as he viewed these, among a rude and warlike people. What he did for Rome in these respects left its mark on all her subsequent history, and possessed a value in its way which we can scarcely estimate too highly, and which doubtless finds its place in the broad and comprehensive plans of the all-ruling Providence of Christian belief. To Numa especially the Roman writers (there is much of this in the odes) refer the work of adding to the religious establishment of Romulus, and enlarging greatly the number of sacred rites and observances which were universally accepted at Rome, and received by the masses of the worshippers as resting on what they would regard as divine authority. This belief was deeply seated in the minds of a great majority of the people, embracing large numbers of the industrious and prosperous classes. Any practical dissent from it, such as a refusal or neglect to take part in the established worship, always brought with it the reproach of impiety or atheism.

But in the midst of all this popular acceptance and belief there was a dissent, which however was not made practical by any refusal or even hesitation to attend upon the public worship of the state ; yet it was strong enough to raise doubts and questions of a certain kind in connection with these religious observances. This dissent, it will be understood, was among the intelligent and thoughtful, and led to questions which they discussed freely with each other, and with entire toleration, which was indeed a matter of course, since no one was in the possession of any strong conviction, and therefore no one had anything positive to insist upon. They simply doubted, a mental condition which has its difficulties for us as well as for them, since it is scarcely compatible with clearness of statement, and consequently they could leave us nothing of the kind.

We would not suppose that Horace, Virgil, Cicero, and Marcus Brutus, to the last of whom the *Tusculan Disputations* and the treatise on the *Nature of the Gods* are addressed, and others whom these names would represent, would accept without question the whole of what has been called the practical faith of Rome, or all of what this implies. There was doubtless a belief in some of its statements ; but did they accept as real existences Jupiter and Juno and others of the Gods, and the mythology which clusters around these names ? It is clear that they did not believe in these things as did the masses of the people with whom they came in daily contact. But this difference or dissent was not made practical. They

attended regularly upon the worship rendered throughout all Rome to those Gods in whom the people believed. They were ready to assist in the dedication of new temples and altars, and in the hymns, many of which Horace wrote, and prayers and sacrifices which were constantly offered. They were men of great frankness, and often met in each other's gardens and houses for the discussion of the questions constantly arising in the political, social, and religious world around them. They will not deny to us what they freely granted to each other—the privilege of asking any question that we may wish—they will invite us to do so in the spirit of the Tusculan discussions.

We will then ask them this question : Why do you give the sanction of your presence and of your apparent devotion to a worship in regard to the truth of which, or of some of it at least, you stand in doubt ? Gathering up what has fallen from them at various times (and it is from men who were themselves inquirers on this very subject), we receive an answer which is clear and definite so far as this particular question is concerned. The reply is : " Because we have nothing resting on divine authority to offer to the people in the place of these rites and observances which they receive as from the Gods. Believing in the necessity of religion to the preservation of society, we do not think that it would be right or safe to pull down before we are ready to build up. And something of all this may have come from a higher than a human source, although we cannot give a name to the power from whom it may have reached us."

There is much force in this reply, and it seems to us just in principle. The real difficulty, as we can easily see, was that they had nothing to offer which would be received as from heaven. What the people wanted in a religion was a divine authority, and not a human opinion—something that had in it the element of celestial power, that could help men in life and in death, and not a speculation of philosophy. Horace, and Virgil, and Rome's great Orator and Statesman might have drawn up systems of religion superior in many respects to that whose temples and altars surrounded them. But their wants were precisely our own, and as a religion would be nothing to us unless it came from God, so these systems, drawn up by distinguished men, would have lacked just what the state religion possessed in the eyes of its worshippers, and what with them constituted its only value—a divine origin. The question with the people would be, which is from Heaven, not which is the more beautiful ? In such a matter as this they wanted the prophet's authority, not the poet's fancy, nor the philosopher's speculation. We think that these men were right in their conservative action—not to offer anything unless it

were something divine. We have always understood this to have been the position of Socrates. If the public worship of Athens were taken away, what is there to put in its place which the people would receive as carrying with it divine authority? What was wanted, he is understood to have said, was "Divine teachers." Nothing which the wisest men of Rome could have offered as their own would have stood the slightest chance of acceptance with the people. To protest, therefore, unless they had something which would have met the religious wants of those around them, would have been utterly vain—they were but poets and philosophers, they could not come with the Prophet's authority. They who would do Numa's work—make changes in or additions to religious rites—must come in Numa's power—that is, the power which he was believed to possess. Our Romans understood this well, and made no pretensions to any such authority.

We must do these men entire justice. Whatever they may have thought religiously, men in their position and frame of mind, in the midst of doubts and uncertainties, could not distinctly assert anything. They could scarcely be expected to have clear ideas on the very subject around which their uncertainties clustered, much less lucidness of statement. Men are not likely to formulate doubts, and do not generally put forth statements, until they have reached some positive conviction, a thing which these men had not yet done. They had studied at Athens, were deeply versed in the Greek literature and philosophy (as shown in their own productions), were all admirers of Socrates, and knew well what he and Plato had taught on the subject of the Divine existence, and on religious topics generally. If the *Tusculan Disputations*, and the treatises on the Nature of the Gods, and on the Commonwealth represent these men, they represent those who discuss and doubt, and not men in the realms of clear and positive truth. It would be unreasonable to expect lucid statements from those who were groping their way through a field of inquiry difficult in its nature, and amid circumstances not always favorable. "We must consider that none of their religious conclusions possessed the certainty which accompanies ours, that they must have been doubtful on many points on which we have no doubts, and that in regard to many of these points no man can feel sure without Divine instruction." It would be an unjust and ridiculous exaction on our part to hold them up to a martyr's sacrifice—a thing possible only to deep and strong convictions.

But that false worship with all its errors and shortcomings was vastly better than the atheism which would have followed the upheaval of the old Roman religion, and none were more fully aware of that than the poets, and statesmen, and

philosophers who participated so regularly in its rites and observances. Cicero shall speak for them. In the first book of the *De Natura Deorum*, ii. 4, he says (we use Yonge's close translation): "I do not know, if we cast off piety towards the Gods, but that faith, and all the associations of human life, and that most excellent of all virtues, justice, may perish with it." That was said in his own person to Marcus Brutus (to whom the treatise is addressed), who doubtless believed it equally with his distinguished friend.

Any adequate representation of a people so "full of worship" would require a considerable number of lyrics, in which, for public or private purposes, their religious ideas and feelings could receive expression, and the Gods adored by the nation be recognized. We shall find this recognition quite ample. We arrange what may be called religious odes in three classes:

First. Those which are addressed to certain Gods directly by name.

Second. Those which are not so addressed, but which recognize by name one or more of the Deities.

Third. Those which have neither the address to, nor the recognition of, any name, but in which there is a recognition of one or of all the Gods in general terms, or under some special allusion.

The first class contains fifteen odes, and the Deities directly addressed are, Jove, Apollo, Diana, Mercury, Venus, Bacchus, Faunus, and the Muses Calliope and Melpomene. Some are addressed more than once, and the list includes the twelfth ode of the first book, entitled, in some editions, 'A Hymn to Jove.' Of these fifteen, nine are written to be used as hymns on *festal occasions* connected with some day or season, or upon the occurrence of some important event, or at the dedication of some temple or altar, or of some private *fane*. These are as follows:

First book. Tenth, to Mercury; twenty-first, to Apollo and Diana; thirtieth, to Venus.

Second book. Nineteenth, to Bacchus.

Third book. Eighteenth, to Faunus; twenty-second, to Diana; twenty-fifth, to Bacchus.

Fourth book. Sixth, to Apollo.

Secular Hymn. To Apollo and Diana.

All the above are properly hymns actually used for religious service on public or private occasions. The remaining six of this class, not sung as hymns on religious occasions, are as follows:

First book. Thirty-first, to Apollo, written on the occasion of a temple-dedication, but not as a hymn for the service—that is, the twenty-first of this book. This lyric expresses the religious feeling of the poet as an attendant on the service.

Third book. Fourth ode, to Calliope and the Muses, a beautiful ode of praise. Twenty-sixth, to Venus; thirtieth, to Melpomene.

Fourth book. First ode, to Venus, an ode of much poetic beauty. Third, to Melpomene, an ode of fine thought and “rare sweetness.”

The second class, according to our arrangement, contains ten or eleven odes (varied by different editions) not addressed to any deities, but in which the following Gods are religiously recognized by name. These names do not appear in the preceding list. Juno, Mars, Minerva, Neptune, Vesta, Ceres, Vulcan, Pluto, Proserpine, Hercules, Castor, Pollux, and, if distinct from Faunus, the God Pan. Of this class, the most remarkable are the second and the twelfth of the first book, in which two lyrics alone are recognized religiously not less than fourteen of the Gods. Placing the first and second classes together, it will be seen that the entire list of Gods above and Gods below receive recognition in these odes—about all the Deities practically known to the Roman calendar.

The third class numbers twelve lyrics. In these the Gods are recognized without any one of them being specially named, but by some general term or allusion. Some of these are remarkably fine odes, and confess the power and influence of the Deities over human affairs, and deprecate their anger, and entreat their favor. We may mention in the third book, the sixth, fourteenth, sixteenth, twenty-third, twenty-fourth, and twenty-ninth; in the fourth book we may name the second, fourth, fifth, seventh, ninth, and fourteenth, as among those of this class. Placing the three classes together, we have thirty-six odes—nearly one third of the whole number—in which the objects of Roman worship are more or less distinctly recognized.

The hymn-lyrics mentioned above as used in religious services at Rome have been remarked upon by scholars as very finished and elegant in diction, and rich in poetic beauty. They are no less remarkable for depth and scope of thought, as viewed from the religious standpoint of the poet. As a correct general description of them, we may say that, in connection with them, the name and titles of the God addressed are usually given, anything remarkable in his history is touched upon, judicial or benevolent acts are referred to, departments and characteristics are recognized, some favorite place of abode is named, and prayer offered for various

blessings. While all the nine are finished in structure and in diction, there are five to which we wish to refer the reader as of remarkable poetic beauty. These are the tenth (to Mercury) and twenty first (to Apollo and Diana) of the first book, the nineteenth of the second book (to Bacchus), the sixth of the fourth book (to Apollo), and the Secular Hymn—to Apollo and Diana. This last is a lyric of nineteen stanzas, a national hymn written for and used in the great national celebration under Augustus, of 17 n.c., and on the occasion of the dedication of a new temple to Diana and Apollo. Its opening adoration and praise are followed by recognitions of the power of these two Deities in the building and progress of Rome, and its supplications are for wealth, and men, and prosperity, and the prevalence of virtue and religion, and of moral and lasting grandeur. We ourselves could not ask for better things, but the "East is not farther from the West" than are the Apollo and Diana of that hymn from the Infinite and the True God before whom we bow.

From all that has been presented it is evident that the religious element enters largely into these lyrics. The influence of this portion of the odes must have been very great, considering the position and character of Horace. Of rare poetic genius, the secretary of Mæcenas, an inmate of the palace at will, yet contented with his moderate circumstances, he mingled with the people in their devotions, and wrote hymns to be used in their worship. The words actually sung nineteen hundred years ago in the public worship of the old city are before us, religious words, yet, alas, idolatrous. With all her power, and splendor, and magnificence, Rome knew not the True God. But a wonderful future was at hand, not dreamed of by the bard whose beautiful lyrics are before us. Little did Horace think as he lay on his deathbed, eight years before the Christian era, that in the streets around him some child was playing who, in an extreme old age, might say to a Christian Apostle: "In my boyhood I sometimes saw the poet Horace as he passed this way to the palace." Still less did the dying poet imagine that such an Apostle would send from that palace this greeting: "Salute every saint in Christ Jesus,—all the saints salute you, chiefly they that are of Cæsar's household." And surely it was beyond the wildest thoughts of the expiring bard that in some three or four centuries only, all the old Gods of Rome would forsake the shrines of a thousand years, and that New Name alone be worshipped in the city of Romulus and Numa.

GENERAL NOTE TO THE ODES.

ON opening a copy of almost any edition of Horace, the reader recognizes its contents as arranged under the three general divisions of Odes, Satires, and Epistles. The first division consists of five books (the last called also *Epodes*), and is usually followed by the *Sæcular Hymn*. The Satires are arranged in two books, the first containing ten and the second eight poems—all in Latin hexameter. The Epistles are likewise comprised in two books, the former consisting of twenty and the latter of two poems—all of which are, like the Satires, in hexameter verse. The epistle to the Pisos (likewise in hexameter) is also called, *The Art of Poetry*, and contains nearly five hundred lines. There is a general agreement among Horatian scholars that the arrangement of these poems in books was the work of Horace himself. But the chronology of these arrangements, as well as that of each particular poem, with the exception of a few, are matters on which the greatest differences of opinion exist among the Editors and Commentators. We present the received chronology, not undisputed, however, and certainly not unattended with difficulties.

On one point there is almost unanimity—that the whole time covered by the Odes, Satires, and Epistles, is about thirty-one years, say from 40 to 9 B.C., the year before the poet's death. The Odes run nearly through this period; the Satires are confined to the first eight or nine years of the time; while the Epistles, including that to the Pisos, would reach from 25 or 24 to 10 or 9 B.C. We cannot now decide which was the first production of the poet's pen—an ode or a satire. We suppose that the ode to *Neera* was written as early as 39 B.C. Some one of the satires of the first book was doubtless written at nearly the same time. In the course of the next three or four years, nine more came from the poet's hand, and the ten were gathered in the first book of Satires in 36 or 35 B.C. Others soon followed, and eight more satires formed the second book in 33 B.C.

But the poet was writing odes also through these eight years. These, it will be understood, were sent out each by itself as it was completed by the poet. Seventeen were published early in 30 B.C.—not quite one year from the battle of Actium. These are the *Epodes*, chronologically first, and it is to be presumed that no lyrics of any great interest and importance were omitted. From 30 B.C. there were nine or ten years in which many odes were written, the great majority of which were collected by the poet in the first three books. This is supposed to

have been done at two different times—the first two books in 23 or 22, and the third book in 21 or 20 B.C. During the years just referred to Horace was writing epistles to various persons, the greater part of which were collected in 19 B.C.—the first book consisting of twenty epistles. The Sæcular Hymn follows in 17 B.C., and this, the fourth book of Odes, collected in 13 or 12, succeeds, to be followed by the second book of Epistles, and the letter to the Pisos, between 12 and 8 B.C.

It would seem, then, that the whole period covered by these lyrics is from 40 or 39, the time of the ode to Neæra, to 12 B.C., the date of the last ode of the fourth book. Resolving these twenty-eight years into three nearly equal divisions, we have eight or nine years for the Epodes, published in 30, the same for the varied and beautiful odes of the first, second, and third books, collected in 21, and a similar remainder for the Sæcular Hymn, and the magnificent lyrics of the fourth book closed in 12 B.C. We retain the arrangements represented by the majority of the editions in use, although this is not the chronological order. That there are difficulties attendant upon the received chronology of Horace's works is admitted by all, yet it presents fewer objections to ourselves than any other which we have seen—and several have been proposed. In nothing do the most distinguished Editors and Commentators differ from each other more widely than upon the chronology of the Odes. In the notes prefixed to the lyrics the translator has done the best in his power, surrounded by these divergencies of opinion. In exercising his judgment in the case he is not unaware of the difficulties necessarily connected with the subject, and of the ease with which one may fall into error.

NOTE TO THE FIRST BOOK OF ODES.

ACCORDING to the received chronology, the *Epodes* were published in 30, and the first and second books of *Odes* in 23 or 22 B.C. The lyrics of the two books would therefore cover the intervening period of time, and the thirty-seventh ode (on the death of Cleopatra), regarded as having been written too late in 30 for publication among the *Epodes*, naturally found its place in this book, the next collection of the poet. It contains thirty-eight odes, a number greater than that of any other of the five. Addressed to so many different persons in such different positions in society, these lyrics would take in a wide range of subjects. Between the Emperor, whose name stands at the head of the second ode, and the nameless servant of the last lyric we have Gods and Goddesses, generals, poets, and distinguished friends. Pyrrha, Lydia, Glycera, and Damalis, who were living in social relations recognized by Roman law, come in for their share of satire, or of friendly remonstrance; while Leuconoë, Tyndaris, Lalage, and Chloe, a younger class, and yet in single life, receive the kind and honorable attention of the bard.

While the average length is not great, there are many odes in this book of remarkable beauty. The second and the twelfth we regard as among the finest lyrics of the poet. Some of the dedicatory hymns are of very finished diction—among these may be named the tenth, to Mercury, and the twenty-first, to Diana and Apollo. The position of the first nine or ten compositions in as many different metres has been noticed by scholars as indicating the rhythmical resources of the poet. The first three have also been remarked upon as designed to bestow special honor, by their peculiar place, upon the three best friends of the bard—Mæcenas, Augustus, and Virgil.

ODE I. I.

TO MÆCENAS. Dedictory—

Thirty-six equal lines.

Twelve odes are addressed to this distinguished name, in connection with which the Classical Dictionaries will supply fuller information. Horace (introduced by Virgil and Varius) had been the private secretary of Mæcenas for some sixteen years, and it would seem fitting that this early friend and recognized patron of art and literature should receive the honor of this "Dedictory Ode," on the publication of the first two books in 23 or 22 B.C. His royal ancestry, his finished education, and his moderation of character qualified him for the high position which he held in society, and for the official trusts committed to him by Augustus. The theme of the ode is the ruling tastes of men—he has chosen the realm of Poetry. We take the arrangement and reading of Orelli in the sixth and twenty-ninth lines. William Broome, D.D., 1741, forty-eight lines, Francis fifty-two, and Martin sixty—all in eights, and smooth in rhythm. Lytton (very unusual) adds four lines.

Mæcenas, sprung from kingly race,
My life's defence and brightest grace,
For some Olympic dust hath charm,
To rush the goal, to win the palm
With wheels that glow—these honors move
The soul, and bear to Gods above.
This man has all, when Romans meet,
And thrice shall yield the honored seat;
While this will store his barns with grain
Swept from rich Afric's fertile plain.
Delighting in thy ancestral farm,
Not Attalus such soul could charm,
In Cyprus-timbered bark to brave
Myrtoun with its surging wave.
Caught 'neath Icaria's stormy skies,
For home's sweet fields the merchant sighs,
His shattered barks soon float again
For poverty pleads not in vain.
Here one drinks deep of Massic wines,
And through the busy day reclines,
Now stretched in grassen Arbutus' shade,
Now at some sacred fountain's head.
Some love the camp, and clarion's call,
And war's dread sounds that sadly fall
On mothers' ears. The hunters roam
'Neath chilling skies, nor care for home
While still pursues the faithful hound,
Or boars rush through the toils around.
Be mine the ivy wreaths that raise
To Gods on high, while sing my lays
Of grove, and Nymph, and Satyr's love,
The themes my woodland harp shall move,
Euterpe, let thy breath inspire,
Polymnia, touch thy Lesbian lyre—
But placed by thee in Lyric band,
Raised to the starry proudly stand.

Mæcenas atavis elite rebus,
O et prædium et dulce decus meum,
Suat, quos curriculo polveris Olympicum
Collatæ juvat, meritisq; ferendis
Evitata rotis palusque notis
Terrarum dominos exivit ad Deos.
Hunc, at mobilium turba Quiritium
Certat tergemus tellus honoribus;
Illum, si proprio excolit horreo
Quidquid de Lyctis verritur arvis.
Gaudent in patris finibus arculo
Agros, Attalis conditionibus
Nunquam duxerunt, et tibi Cypria
Myrtoun pavonis nectant mare.
Luctantem Icaris fluctibus Africum
Mercator metuens ætium et æpuli
Laudat rura sui; mox recubitat
Quasas, indocilis pauperem pati.
Est, qui nec veteris populi Massici,
Nec partem solis demere de die
Spernit, nunc viridi membra sub arbutu
Stratus, nunc ad aque levis caput sacre.
Multos castra juvant, et lituo tulæ
Permixtus sonitus, bellaque mairibus
Detestata. Mauc sub Jove fragido
Venator, teneris coniugis amemur,
Seu visa est oculis cerva fidelibus,
Seu rupit tereos Marsus arces ilicis.
Me docuerunt cetera prælia, fractionem
Dis mihi ceat si peris; nec galeæ mæmas
Nymphæ rursus, hæc cum Bacchicis chori
Secernunt populo; si nece tibi
Euterpe cohibet, nec Polyænia
Lesboun refugit tendere barbiton.
Quod si me lyricis vatibus inseris,
Sublimi feriam sidera verbera

It is with no little interest that the eye of the Christian reader rests upon a name to which so many of these lyrics are addressed, and which is also interwoven with our sacred records. It is the "Cæsar Augustus" of the New Testament, whom, in the last ode which Horace wrote (iv. 15), he congratulates on the coming in of universal peace. He was yet on the throne when the "Prince of Peace" was born. He was the son of Caius Octavius and Accia, daughter of Julia, the sister of Julius Cæsar. Adopted by his great-uncle, the name became Caius Julius Cæsar Octavius, and in 27 B.C. the Senate decreed to him the title of Augustus. He was born in 63 B.C., and died 14 A.D., in the forty-fifth year of his reign, which is reckoned from the battle of Actium, 31 B.C.

Thus he unites the old era with the new, and the historian of to-day uses for his reign both B.C. and A.D., while the July and August of our year keep the uncle and the nephew always before us. Being only thirty-four years of age when this ode was written, he might well be called, as in the eleventh stanza, "Our youthful Prince." The Commentators differ seven years as to the date of this lyric. We place it with those who take 29 or 28 B.C. It is a fine ode, and was doubtless helpful to Augustus in the re-establishment of peace and order. It appeals to the religious feelings and the patriotism of the people. It deplores the corruptions of the nation, growing out of the civil wars, and the devastations through floods and storms. In the last stanza it calls for the restoration of the standards so long lost in Parthia (Media) under Crassus. Mainwaring's translation adds ten lines. Francis and Martin (both in tens) retain stanzas and lines. Lytton has fifty-two lines.

Enough of hail and tempests dire
The Father sends in kindling ire,
His red right hand strikes sacred walls,
And terror on the City falls,

And terrors o'er the nations reign,
Lest Pyrrha's deluge roll again,
When awful prodigies were seen,
The Seagod's flock on mountains green,

And fishes swam 'mid tangled groves,
The seats once known of woodlaid doves,
And as the rising floods appear,
Float o'er the plain the trembling deer.

We see the yellow Tiber's waves
As past the Tuscan shore it raves,
The works of royal Numa's hand,
And Vesta's temple tottering stand.

As if fair Dia's grief t' assuage,
The conscious river swells with rage,
Nor Jove approves who reigns above,
Th' uxorious stream's avenging love.

Jam satis terris nivis atque diræ
Grandinis misit Pater, et rubente
Dextera sacras jaculatus arces
Terruit Urbem,

Terruit gentes, grave ne rediret
Sæculum Pyrrhæ, nova monstra questæ,
Omne cum Proteus pecus egit altos
Visere montes,

Piscium et summa genus hæsit ulmo,
Nota quæ sedes fuerat columbis,
It superjecto pavidae natarunt
Æquore damæ.

Vidimus flavum Tiberim, retortis
Litore Etrusco violenter undis,
Ire dejectum monumenta Regis
Templaque Vestæ.

Illic dum se nimium querenti
Jactat ultorem vagus et sinistra
Labitur ripa, Jove non probante, n—
xorius amnis.

ODE 1. 2.

Hear that for Rome was whet the steel
Which Persian foes might better feel—
Hear this sad record of the times,
Ye youths, thinned by your fathers' crimes.

Whom of the Gods shall Romans call
To stay this tottering empire's fall?
Her virgins' prayers, and hymns, and tears,
Th' offended Vesta scarcely hears.

Who, sent by Jove from heaven shall come
To purge our guilt, and save our Rome?
Will prescient Phœbus, God of day,
Veil his bright form, here wing his way?

Will smiling Venus leave the sky
While Mirth and Love around her fly?
Wilt Thou, the Pounder of our race,
Regard thy Rome with pitying face?

Alas! Thou 'rt weary of our wars,
E'en Thou, the battle-waging Mars,
Who lov'st the shout, and helmet bright,
And warrior's frown, and bloody fight.

Thou wing'd Son of Maia fair,
Chang'd to his form, make now thy care
Our youthful Prince, and thro' him deign
The vengeance sworn for Julius slain.

Late from celestial plains thy stay,
And long and happy be thy sway,
Nor 'gainst our crimes may heaven arise,
And whirlwinds bear thee to the skies.

Here, triumphs grand, each honored name
Of Prince and Father swell thy fame—
And now great leader of our host,
Cæsar, avenge the Mede's proud boast.

Audiet clives acuisse ferrum
Quo graves Persæ melius perirent;
Audiet pugnas, vitio parentum
Rara juvenitas.

Quem vocet Divum? quæulus ruentis
Imperi relus? prece qua fatigent
Virgines sanctæ minus audientem
Carminia Vestæ?

Cui dabit partes scelus explandi
Jupiter? Tandem velas precamur,
Nube candentis humeros amictus,
Auroræ Apollo.

Sive tu novis, Trycina ridens,
Quam Jocus circumvolat et Cupido;
Sive neglectum genus et nequitos
Respicias, auctor,

Heu! nimis longo satiate ludo,
Quem juvat clamor, pulchæque leves,
Acer et Manri pedibus eruentem
Vultus in hostem.

Sive mutata juvenem figura
Ales in terris imitatur, alius
Filius Matæ, patiens vocari
Cæsaris ultor.

Serus in cælum redeas, diuque
Lætus intersis populo Quirini,
Neve te nostris vitibus iniquum
Oclor aura

Tollat; hic magnos potius triumphos,
Hic ames dici Pater atque Priocæps,
Neu sinas Medos equitare insultos
Te duce, Cæsar.

ODE 1. 3. TO VIRGIL, EMBARKING FOR ATHENS. Forty lines, couplets.

Virgil was the dearest personal friend of Horace, Mæcenas alone excepted. We are not surprised, therefore, to find our bard invoking Gods and winds in this lyric for the safe return of "Half his soul." He then inveighs humorously against human daring, especially on the sea. The discussions as to date favor 24 B.C.—the time of one of Virgil's visits to Greece. He made another visit in 21, returning sick, and dying at Brundisium in 19 B.C. Dryden and Francis retain the couplet form of the ode, the former adding fifteen, and the latter four lines. Martin and Lytton arrange in stanzas—both in forty lines.

Goddess of the Cyprian isle,
 Starry Twins, propitious smile;
 Ruler of the restless wind,
 Zephyrs loose and tempests bind,
 So, O ship, through realms of air,
 Virgil trusted to thy care,
 Thou shalt take to Athens' shore—
 Half my soul again restore.
 Bards of oak and triple bough
 Stayed his breath, the first to pass
 Through the treacherous seas and brave
 In his fragile bark the wave,
 Africus that sweeps the seas,
 Boisterous North, sad Hyades,
 Changeful South, that pours its gales,
 Or now gently swells the sails,
 He no form of death could fear,
 Calm with seaborne monsters near,
 Or 'mid surging billows' shocks,
 Or Ceraurus' ill-famed rocks.
 Vainly potent heaven shall place
 Oceans with their billowy space,
 Kingdoms parting far and wide,
 Impious ships now mock the tide.
 Man shall deem all barriers vain,
 Nought his daring shall restrain,
 Bold Prometheus braves its ire,
 Steals from heaven celestial fire.
 Then from the ethereal dome
 Famines and new fevers come,
 Dreadful host, on earth they fall,
 Man to speedier fate they call,
 Death with hastened step was there.
 Dædalus through trackless air
 Strangely winged new voyage found,
 Hercules pierced Hades' bound.
 Nought that mortals will not try,
 Human folly braves the sky,
 Nor our sins for respite call,
 Nor will cease Jove's bolts to fall.

Sic te Diva potens Cypri,
 Sic fratres Ilenæ, lucida sidera,
 Ventorumque regat pater,
 Obstrictis aliis præter lapyga,
 Navis, quæ tibi creditum
 Debes Virgîlium finibus Atticis,
 Reddas incolam, precor,
 Et serves animæ dimidium meæ.
 Illi robur et æs triplex
 Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
 Commisit pelago ratem
 Primus, nec tinuit præcipitem Africum
 Decertantem Aquilonibus,
 Nec tristes Hyadas, nec rabiem Noti,
 Quo non arbiter Adriæ
 Major, tollere seu ponere vult freta.
 Quem mortis timuit gradum,
 Qui rectis oculis monstra natantia,
 Qui vidit mare turgidum et
 Infames scopulos Acroceraunia?
 Nequidquam Deus absceidit
 Prudens Cœceno dissociabili
 Terras, si tamen impie
 Non tangenda rates transiliunt vada.
 Audax omnia perpeti
 Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.
 Atrox Iapeti genus
 Ignem fraude mala gentibus intulit;
 Post ignem ætheria domo
 Subductum, Macies et nova Febrium
 Terris incubuit cohor;
 Semotique prius tarda necessitas
 Leti corripuit gradum.
 Expertus vacuum Dædalus æra
 Pennis non homini datis.
 Perrupit Acheronta Hercules labor.
 Nil mortalibus arduum est;
 Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitia; neque
 Per nostrum patimur scelus
 Iragula tonitruum ponere fulmina.

ODE L. 4.

TO L. SEXTIUS.

Twenty lines, couplets

This ode stands alone in its metre, and almost so in the length of its lines. We preserve the usual couplet form, and use for this lyric fourteen with double rhymes. Sextius (whose father was defended by Cicero—the oration being still extant) had fought at Philippi, and, wisely accepting the issues of that battle, was Consul Suffectus in 23 B.C.—the probable date of the ode. It is in the same strain with those to Dellius and Torquatus—make the most of life, for there is nothing to desire beyond. The last line suggests that the passion of love properly exists only between the sexes. Wrangham arranges in couplets as an ode of thirty lines. Francis adds six lines. Lytton and Martin arrange in stanzas—twenty lines.

Stern winter 's gone, sweet spring has come with zephyrs in her train,
The ships once more desert the shore, and seek the billowy main,
The sheltering byre and ploughman's fire no longer give delight,
Frosts lose their power, and plant and flower replace the snowy white.
Now Venus leads in moonlit meads her Nymphs and Graces gay,
The beauteous throng in dance and song shall chase the hours away,
While Vulcan lies with downy skies, and stirs great Ætna's fire,
Hot forges glow, ring Cyclop's blow, and chimne's flames expire.
Now myrtle green in wreaths be seen, to bind thy head around,
Or twine thy hair with flowerets fair, plucked from the loosen'd ground;
If shady dells where Faunus dwells have heard thy prayers to heaven,
For vows then made, to sacred blade let lamb or kid be given.
Pale Death shall come to every home with stern impartial tread,
The cottage poor and regal tower alike give to the dead;
Then Sextius, live while time shall give the brief, bright day to thee.
For soon on all the night will fall, and Hades' dimness be.
Those storied plains where Pluto reigns, that meagre, shadowy home—
Once thou art there, nor banquet rare, nor mirth, nor wine-kings come,
Nor love shalt know in worlds below, nor Lycidas admire,
Whose coming grace of manhood's form shall maidens fair inspire.

Solvitur aeris hūius grātū vice verit et Pavoni,
Trahuntque siccās inelomne carinas,
Ac neque jam stabiliū gaudet pecus, aut arator igni,
Nec prata cūm alligant priuina.
Jam Cytherea chorū dūcit Venus, imminente Luna,
Junctaque Nymphæ Gratiæ dācentes
Alterno terram quatunt pede, dūm graves Cyclopum
Vulcanus ardens urit officinās.
Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto,
Aut flore, terræ quem ferunt solentæ.
Nunc et in umbrōsis Fauno decet immolare lucis,
Seu poscat agnū, siue malet hircō.
Pallida Mors a quo pulsant pede pauperum tabernās
Regūque turres. O bene Sexti,
Vite summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam;
Jam te premet nox, fabulaque Manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia; quo simul mearis,
Nec regna vini sortiere tellis,
Nec tēnerum Lycidam mirabere, quo calet iuuentus
Nunc omnis et ruox virgines tepebant

ODE I. 5.

TO PYRRHA.

Sixteen lines, stanzas.

This ode addressed to one of Horace's female acquaintances, belongs to a class of lyrics discussed in the Introduction. Pyrrha, of whom nothing is known out of the lyric, and her "gracilis puer" were living in marriage relations approved by Roman law. Pyrrha could dissolve them at the end of a year, and the bard had no doubt that she would do this, as the second stanza clearly intimates. She is not represented as violating any recognized rules of society—she is simply incapable of constant love. The light tone of the ode (as one observes) shows that Horace was not the lover of Pyrrha, but he could say more for others by making the matter personal—she almost made a wreck of me. "It was a tribute to her charms, and a warning to those endangered by them." Scholars have remarked upon the finished diction of the ode. The date cannot be placed more closely than between 27 and 23 B.C. Leigh Hunt, 1815, translates in twenty lines. Francis uses six-line stanzas, adding eight lines. Martin arranges in four-line stanzas—sixteen lines. Lytton adopts the translation of Milton—a rendering not superior to one which this distinguished translator could have made.

What youth sighs in thy rose-heaped bowers,
His locks perfumed with breath of flowers,
For whom with simple grace and air,
Does Pyrrha bind her golden hair?

Alas! when o'er thy broken vows
And Gods unkind, in grief he bows—
He sees not in that treacherous deep
Rough waves to come, dark storms to sweep.

Trustful he hopes these golden hours
Will last, and always bloom these bowers;
Changeful as air you but beguile,
Unhappy they on whom you smile.

I once a dismal wreck became,
The sacred tablet bears my name,
The powerful Sea-God hears my call,
My garments grace his temple's wall.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam

Simplex munditiis? Heu! quoties fidem
Mutatosque Deos flebit, et aspera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea;
Qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius, auræ
Fallacis. Miseri, quibus

Intentata nites. Me tabula sacer
Votiva paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.

ODE I. 6.

TO AGRIPPA.

Twenty lines, stanzas.

Marcus Vipsanius Agrippa was one of the most distinguished men even of that age, yet to us of this day his family is unknown. He was born in 63 B.C., and received his education at the same place with Octavius, thus affording the future emperor the best opportunity to obtain a knowledge of Agrippa's character. He fought at the side of Octavius at Philippi in 42 B.C., and soon won great distinctions. An able commander by sea and land, as noticed in the first stanza, he won two naval battles before that of Actium in 31 B.C. He was married first to Marcella the niece, and afterward to Julia the daughter of Augustus. To him as Aedile, belong many public buildings, portions of which still remain. It is said that he twice refused a triumph. He died in 12 B.C., at the early age of fifty-two. In this ode, Horace pays a deserved tribute to his early friend and brother poet Varius, calling him a "bird of Homeric wing" who should sing the praises of Agrippa, the lyre of Horace being only for lighter strains. But the exercise becomes an ode of praise in very elegant diction. The date is probably 29 or 27 B.C. Gilbert Wakefield, 1798, retains lines and stanzas. Francis adds six lines, Martin has five five-line stanzas, while Lytton has stanza form and twenty lines.

Bird of a Homeric wing,
Varius shall Agrippa sing.
Brave and leader of the brave,
On the land and on the wave.

Not Achilles wakes our strains,
Nor the ocean's watery plains
By Ulysses wandered o'er,
Nor Mycenæ's bloody shore.

Light our strength and grand the theme,
And our Muse shall scarcely deem
Thine and glorious Cæsar's praise
Fitted to her feeble lays.

Who shall tell of mail-clad Mars,
Merion rushing to the wars
Black with dust—or Diomed
Matched with Gods, by Pallas led?

Feasts and maidens' bloodless ire,
These the themes that wake our lyre,
Light, inconstant, fitful, we
Yield to love and minstrelsy.

Scriberis Vario fortis et hostium
Victor Mæonii carminis alite.
Quam rem cunque ferox navibus
Miles, te duce gesserit.

Nos, Agrippa, neque hæc dicere, nec graviter
Pelide stomachum cedere nesci,
Nec cursus duplicis per mare Ulixi,
Nec sævum Pelopis domum.

Conamur, tenues grandia, dum pul-
tibusque lyre Musa potens vel
Laudes egregie Cæsaris et tuas
Culpa deterere iugeni.

Quis Martem tunica tectum adaustrata
Digne scripserit? aut pulvere Troico
Nigrum Merionen? aut ope Palladis
Tydiden Superis parem?

Nos convivia, nos prælia virginum
Sectis in juvenes nugibus acrium
Cantamus, vacui, sive quid urimur,
Non præter solitum leve.

Lucius Munatius Plancus was of plebeian family (the year of his birth is unknown), but rose to the rank of Senator. He has come down to us under accusations deeply affecting his reputation. But as from 48 to 22 B.C. we find him occupying offices of trust and authority, such as Governor of provinces, Consul, a Senator proposing the title of Augustus for Octavius, Censor with Lepidus, and dying "honored by Augustus" (Lytton), we think that there must be some inexplicable mistake in the case. This fine lyric from Horace in 23, and the official trusts so long bestowed by Augustus, must stand as endorsements of character against general accusations. He lived not far from Horace, and when this ode was written, was going upon a military expedition for Augustus—see lines nineteen and twenty. The poet in pleasant vein praises the scenery of Italy, and advises him to take life as it comes—with good wine, and patience, and fortitude, commending to him the example of Teucer. Francis gives it in couplets, adding ten lines. Lytton and Martin arrange in stanzas, the latter adding twenty-eight lines.

Fair Rhodes and Mytilene please,
And Ephesus, and Corinth's seas,
And Thebes and Delphos, God-renowned,
And Tempe's vale with beauty crowned.
There are, whose work is but to praise
Chaste Pallas' towers in endless lays—
No wreaths like those the olive yields.
Junoian Argos boasts her fields
And generous steeds. Mycenæ grand,
Stern Sparta, rich Larissa's land,
All plead in vain—Albunea calls,
Where headlong Anio rushing falls,
And Tibur's grove, soft whispering, seems
To tell of cool and murmuring streams.
Not always comes the South with showers,
Of it dispels the cloud that lowers—
Life has its hours of sadness too,
The wise will wait in patience through.
If glittering camps thy home be made,
Or Plancus, thine own Tibur's shade,
With mellow wine thy spirits cheer,
Like Teucer bold, yield not to fear.
When flying from his native land,
Leaf-crowned he cheered his drooping band :
"Where'er a kindlier Fortune sends,
There let us go, O well-tried friends,
Despair not, Teucer bids you trust
The promise of Apollo just.
A future Salamis shall rise,
Nor less renowned, 'neath other skies,
To-day your cares in wine shall sleep.
To-morrow sail the mighty deep."

Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon, aut Myti-
leuon,
Aut Epheson, himarise Corinthi
Mœnia, vel Bæccho Thebas, vel Apolline
Delphos
Insignes, aut Thessala Tempe.
Sunt, quibus unum opus est, intactæ Palla-
dis arces
Carmine perpetuo celebrare, et
Indeque decerpit fronti præponere olivam.
Plurimus in Junonis honorem
Aptum dicit equis Argos, ditesque Mycenæ.
Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,
Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus opimæ,
Quam domus Albuncæ resouantis,
Et præceps Anio, ac Tiburni lucus, et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.
Albus ut obscuro deterget nubila cœlo
Sæpe Notus, neque parturit imbres
Perpetuos; sic tu sapiens finire memento
Tristitiam vitæque labores
Molli, Plance, mero; seu te fulgentia signis
Castra tenent, seu densa tenebit
Tiburis umbra tui. Teucer Salamina pa-
treisque
Quum fugeret, tamen uda Lyæo
Tempora populeæ fertur vinxisse corona,
Sic tristes affatus amicos;
Quo nos cunque feret melior Fortuna parente,
Ibimus, O socii comitesque.
Nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice
Teucro;
Certus enim promisit Apollo
Ambiguam tellure nova Salamina futuram.
O fortes, pejoraque passi
Mecum sæpe viri, nunc vino pellite curas;
Cras ingens iterabimus æquor.

ODE 1. 8.

TO LYDIA.

Sixteen lines, couplets.

Four odes are addressed to this name, being, as we believe, that of the same person. The other three lyrics are the thirteenth and the twenty-fifth of the first book, and the amœbean ode of the third book. Taken together, they seem to bear in themselves a history of life and character which naturally interests us. Lydia holds the same position socially with Pyrrha, and was living in recognized legal relations with young Sybaris, from whom she probably separated after a year, since in the next ode addressed to her (the thirteenth) we find her living with Telephus. In neither ode is there any complaint of a disregard for the laws and requisitions of society in respect to these relations—such as we find in the ode to Barine, in the next book. She is blamed in this lyric for making Sybaris effeminate, and neglectful of manly games, and in the thirteenth for living in dissipation and strife with Telephus—a thing that must lead to separation, a most undesirable position for both. The date of the ode is probably 27 B.C. It stands alone in its metre. We preserve the couplet form. Translations, paraphrases, and burlesques of this ode are very numerous. John Evelyn, Esq., 1688, has three six-line stanzas, adding two lines. Francis and Martin arrange in stanzas—each adds eight lines. Lytton's is in stanza form—sixteen lines.

Say, Lydia,—hear ye Gods above—
Why you destroy with o'ermuch love
Young Sybaris? Why honors won
In the bright Campus' dust and sun
Please him no more? Why martial plain
Pressed by the youths with curb and rein
Wears now no charm? No more he laves
In the swift Tiber's golden waves.
Once bathed in wrestler's oil he stood,
Now it is shunned as viper's blood;
Oft have his arms deep bruises known,
Oft disk and dart were grandly thrown.
He surely hides, as legends say,
Fair Thetis' son in Troy's sad day,
Lest he should meet the Lycian bands
That gathered on the Trojan strands.

Lydia, dic, per omnes
Te Deos oro, Sybarin cur properas amando
Perdere: cur apricum
Oderit Campus, patiens pulveris atque solis?
Cur neque militaris
Inter aequales equitat, Gallica nec lupatis
Temperat ora frenis?
Cur timeat flavum Tiberim tangere? Cur
olivum
Sanguine viperino
Cautius vitat, neque jam livida gestat armis
Brachia, sæpe disco,
Sæpe trans finem jaculo nobilis expedi?
Quid latet, ut marinæ
Filiū dicunt Thetidis sub lacrimosa Troiæ
Funera, ne virilis
Cultus in eodem et Lyciis prænepet ca-
tervas?

ODE 1. 9.

TO THALIARCHUS.

Twenty-four lines, stanzas.

There is much discussion in connection with this ode, as to whether the name Thaliarchus (feast-master) is personal or official, and the lyric an imitation from the Greek. We agree with those who say that the snow-capped Soracte (still there), the frozen streams, the heaped-up logs, the good wine, the public walks and maidens, and above all the practical advice of the ode, invest it with an air of strong and positive reality. The name Thaliarchus (having its own proper meaning) may have been as common as are Grace and Hope among us. He is advised to use all the proper enjoyments of the season (an Italian winter) with trust in the Gods, and contentment with each day's lot. The year of the ode is unknown, probably 24 or 23 B.C.—not far from the time of the ode to Plancus, which it resembles in tone and spirit. There are many fine translations of this lyric, among which are the following: Robert Montgomery, 1831, and Martin have it in six five-line stanzas; Dryden and Francis, in six-line stanzas—thirty-six lines; Sir Edward Sherburne, 1692, has forty-two lines, marked by a rich poetic glow; Lytton arranges in stanza form and twenty-four lines.

See how the white Soracte stands
Piled deep with snow by winter's hands;
Scarce bear their loads the laboring wood
And the sharp frosts have stilled the floods.

Heap on the logs, dispel the cold,
That Sabine jar of four years old
Draw, Thaliarchus, from its cell,
And yield thee to its kindly spell.

To Gods above leave all the rest,
Whose power hath struggling winds re-
pressed,
The boiling wave dies on the sand,
And ash and cypress peaceful stand.

What shall the morrow be, ask not.
Enjoy the good to-day, thy lot,
Nor shun, O boy, the blissful chance
That brings sweet love, and song, and dance.

For envious age now far away,
Will frost thy shining locks some day:
Now comes the walk in park and bower,
The whispers low of twilight's hour,

The secret nook, and lurking maid
Who yields, by merry laugh betrayed,
With feigned resistance, jewelled hands,
And fair wrists decked with golden bands.

Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus
Silvæ laborantes, geluque
Flumina constiterint acuto?

Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Large reponens; atque benignius
Deprome quadrum Sabina,
O Thaliarche, merum diota.

Permitte Divis cætera; qui simul
Stravere ventos æquore fervido
Depræliantes, nec cupressi
Nec veteres agitantur orni.

Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quaerere; et
Quem Fors diærum cunque dabit lucro
Appone; nec dulces amores
Sperne puer, neque tu choreas,

Donec virenti canities abest
Morosa. Nunc et Campus et arææ,
Leuesque sub noctem susurri
Composita repetantur hora;

Nunc et latentis proditor intimo
Gratus puellæ risus ab angulo,
Pignusque dereptum lacertis
Aut digito male pertinaci.

ODE 1. 10.

TO MERCURY.

Twenty lines, stanzas

This is the first religious ode addressed to any God, with which we meet in these arrangements. It is a hymn to Mercury, on the occasion of the dedication of some temple to him, or written for one of his festivals held on the fifteenth of May—from Maia, the daughter of Atlas—"nepos Atlantis," (first stanza). There is great elegance of diction in this ode, and as a hymn of praise, it throws out, as scholars notice, "the great leading characteristic of this deity—mercy—stealthily conferring good on mankind." His grace of speech, the moulding of the manners of the first men, his invention of the lyre, the hiding of Apollo's oxen, his secret service in the recovery of Hector's body, and his office as the conductor of pious souls to Elysium, all this is happily woven into the ode, and all of this peculiar construction was written for the sole purpose of being used in worship. The date is from 29 to 26 B.C., when Augustus was rebuilding and repairing temples. Francis gives it thirty-six lines—very smooth. Martin (twenty lines) uses tens and fours. Lytton retains stanzas and lines.

Hermes, sprung from Maia's sire,
Skilled the fierce and rude to inspire,
Moulding by thine art and grace
Manners of a new-formed race;

Thee, Jove's messenger, I sing,
Parent of the sounding string,
Cunning in thy youthful day
Sportive theft in heaven to play.

Phœbus' oxen thou didst hide,
Vain the threats Apollo tried,
Sicri his voice—his quiver gone—
Phœbus smiles, thy skill has won.

Through the proud Atrides' guard,
Through Thessalian watch and ward
Priam passes, Troy he leaves,
Hostile camps through thee deceives.

Thou dost give to pious souls
Joyful seats, thy rod control'st
All the shadowy band, and thou,
Loved by all, above, below.

Mercuri, facunde nepos Atlantis,
Qui feros cultus hominum receduntum
Voce formasti catus et decoræ
Moræ palæstræ;

Te canam, magni Jovis et deorum
Nuntium, curvæque lyre parentem,
Callidum, quidquid placuit, jocundo
Condere furto.

Te, boves olim nati reddidisses
Per dolum amissas, præcepit minas
Vix dum terret, vultus pharetra
Risit Apollo.

Quia et Atridas, duce te superbo,
Trois dives Priamus relicto
Throasque ignes et iniqua Troas
Castrâ fecellit.

Tu piâs letis animas reponis
Sedibus, vergæque levem coactos
Aurea turbam, superis deorum
Gratus et imis.

ODE 1. 11.

TO LEUCÓNOË.

Eight equal lines.

Leucónoë was one of those females mentioned in the Introduction, with whom Horace enjoyed an honorable friendship. From one or two references in this lyric, we judge her to have possessed the comforts of life and a good position in society. She was disposed to seek, especially through Chaldean fortune-tellers, what was considered by the better classes of society as unlawful knowledge—"nefas"—first line. In the ode before us the poet advises her not to do this—we must be resigned to the will of the Gods, take things as they come, and leave the rest to all-disposing Jupiter. Wine was then one of the necessities of life, and when the poet says to her, "vina liques," he recognizes what was a part of the daily living in every household. The date may be placed not far from that of the ode to Sextius,—say 23 B.C.

We preserve the general shape of the lyric, using a line longer than is our wont. Samuel Boyse, 1740, paraphrases in seven four-line stanzas. Francis has four four-line stanzas, while Martin arranges in three eight-line, and Lyttou in two four-line stanzas, a variety of treatment always interesting to the Horatian student.

Seek not, O fair Leuconoë—the Gods forbid to know—
 What end assigned to me and thee, awaits us here below ;
 Let not Chaldean sage deceive, 't is nobler far to bend
 In patient trust till heaven relieve, whate'er great Jove may send,
 Whether more winter storms shall pour, or this shall be the last
 To break on Tyrrhene's rocky shore, and vex it with its blast.
 Be home thy care as years shall wear—to strain thy wines be wise,
 Time steals away, then seize to-day, trust not to-morrow's skies.

Tu ne quæsieris, scire nefas, quem mihi, quem tibi
 Finem di dederint, Leuconoë ; nec Babylonios
 Tentaris numeros. Ut melius, quidquid erit, pati,
 Seu plures hiemes, seu tribuit Jupiter ultimam,
 Quæ nunc oppositis detulit pumicibus mare
 Tyrrhenum. Sapias, vina liques, et spatio brevi
 Spem longam reseces. Dum loquimur, fugerit invida
 Ætas. Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.

ODE I. 12.

TO AUGUSTUS.

Sixty lines, stanzas

Some entitle this ode "A Hymn to Jove," and some, "The Praises of Gods and Men." As the Marcellus referred to in the twelfth stanza as living died in 23 B.C., this ode was probably written in 24, as indicated by the fourteenth stanza, in which are references to the Parthian war then contemplated by Augustus. It is one of the best of the Horatian odes, deeply religious in its spirit— weaving into its stanzas magnificent invocations to the principal Gods. It is patriotic also—introducing, with great beauty of diction, some of the most distinguished names of Roman history—a very fine portion of the ode. He then commends to the care of Jove, Augustus as representing on earth the highest power of the heavens—ideas in full accordance with Roman thought and worship. He skilfully blends the Marcellus who took Syracuse with Marcellus the son of Octavia, who must have died not long after the writing of this ode, and to whom relate the famous lines of the *Æneid*—vi. 854–884.

Christopher Pitt, 1737, preserves stanzas and lines—finely translated. Francis uses blank verse—sixty lines. Martin, five-line stanzas—seventy lines. Lytton has stanza form—sixty lines.

What man or hero wilt thou sing,
O Muse, with pipe or sounding string?
Or shall some God now wake the song
Which sportive echo shall prolong,

'Mid Helicon's deep, shady bowers,
Or where the lofty Pindus towers,
Or where the snowy Hæmus glens,
Where once, as ancient legend dreams,

With art maternal Orpheus played,
And winds and rapid streams delayed,
While forests wildly chased the strains,
And list'ning oaks rushed o'er the plains.

Thee first I sing, the Father Jove,
Who rul'st o'er men, and Gods above,
And sea, and lands to furthest pole,
And varied seasons as they roll.

Greater than Jove shall nought arise,
Nor like, nor second in the skies;
Yet sprung from Jove, shall Pallas claim
Next honors due celestial name.

Of Bacchus brave my harp shall tell,
For forest Maid its strains shall swell,
And Thee, O Phœbus, will I sing,
Fearful thy shaft from sounding string.

Quem virum aut heroa lyra vel acri
Tibia sumis celebrare, Clio?
Quem Deum? cujus recinet jocosa
Nomen imago,

Aut in umbrosis Heliconis oris,
Aut super Pindo, gelidove in Hæmo.
Unde vocalem temere insecutæ
Orpheæ silvæ,

Arte materna rapidos morantem
Fluminum lapsus celeresque ventos,
Blandum et auritas fidibus canoris
Ducere quercus.

Quid prius dicam solitis Parentis
Laudibus? qui res hominum ac deorum,
Qui mare ac terras, variisque mundum
Temperat horis;

Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum
Proximos illi tamen occupavit
Pallas honores.

Præliis audax, neque te silebo,
Liber, et sevis inimica Virgo
Belluis, nec te, metuende certa
Phœbe sagitta.

And Hercules, and starry Twins,
Whose car or coxstus victory wins,
Fair stars that shine o'er peaceful seas,
Ye bring to men propitious breeze,

The heaving surge dies on the shore,
Winds fall, clouds fly, the storm is o'er,
The threat'ning billow—such your will—
On ocean's breast lies calm and still.

Shall Romulus the strain inspire,
Or peaceful Numa wake the lyre,
Or Cato's death, or Priscus' reign,
Or Regulus 'mid hours of pain?

The Scauri famed, and Paulus grand,
Who gave his life to Punic brand,
And brave Fabricius, wake my song—
Borne by th' impatient Muse along.

I see stern Curio's roughened locks,
I hear the battle's deadly shocks,
And lo! Camillus saves his Rome—
These came from toil and lowly home.

Tree-like in growth, Marcellus' fame,
Marcellus, twice a glorious name,
Now blended with the Julian line,
As the fair moon this star shall shine.

Father and Guardian of our race,
From Saturn sprung, the Fates now place
Great Cæsar in thy constant care,
For Thee he shall the sceptre bear.

If against Parthia's threat'ning band
He wars, or farthest India's strand,
Victor in arms then justly borne,
May triumphs gaud his name adorn.

Second to Thee alone he reigns
O'er the broad earth, its seas and plains;
Thy chariot shakes th' Olympian world,
On impious things thy bolts are hurled.

Dicam et Alciden puerosque Ledaë,
Hunc equis, illum superare pugnis
Nobilem; quorum simul alba nautis
Stella refulsit,

Defluit saxis agitatus humor,
Concidunt venti, fugiuntque nubes,
Et miuax, nam sic voluere, ponto
Unda recumbit.

Romulum post hos prius, an quietum
Pompili regnum memorem, an superbos
Tarquinius faeces, dubito, an Catonis
Nobile letum.

Regulum, et Scauros, animæque magnæ
Prodigum Paullum, superante Pæno,
Gratus insigni referam Camena,
Fabriciumque.

Hunc, et incomptis Curium capillis,
Utilem bello tulit, et Camillum,
Sæva paupertas et avitus apto
Cum lare fundus.

Crescit, occulto velut arbor ævo,
Fama Marcelli; micat inter omnes
Julium sidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores.

Gentis humanæ Pater atque Custos,
Orte Saturno, tibi cura magni
Cæsaris fatis data; tu secundo
Cæsare regnes.

Ille, seu Parthos Latio imminentes
Egerit justo domitos triumpho,
Sive subjectos Orientis ora
Seras et Indos.

Te minor latum regat æquus orbem;
Tu gravi curru quatiens Olympum;
Tu parum castis inimica mittes
Fulmina lucis.

ODE I. 13.

TO LYDIA.

Twenty lines, couplets.

Lydia was now living, in accordance with Roman law, with Telephus, of whom we know from the ode that he was young, passionate, and violent—it is not the Telephus of Ode III. 19, nor of Ode IV. 11. As in other cases Horace makes the matter personal, yet we do not believe that there was any "despair" or "wasting" more than for Glycera, on account of whom he was always "wasting away." Under this humor and strength of expression is the design of the ode. Lydia's life with Telephus was one of dissipation and strife and must lead to separation—a bad position socially for both. The poet is pleading for permanency in these relations, but only love and patience will secure this. He sets before her a picture of the future based on a true affection, and it is this which gives to the last four lines "their true and beautiful emphasis." In this light, these lines of polished diction are easily understood. The next ode to her (I. 25) is a picture of the future to which her present life of excess and strife must certainly lead. The date of the ode is probably before 24 B.C. Sir William Temple, 1688, and Martin arrange in six-line stanzas, making thirty lines. Francis preserves the couplet form, while Lytton has stanzas—each, however, with twenty lines.

When of Telephus you speak,
Telephus with rosy neck,
When you praise his arms so fair,
Swells my heart with deep despair.
Then my color comes and goes,
Trickling tear in secret flows,
Telling of my wasting bloom,
How the inward fires consume.
Oft your beautiful form I see
Touched in strife and revelry,
Or your lip which love inspires
Rudely marked as passion fits.
Let good counsel Lydia move—
Not with such dwells constant love,
Wounding lips from Venus' beavers,
Breathing nectar from her flowers.
Thrice and four times happy they,
Whom the ills that come each day
Sunder not, whose love serene
Lives till death shall close the scene

Quum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roseam, ceræa Telephi
Laudas brachia, vix meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur
Tunc nec mens mihi nec color
Certa seque manet: humor et in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quam lentis penitus macerer ignibus.
Uror, seu tibi candidos
Turpantur humeros immo dicam: mero
Rixæ, sive puer fureus
Impressat mentem dente labris notam.
Non, si me satis iudias,
Speres perpetuum, dulcia barbare
Ludentem oscula, quæ Venus
Quinta parte sui nectaris imbuit
Felicis ter et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulsus querimonia
Suprema citius solvet amor die.

ODE I. 14.

TO THE REPUBLIC.

Twenty lines, stanzas.

Few odes have received more discussion as to title, purpose, and date. We prefer, on the whole, the title by which it is best known. All agree that it was not written later than 29 B.C. Some place it at 37, as referring to the troubles connected with Sextus Pompeius. In such a case it would be found with the Epodes, published in 30 B.C. Others place it in 32, as referring to the difficulties culminating in the battle of Actium, 31 B.C., in which case we think that so important an ode would be found in the collection referred to. We take then 29 B.C. as the date proposed for this lyric. Octavius, on returning from the Egyptian war, proposed to restore the Republic or something like it. Some of the best men of Rome, among them Mæcenas, advised strongly against this, as presenting an opening for the renewal of the civil wars. It is supposed that the ode was written at this time, suggesting the true port of safety, Octavius, for the good ship so injured by the storms of the past. Martin renders in twenty-six, and Francis in twenty-two, lines. Lytton has twenty lines.

O ship, do waves rise yet again,
And press thee to the stormy main?
Seize then the port, in safety ride—
The gale has swept of oars thy side,

And wounded mast and sailyard groan,
And shrouds and tackle all are torn;
Of these bereft, thou scarce shalt brave
Th' imperious wind and surging wave.

Thy sails are rent, thy Gods no more,
Whom to invoke when storms shall pour;
A Pontic pine thou once hast stood,
The daughter of a noble wood—

Vain boast of name—a painted wreck—
The cautious sailor shuns thy deck,
He trusts thee not, so soon to lie
The sport of winds that sweep the sky.

Of late there came almost despair,
Now mingled grief, and hope, and care,
That thou may'st shun the Cyclades,
And safely sail these dangerous seas.

O navis, referunt in mare te novi
Fluctus! O quid agis? Fortiter occupa
Portum. Nonne vides, ut
Nudum remigio latus?

Et malus celeri saucius Africo
Antennæque gemant; ac sine funibus
Vix durare carinæ
Possint imperiosius

Æquor. Non tibi sunt integra lineæ,
Non Idæ, quos iterum pressa voces malo;
Quamvis Pontica pinus,
Silvæ filia nobilis,

Jactes et genus et nomen inutile.
Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus
Fidit. Tu, nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave.

Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tædium,
Nunc desiderium curaque non levis,
Interfusa nitentes
Vites æquora Cycladas.

ODR. I. 15.

THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS. *Thirty-six lines, stanzas.*

The Sea-god brings a calm upon the fleeing Paris and Helen, and foretells the coming war, the death of Paris, and the destruction of Troy. The Greek warriors' names are finely woven into the ode. The date is probably 29 B.C. Elizabeth Carter, 1769, has fifty, Francis forty-six, Martin forty, and Lytton thirty-six lines.

The treacherous guest and hostess frail
Seek Trojan bark and favoring gale,
But Nereus calms the wind and sea,
And sings the fates that soon must be.

Omens of ill thou bearest home,
Proud Greece hath sworn, her hosts shall come
And tear thy nuptial bands away,
And Priam's realms in ruins lay.

What panting steeds, what might of men,
What deaths shall come to Ilium then—
I see great Pallas' helm and shield,
And chariot rushing to the field.

In vain shall Venus guard thee now,
As thou shalt deck thy fair, soft brow.
And 'mid thy halls and chambers gay,
Thy feeble harp shall wake the lay.

The spears and darts on Phrygian plain,
And battle's shock, thou shalt not in vain,
And the swift Ajax following fast—
Thy locks shall trail the dust at last.

Ulysses comes, thy nation's bane,
And Nestor wise from Pylus' plain,
And Salamis her Teucer yields,
And Sthenelus, on martial fields.

Well skilled the fight or steed to guide,
Or chariot-wheel in battle's tide,
And Merion comes, and Diomed,
Greater than man, by Pallas led,

Whom thou shalt fly with panting breath,
As stag the wolf on pastured heath,
Seen as he lurks at evening hour—
Not such thy boast in Spartan bower.

Achilles' wrath holds back the day
That Ilium in the dust shall lay,
The destined times at length expire,
And Troy shall burn in Grecian fire.

Pastor quum traheret per freta navibus
Idale Helenen perfidus hospitam,
Ingrato celeres obruit otio
Ventos, ut caneret fera

Nereus fata ; Mala ducis avi domum,
Quam multo repetet Græcia milite,
Conjurata tuas rumpere nuptias
Et regnum Priami vetus.

Hæu, hæu ! quantus equis, quantus adest viris
Sudor ; quanta movent funera Dardaniæ
Genti. Jam galeam Pallas et ægida
Currusque et rabiem parat

Nequidquam, Veneris præsidio ferox,
Pectus cesariem, grataque famulis
Iubellæ clihara carmina divides ;
Nequidquam thalamo graves

Hastas et calami splendida Gnosi
Vitæ, strepitumque, et ceterum sequi
Ajacem ; tamen, hæu, serus adulterum
Crines pulvere velites.

Non Laërtiaden, exitum tæce
Geuti, non Pythum Nestora respicias ?
Urgent Iuppiter te Salaminem
Teucer, te Sthenelus miles

Pugnæ, vive oves et impetabile equis,
Non auris pigris. Merionem quoque
Necus. Ecce fuit te reponere alio
Tyhiden, melior patre

Quem tu, cervus uti vallis in altura
Visum parte lupum proxima linmetur,
Sublimi facies molis ante reas
Non hoc pollicitus tuæ

Ira tronda diem poteret Ilio
Merionisque Phrygem classem Achilles,
Post certæ hinc uret Achæus
Ignis Pergæas domos

ODE I. 16.

PALINODIA (Recantation). Twenty-eight lines, stanzas.

A title given by some editions in the absence of a name in the ode, that being reserved for the following lyric. Judging from some of the epodes, we can believe that Horace may have written some "celeres iambos," which in maturer years was a matter of regret. He had done so in the case of the mother of Tyndaris. Time had brought better things to the poet's mind. The daughter was now before him—a subject of some domestic infelicity unknown to us. The bard would make amends. He pleads his youth and the power of ungoverned anger. The diction of the apology is very elegant, but the excuse itself is poor—yet there was nothing else to offer. With some of the best criticism, we reject the story that the mother of Tyndaris was Canidia of epodes fifth and seventeenth. She belonged to a class far below that of Tyndaris, and with whom "friendship" (last stanza) would be impossible. Francis, Martin, and Lytton all translate in seven four-line stanzas—an agreement somewhat unusual. For the date, see the next ode.

O fairer than thy mother fair,
What shall the poet's wrong repair—
Shall burning flame the vengeance be,
Or the deep waves of Adria's Sea?

Not Cybele shall so inspire,
Nor Phœbus fill with sacred fire,
Nor Bacchus on some festal day,
'Mid cymbal's clash and wild array.

Nought is so strong as burning ire,
It fears not sword, nor flood, nor fire,
Nor Jove's own thunders when they roll
Tremendous to the utmost pole.

Prometheus, for his man of clay,
Took something from each beast they say,
And placed it in the human heart,
The lion's rage sure formed a part.

'T was anger crushed Thyestes down,
It bursts on many a stately town,
Great armies rush, the city falls,
The wrathful plough goes o'er the walls.

Compose thy mind—youth's earlier days
And fervid passions penned those lays,
Those bitter lays that vexed the soul
With swift and fierce iambic roll.

'T is mine t' entreat—dismiss thy grief,
My kindlier strains shall bring relief,
I here recant the hard words spoken,
You shall restore the friendship broken.

O matre pulchra filia pulchrior,
Quem criminosis cunque voles modum
Pones iambis; sive flamma,
Sive in mari libet Adriæ.

Non Dindymene, non adytis quatit
Mentem sacerdotum incolæ Pythius,
Non Liber æque, non acuta
Sic geminant Corybantes æra,

Tristes ut iræ; quas neque Noricus
Deterret ensis, nec mare naufragum,
Nec sævus ignis, nec tremendo
Jupiter ipse ruens tumultu.

Fertur Prometheus, addere principi
Limo coactus particulam undique
Dsectam, et insani leonis
Vim stomacho apposuisse nostro.

Iræ Thyesten exitio gravi
Stravere, et altis uribus ultimæ
Stetere causæ, cur perirent
Funditus, imprimeretque muris

Hostile atrarum exercitus insolens.
Compescere mentem; me quoque pectoris
Tentavit in dulci juventa
Fervor, et in celeres iambos

Misit furentem; nunc ego mitibus
Mutare quæro tristia; dum mihi
Fias recantatis amica
Opprobriis, animique reddas.

ODE I. 17.

TO TYNDARIS.

Twenty-eight lines, stanzas.

The "Recantation" has been made, and in this beautiful lyric Tyndaris is invited to Lucretius. The description of Horace's farm with its graves and flocks, and quiet, is very fine—a part of a range now called *Monte Genaro*. Nothing is known of Tyndaris outside of Horace. The name itself is suggestive of beauty and grace, and may not have been unusual among them. There is nothing in either ode to suggest that "Horace was in love with Tyndaris." We do not see why the poet could not rectify a wrong which he acknowledged, for the sake of the right itself. The date will of course be nearly the same with that of the preceding ode, a little uncertain—say from 25 to 22 B. C. Although of the same metre, we have used a slightly different rhythm for our lines. Marriott's translation has one stanza less than the original—183. Francis, Martin, and Lytton as in the preceding lyric, translate in four-line stanza, and in twenty-eight lines differing somewhat in rhythmic form.

Oh for sweet Lucretius
Pausan leaves Arcadian bliss,
Guards my flocks from summer's glow,
And from noxious winds that blow

Through the fragrant thymy grove
Wandering she-goats safely rove,
Wild arbutus seeking here,
Nor the adlers green they fear,

Nor the Martial wolves; sweet strains
Pour through Utic's sloping plains,
Tyndaris may hear the sound
Charming rocks and vales around.

Kindly Gods my home defend,
Grateful verse and praise ascend,
Here fair Plenty's horn shall flow
Rich with all the fields bestow.

Here you shun the Dogstar's fire,
Singing on sweet Teian lyre
Ithaca's true, loving wife,
And frail Circe's guilty strife.

Here mild Lesbian waits for thee,
Cups that bring no revelry,
Mars and Bacchus meet not here,
Cyrus rude thou shalt not fear,

Lest with jealousy he storm,
Seizing on thy slender form,
Tearing robes and wreaths of days
Twined for thee on festal days.

*Velox humanum sepe Lucretium
Mutat Lycæo Pausan, et tigneam
Defendit matrem capellis
Utque magis juvatque ventos.*

*Impune latum per nemus arbutos
Querunt latentes et thyma myue
Oleris uxores mariti,
Nec virides metuunt solubras.*

*Nec Martiales lacerant lupos,
Uttingue dolci Tyndari, festula
Vallis et Uticæ culantis
Levis personare saxa.*

*Di me tuentur, dñs pietas mea
Et Musa cœlesti. Hic tibi copia
Manat ad plebem Tyrgeno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.*

*Hic in reducta valle Caniculæ
Vitabiles vestis, et fide Teia
Dices lacerantes in uno
Penelopen vitreamque Circe*

*Hic innocentis pocula Lesbii
Duces sub umbra, nec Semeleius
Cum Marte confundet Thyoneas
Prælia; nec metues protervum*

*Suspecta Cyrum, ne male dispari
Incontinentes injiciat manus,
Et scindat laurentem coronam
Crimibus, immeritamque vestem.*

It is generally agreed that this is the Varus whose death is the subject of the twenty-fourth ode of this book. Quintilius Varus, the poet, was an intimate friend of Horace and of Virgil, and is most kindly spoken of in the *Ars Poetica* (438-444) as a faithful and judicious critic—a man who would warrant the encomium in the second stanza of the ode above referred to: "Faith, truth, and honor dwelt in his breast." Varus was planting vineyards on his farm at Tibur. Horace, always the friend of moderation, approves of the proper use of wine, and holds up excess as especially displeasing to Bacchus himself, the God of wine, who punishes men when they abuse his beneficent gift—citing the judgments said to have fallen on the Centaurs, and Lapithæ, and Thracians. On account of the length of the lines of this ode, we use a longer line than usual in our translation. The date is uncertain, but before 24 B.C.—the year of Varus' death. Francis translates in elevens—adds six lines. Martin (twelves) adds fourteen lines. Lytton arranges in stanzas, but condenses in sixteen lines.

Let Varus plant the sacred vine in Tibur's rich-soiled lands,
Where bathed in mellowing suns that shine, walled Catilus now stands.
The dry, 't is said, find all things sad—that Heaven ordains it so,
Yet sends what makes the spirit glad, and soothes our care and woe;
Who after wine feels poverty, or dread of war's grim face,
And does not charms in Bacchus see, and beauteous Venus' grace?
Lest we exceed the temperate draught, the warning comes full well,
How Lapithæ and Centaurs quaffed, and bloody strife befell,
How Bacchus comes with hand not light, to Thracia's farthest bound
To punish men, when wrong with right immoderate cups confound.
I will not overpress, and wake, and force thee, Bacchus fair,
Nor forth thy hallowed mysteries take, and fling them to the air.
Ah, let those clashing cymbals cease, and Berecynthian horn,
Blind Love which only self can please, in drunken fervor borne,
Vain-Glory who her insolence and empty head displays,
And Looseness under faith's pretence, which more than glass betrays.

Nullam, Vare, sacra vite prius severis arborem
Circa mite solum Tiburis et mœnia Catili.
Siccis omnia nam dura Deus proposuit; neque
Mordaces aliter diffugiunt sollicitudines;
Quis post vina gravem militiam aut pauperiem crepat,
Quis non te potius, Bacche pater, teque, decens Venus?
At ne quis modici transiliat munera Liberi,
Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa super mero
Debellata, monet Sithoniis non levis Evius
Quum fas atque nefas exiguo sine libidinum
Discernunt avidi. Non ego te, candide Bassareu,
Invitam quatum; nec variis obsita frondibus
Sub divum rapiam. Sæva tene cum Berecynthio
Cornu tympana, quæ subsequitur cæcus Amor sui,
Et tollens vacuum plus nimio Gloria verticem,
Arcanique Fides prodiga, perlucidior vitro.

ODE 1. 19.

TO GLYCERA.

Sixteen lines, couplets.

We meet with this name several times in the odes. Glycera erected a shrine to Venus, for which Horace wrote the dedicatory hymn—Ode 1. 31. She lived in marriage relations with Tibullus, from whom she separated, greatly to the grief of the bard of elegy, on which occasion Horace addressed to him a humorous ode—the thirty-third of this book. She is mentioned also in the ode to Telephus (III. 19) as the one for whom Horace is “wasting away” on account of unrequited love. In the lyric before us (of much poetic beauty) there is the same strength of expression as in the odes to Pyrrha and Lydia. This extravagance of language becomes really satire, and the readers of that day would doubtless so regard it, and to them it might have conveyed a meaning which it could not have had with us—without knowledge similar to theirs. Some circumstances and personal characteristics might be reached only in this way. The date can be placed only between 28 and 24 B.C. Congreve, 1702, renders in twenty-eight lines. An adaptation ascribed to Chatterton, 1768, is in twenty-four lines. Francis translates in stanzas—twenty-four lines. Martin preserves the couplet form, while Lytton arranges in stanzas—both in sixteen lines.

Cruel Mother of the Loves,
Bacchus of the Theban groves,
Passion that so wildly plays,
Bring my loves of other days.
Burns my soul for Glycera bright,
Fairer than the Parian white,
Petulant yet full of charm,
Eyes that work the gazer harm.
Venus comes with all her powers,
Leaving her Italian bowers,
Not the flying Parthian's dart,
Only love will move her heart.
Place ye here on grassy mould
Incense, wine of two years old,
Turf and vervain from the wood,
May she come in lenient mood.

Mater sæva Cupidinum,
Thebanæque jubet me Semeles puer
Et lasciva Licentia,
Finitis animum reddere amoribus.
Urit me Glycere nitor
Splendentis Pario marmore purius.
Urit grata protervitas,
Et vultus nimium lubricus adspicit
In me tota ruenus Venus
Cyprum deseruit; nec patitur Scythas,
Et versis animosum equis
Parthum dicere, nec quæ nihil attinent.
Hic vivum mihi cespitem, hic
Verbenas, pueri, ponite, thuraque
Bimi cum patera meri:
Mactata veniet lenior hostia.

ODE 1. 20.

TO MÆCENAS.

Twelve lines, stanzas.

It was said in the note to the first ode that there was a certain "moderation of character" in Mæcenas which commended itself to those around him. In nothing was this more noteworthy than in his remaining in the order of Equites, to which he belonged, and in nothing would he be more likely to gain the respect and good-will of those with whom he came in contact. In the second stanza of the ode Horace sympathizingly reminds Mæcenas of this, calling him "Eques," and referring to the fact that the people had not forgotten this matter—"For Mæcenas knight, their shouts were heard." The lyric is a response to an intimation of a visit to Horace's house on the part of Mæcenas. He deprecates his own wine, yet it is old, and put up in a year the recollection of which must be pleasant to his friend. The date is uncertain—between 28 and 24 B.C. Francis renders in stanzas—adds four lines. Martin adds six lines. Lytton retains lines and stanzas.

Poor indeed, and in beakers small
Is the wine you 'll drink in my Sabine hall,
Yet mellowing age it has found below
In the Grecian casks sealed long ago,

When people's hearts were so deeply stirred,
For Mæcenas knight, their shouts were heard,
While merry echo flung back the sound
From thy Tiber's banks to the hills around.

Cæcuban rich, and the streams that flow
From Cales press—'t is for you they glow,
No ruby tint for my cup distils
From the Formian and Falernian hills.

Vile potabis modicis Sabinum
Cantharis, Græca quod ego ipse testa
Conditum levi, datus in theatro
Quum tibi plansus,

Care Mæcenas eques, ut paterni
Fluminis ripæ, simul et jocosa
Redderet laudes tibi Vaticanæ
Montis imago.

Cæcubam et prelo domitam Caleno
Tu bibes uvam : mea nec Falernæ
Temperant vites, neque Formiani
Pocula colles.

OD. I. 21.

TO DIANA AND APOLLO.

Sixteen lines, stanza.

Scholars are greatly divided as to the place of this ode. Some arrange it as a part of the Secular Hymn. Its position, however, in the first book seems to be in accordance with the best authority. It is one of the hymns written for and used in the reopening and dedication of temples by Augustus after his return from Alexandria in 29 B.C. The closing stanza which refers to the expedition against Britain and Persia suggests the date of the ode as 28 B.C. We think that it was the hymn of dedication for that particular temple mentioned in the thirty-first ode of this book—"Before Apollo's shrine we bow." Horace took part as an attendant in the religious services of that occasion, and either during the services or soon after them, composed the ode whose first line is quoted above. The lyric before us is of finished diction, containing all that is usually found in such hymns—lineage, birthplace, favorite residences, inventions, benevolent or judicial acts. It is a Latin hymn actually used in the temple service of Pagan Rome. Francis places the ode as a part of the Secular Hymn, adding eight lines. Lytton and Martin retain its place in the first book, the latter adding eight lines.

Dian sing in virgins' lays,
Sing ye youths, Apollo's praise,
Let Latona share the theme,
Greatly loved by Jove supreme.

Sing her joy by murmuring floods,
Or in Algid's shady bowers,
Or in dark Arcadian woods,
Or where verdant Cragus towers.

Sing for him of Tempe's bower,
Or the natal Delos' strand,
Or the Archer's matchless power,
Or the lyre from Hermes' hand.

Famine, pestilence, and war,
Persia feel, and Britain far,
Save our people, save our king,
Prayers and offerings now we bring.

Dianam teneræ dicite virgines;
Intonsum, pueri, dicite Cyntium;
Latonamque supremo
Dilectam penitus Jovi.

Vos lætam fluvii et nemorum comæ,
Quæcunque aut gelido prominet Algidæ,
Nigris aut Erymanthi
Silvis, aut viridis Cragi;

Vos Tempe totidem tollite laudibus,
Natalæque, mares, Delon Apollinis,
Insignemque phætra
Fraternæque humerum lyra.

Hic bellum lacrimosum, hic miseram famem
Pestemque a populo, principe Cæsare, in
Persas atque Britannos
Vestra motus agat prece.

We first meet with Fuscus as a friend of our bard in Satire 1. 9. 61. In the next satire (line 83) we find him in the company of "Varius, Mæcenas, Virgiliusque, Valgius, Octavius optimus, atque Fuscus." These notices must be as early as 36 B.C. An epistle is addressed to him (21 or 20 B.C.) in which he is spoken of with great affection. The ode before us has been greatly misunderstood, we think, by some who have taken as serious, the effusion of a playful spirit intended to satirize Lalage, who is mentioned in other odes in pleasant vein. The bard jocosely says that good men (like himself) need carry no weapons; for in his own forest, while thinking of Lalage, a wolf met him when unarmed and fled. The same strength of expression is used as when referring to Pyrrha, and Lydia, and Glycera—the points of which Fuscus and others saw and enjoyed. The date is probably 24 or 23 B.C. W. Herbert, 1792, (a good translation,) adds four lines. There is an expanded adaptation (well written) by John Scones, Esq., 1826. Francis, Martin, and Lytton, translate in stanzas, and all in twenty-four lines.

Upright in heart, and free of crime,
Thou need'st not bear in any clime,
My Fuscus, Moorish lance or bow,
Or arrow dipped in venom'd flow,

Whether 'mid Afric's burning sands,
Or wild Caucasia's snowy lands,
Or where the rich Hydaspes pours
Its foiled streams on India's shores.

Roving beyond my Sabine bounds,
While Lalage's sweet name resounds,
A wolf appears, and me unarmed
He flies, as though the place were charmed.

Such prodigy one scarce may tell,
In Daunia's wilds it ne'er befell,
Nor Afric's land where Juba reigns,
And lions roam the arid plains.

Place me amid those Arctic fields
Where summer air no verdure yields,
Or on that darksome side of earth,
Where clouds and tempests have their birth;

Place me where Sol's bright chariot flies
So near, and life and home denies,
Still, still, love's theme shall ever be,
Sweet, laughing, prattling Lalage.

Integer vitæ scelerisque puris
Non eget Mauris jaculis, neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, phœtra;

Sive per Syrtis iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditis,
Fugit inermem.

Quale portentum neque militaris
Dannias latis alit æsculetis,
Nec Juba: tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura;
Quod latus mandi nebulae malusque
Jupiter urget;

Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

ODE I. 23.

TO CHLOE.

Twelve lines, stanzas.

Nothing is known of Chloe outside of these lyrics. She is very young, and is the same, we think, as the Chloe mentioned in the last stanza of Ode III. 20, where the same wish is expressed—that she might be brought under the power of love, though not for the poet's sake. The Chloe of the anacreontic ode is "Thressa Chloe." The Chloe mentioned in Ode III. 7, is a landlady of Oricum. In this lyric as in that to Lyde of the third book (eleventh ode), Horace makes the matter so far personal, that he represents some of the friends of Chloe, and expresses his and their opinion that she ought to enter into the life of society. "It was a graceful way of reaching a delicate and difficult case." The ode is spoken of as an imitation from a fragment of Anacreon. The date is uncertain—from 27 to 23 B.C. Glanvil, 1699, renders in stanzas, and doubles the length of the ode. Glenbervie, 1759, arranges in two stanzas of six lines each. Francis adds two lines, Martin (very graceful) adds six, while Lytton retains the four-line stanza.

Chloe shuns me like a fawn
Lost in some wild forest lawn,
Seeking now its mother's care,
Starting at each breath of air.

As spring-zephyrs stir the bush,
Or the darting lizards push,
Or the wind sighs through the trees—
Trembling heart and trembling knees.

Yet no tiger marks thy way,
Lion fierce seeks not its prey,
Go now from thy mother's side,
Of some happy youth the bride.

Vitas hinculeo me pumilis, Chloe,
Quarrenti pavidam montibus avis
Matrem, non sine vano
Anxarum et silue metu.

Nam seu mobilibus veris inhorruit
Ad ventum foliis, seu virides rubum
Dimovere lacertæ,
Illi corde et genibus tremit

Atqui non ego te, tigris ut aspera
Gastulusve leo, frangere persequor,
Tandem desine matrem
Tempestiva sequi viro.

ODE I. 24.

TO VIRGIL ON THE DEATH OF VARUS.

Twenty lines, stanzas.

Quintilius Varus, poet, critic, and friend of Horace and Virgil, so tenderly remembered in the *Ars Poetica*—438-444. He has planted his last vine (ode eighteenth) and Virgil is in mourning, and Horace, himself a mourner, seeks to console his friend in this beautiful ode. Four years after this, Virgil died, and Horace lost "*Dimidium animæ*." There is no ode to tell that grief. Nothing strikes the thoughtful reader of these lyrics more forcibly, than their hopelessness in regard to a future life. Although the belief in this was general, yet there was nothing on which hope could rest as in any way special and assured. The wisest and the best among them, as they stood over the remains of a beloved friend, could only say to each other what this ode says—'There is nothing for us but the dimness of Hades—patience, it is our fate.' Inside of a century, from that very city, Paul wrote of that Pagau religion as a system "having no hope." Was he thinking of these mournful stanzas, well known in Rome when he was there, and doubtless read in that "Palace" in which he won so many converts to the new faith? Paul wrote these words in 63 or 64 A.D. The date of the ode is 24 B.C. the year of Varus' death. Ninety years will more than span the time, and as Horace died in 8 B.C., some very aged member of the Church in "Cæsar's household" might easily recall, among the memories of his boyhood, the very form of our favorite and now mournful bard.

R. N. French (well written) and Francis add twelve lines. Martin (six-line stanzas) adds ten lines. Lytton has twenty lines.

Come, O Muse, in mournful numbers,
Grief unmeasured swell thy strain,
Dear to all, in death he slumbers,
Let thy heav'n-taught harp complain.

Varus' sleep shall know no ending.
Who like him again will come?
Faith, and Truth, and Honor, blending
Made that breast their constant home.

Many a heart around us bleeding
Mourns his death—none more than thou—
Vain were Virgil's tears and pleading,
Heaven denies, and man must bow

Could'st thou reach the Orphean measures,
Charm the list'ning oaks once more,
Death would not give back his treasures,
Thou could'st not that form restore.

All our prayers yield no returning,
Once in Hermes' shadowy band—
Hard, but thou deep patience learning,
Yield to Fate's resistless hand.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis? Præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene, cui liquidam Pater
Vocem cum cithara dedit.

Ergo Quinctilium perpetuus sopor
Urget! cui Pudor, et Justitiæ soror,
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas
Quando ullum inveniet parem?

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit;
Nulli flebilior, quam tibi, Virgili.
Tu frustra pius, heu! non ita creditum
Poscis Quinctilium deos.

Quod si Threicio blandius Orpheo
Auditam moderere arboribus fidem,
Non vanæ redeat anguis imagini,
Quam virga semel horrida,

Non lenis precibus fata recludere,
Nigro compulerit Mercurius gregi.
Durum! sed levius fit patientia,
Quidquid corrigere nefas.

ODE I. 25.

TO LYDIA.

Twenty lines, stanzas.

An eminent translator remarks: "The young and blooming Lydia of the preceding odes could not have been old when this lyric was written." Was there then another Lydia to whom as to age its points might be applicable? The difficulty which so many have felt and remarked upon, is removed simply by regarding the ode as a picture of the future—such we have no doubt was the idea of the bard. In the thirteenth ode he reproves Lydia for her life of dissipation and strife with Telephus, and closes (the last four lines) with a beautiful picture of a future growing out of virtuous and constant love. In this ode he presents the outcome of a bad life, such as she was living with Telephus, or with others—poverty, neglect, and scorn. Interpreted as a picture of the future, the ode has a meaning and a purpose commending themselves to us—a purpose reached possibly in connection with Ode III. 9—a lyric indicating "Reconciliation" with some one from whom she had been separated. History is constantly repeating itself, and passion and vice, also conscience and virtuous purpose, as we see them to-day, may have their prototypes in the past. The date of the ode is uncertain—before 22 B.C. Rev. W. Gostling, M.A., 1774, and Francis render in stanzas—triplets. Martin (stanzas) adds eight lines. Lytton omits (in translation) two stanzas.

No more the yonths your windows shake,
Unbroken now the rest you take,
The weary hinge at length is still,
The door clings fondly to its sill.

And less and less that old love-prayer
Comes floating through the evening air:
"I perish here, the night is long,
Can Lydia sleep and such my song?"

In turn you feel proud lovers' scorn,
In alley lone and chill you mourn,
Where winds from Thracia's icy range
Hold revel at the old moon's change.

And passion burns with all its fire,
The strong, and fierce, and vain desire
Now rages on, mocks all restraint,
While bursts forth many a bitter plaint.

That glad youths choose the ivy green,
And wear the freshest myrtle seen,
And fling old leaves with withered forms
To driving gales and wintry storms.

Parcus junctas quatunt fenestras
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi,
Nec tibi somnos adimunt, amatque
Janua limen.

Quæ prius multum facilis movebat
Cardines. Audis minus et minus jam
"Me tuo longas pereunte noctes,
Lydia, dormis?"

Iuvencæ mœchos anus irrogantes
Flebis in solo levis angiporitu,
Thracio bacchante magis sub inter-
lunio vento;

Quam tibi flagrans amor, et libido,
Quæ solet matres furiare equorum.
Sæviet circa jecur ulcerosum
Non sine questu.

Læta quod pulvis hiedera virenti
Gaudet pulla magis atque myrto
Aridas frondes Hiemis sodali
Dedecet Euro.

ODE I. 26.

TO ÆLIUS LAMIA.

Twelve lines, stanzas.

In Ode III. 17, Lamia is traced to Lamus of the heroic age, said to have founded Formia. He seems to have been a great favorite with his friends, and particularly with the Emperor Tiberius (only five years younger), from whom he received many honors up to the last year of Lamia's life. He was born in 47 B.C., and died in 33 A.D.—eighty years, Tiberius being then seventy-five years of age. Lamia was seventeen years old when Alexandria was taken (30 B.C.), and so forms a connecting link between the court of Augustus and that of Tiberius. These two old men, as they sat together, must have often brought up in conversation the statesmen, and generals, and poets of that talented generation, men whom they had both known so well, and with whom they had so freely mingled. Tiberius had one fine epistle, the ninth of the first book of epistles, and that magnificent ode, the fourteenth of the fourth book (he is called Claudius in both), by which to remember Horace. Lamia had two charming little odes, the seventeenth of the third book, and the one before us, so elegant in diction, and affectionate in spirit. It will date at 24 B.C. Rev. George Croly, 1831, preserves lines and stanzas. Francis adds six lines, and Martin four to the ode, while Lytton has twelve.

The Muse appears, my griefs and fears
Bear to the seas, thou wind,
What king now reigns o'er Parthia's plains,
Or none—care not to find.

Thou whose delight is fountains bright,
That pour sweet waters down,
Come from thy bowers, bring sunny flowers,
For Lamia weave a crown.

Pimplæa's lyre, 't is yours t' inspire
The harp at Lesbos born,
Ye Sisters fair, make him your care,
My Lamia's name adorn.

Musis amicus, tristitiam et metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis; quis sub Arcto
Rex gelidæ metuatur oræ,

Quid Teridaten terreat, unice
Securus. O, quæ fontibus integris
Gaudes, apricos necte flores,
Necte inco Lamiæ coronam,

Pimplæi dulcis; nil sine te mei
Prosunt honores; hunc fidibus novis,
Hunc Lesbio sacrate plectro
Teque tuasque decet sorores.

ODE 1. 27.

TO HIS COMPANIONS.

Twenty-four lines, stanzas

This ode was probably written in commemoration of some social gathering. Horace was doubtless either elected by the company, or chosen by lot as the "Governor" or "Wine-king" of the feast, according to custom (see Ode 1. 4. near the close), and in this official capacity could assume the position of a director, and say what is said without offence to any. The date is uncertain—from 26 to 24 B.C. Porson's translation, 1802, does some injustice, we think, to the lyric, which has the usual finish of the Horatian odes. Francis gives thirty lines, smooth in rhythm, and of good diction. Martin preserves stanzas and lines, as also Lytton.

For joy is born the generous wine,
Strife o'er your cups—a barbarous sign,
Ah, send them to their Thracian hills,
'T is peace and quiet Bacchus wills!

'Mid soften'd lights and wine-cup's glow,
No Median dagger seek a foe—
Companions, cease your impious roar,
Your couches take—and peace once more.

You wish that I may take my part
Of old Falernian stout of heart;
Megilla's brother then shall say
What blissful wound he bears away.

Does he refuse?—then I decline—
Ah, he assents—I quaff the wine—
Blush not if touched by Venus' fires,
Some fitting love no doubt inspires.

Whoe'er it be, dismiss thy fears,
The fair one's name shall find safe ears—
Ah, wretched boy, too late it came,
Thou'rt worthy of a better flame.

Engulphed in strong Charybdis' wave,
What sage, what spell, what God can save?
Scarce Pegasus' celestial fire
Could free from this Chimera dire.

Natis in usum letitiæ scyphis
Pugnare Thracum est; tollite barbarum
Morem, verecundumque Bacchum
Sanguineis prohibete rixis!

Viuo et lucernis Medus acinaces
Immane quantum discrepat! Impium
Lenite clamorem, sodales,
Et cubito remanete presso.

Vultis severi me quoque sumere
Partem Falerni? dicat Opuntia:
Præter Megillæ, quo beatus
Vulnere, qua pereat sagitta.

Cessat voluntas? non alia bibam
Mercede. Quæ te cunque domat Venus,
Non erubescendis adurit
Ignibus, ingenuoque semper

Amore peccas. Quidquid habes, age,
Depone tutis auribus. Ah miser
Quanta laborabas Charybdi,
Digne puer meliore flammæ!

Quæcûq; saga, quis te solvere Thessalis
Magus venenis, quis poterit Deus
Vix illigatum te triforæ
Pegasus expediet Chimære.

ODE I. 28.

ARCHYTAS AND THE SAILOR. Thirty-six lines, couplets.

This ode has been a field of battle on which have met some of the mightiest forces of criticism. We take the arrangement which makes it a dialogue between the spirit of Archytas and a merchant sailor. The latter expresses surprise that the learned Archytas should die. The shade (seventh line) replies that all men die—Pythagoras died twice. It then asks that some earth be thrown upon the body as a rite for the repose of the soul. The history of Archytas of Tarentum (about 400 B.C.), his learning, his Pythagoreanism, and his shipwreck in the Adriatic, were well known to the cultivated readers of these lyrics. The date will be from 26 to 22 B.C. Charles Badham, 1831, is not so smooth as Francis—both in couplets, and in forty lines. Martin (couplets) adds eighteen lines, while Lytton arranges in stanzas, and adds (very rare with this translator) eight lines.

What! Thou that measurest sea and land,
And seek'st to count the countless sand,
No earth from all Matina's shore
To give thee rest? What good 't explore
And pierce in thought the starry skies,
And scan earth's round—Archytas dies.
Arch.—Great Pelops' sire, a guest on high,
Tithonus, carried to the sky,
And Minos who Jove's counsel shared,
All died, nor was Panthoides spared,
To death his mortal parts twice yield,
His soul remembering well the shield
Of Trojan times—not poorly fraught
Thou know'st, with truths that nature taught.
There comes to all the hour we dread,
The way of death we once must tread,
Some by the rage of furious Mars,
The greedy sea on sailors wars,
And death 'mid old and young is seen,
Not one escapes stern Proserpine;
Myself to Adria's boiling wave
Orion and fierce Notus gave.
Now on these bones, from all this sand
Some grains be cast with pious hand,
So shalt thou sail Hesperian seas,
Nor dread fierce Eurus' stormy breeze,
Safe shalt thou be, with richest gains
Jove will reward thy friendly pains,
And Neptune will increase thy store
Who guards Tarentum's sacred shore.
Should'st thou refuse my poor request,
Just Fate's avenging hand shall rest
On thee and thine—my prayers shall rise,
No offerings shall atone the skies—
Nor shall thy haste know long delay,
Thrice cast the dust and speed thy way.

Te maris et terræ numeroque carentis
arenæ
Mensorem cohibent, Archyta,
Pulveris exigui prope litus parva Matinum
Munera; nec quidquam tibi prodest
Aërias tentasse domos, animoque rotandum
Percurrisse polum, morituro?
Occidit et Pelopis genitor, conviva Deorum.
Tithonusque remotus in auras,
Et Jovis arcanis Minos admissus, habent-
que
Tartara Panthoiden, iterum Orco
Demissum; quamvis clypeo Trojana refixo
Tempora testatus, nihil ultra
Nervos atque cutem morti concesserat atræ.
Judice te non sordidus auctor
Naturæ verique. Sed omnes una manet
nox,
Et calcanda semel via leti.
Dant alios Furia torvo spectacula Marti.
Exitio est avidum mare nautis;
Mixtum senum ac juvenum densentur funera;
nullum
Sæva caput Proserpina fugit.
Me quoque devexi rapidus comes Orionis
Illyriæ Notus obruit undis.
At tu, nauta, vagæ ne parce malignus arenæ
Ossibus et capiti inhumato
Particulam dare; sic quodcunque minabitur
Eurus
Fluctibus Hesperius, Venusinæ
Plectantur silvæ, te sospite, multaque merces,
Unde potest, tibi defluat æquo
Ab Jove, Neptunoque sacri custode Tarenti.
Negligis immeritis nocituram
Postmodo te natis fraudem committere?
Fors et
Debita jura vicesque superba
Te mancant ipsum; precibus non linquar
innltis;
Teque piacula nulla resolvent.
Quamquam festinas, non est mora longa;
licet
Injecto ter pulvere curras.

ODE 1. 29.

TO ICCIUS.

Sixteen lines, stanzas.

Augustus sent an expedition against Arabia in 24 B.C.—the probable date of this ode. Iccius is young, and intends to join the invading army. He had been a student, but sells his books and buys arms. Horace good-naturedly ridicules the supposed imaginings of the young man, and the air-castles of conquest and wealth which he has been building. The expedition failed, and Iccius was made superintendent over estates in Sicily, by Agrippa (Ode 1. 6), now the Emperor's son-in-law. Here he manifested the old mercenary spirit. Horace answers one of his letters from Sicily (twelfth epistle of the first book), reproving the "complaining" of Iccius, and counselling contentment. In this epistle also, he introduces to Iccius, Pompeius Grosphus (Ode 11. 16), a Sicilian by birth, and mentioned as a man of moderate desires. The translation of B. A. Marshall, Esq., 1831, adds fourteen lines. Francis adds four lines. Martin arranges in three six-line stanzas while Lyttou gives sixteen lines.

Our Iccius envies that Arab land,
And seeks to invade with a hostile band
The unconquered kings of Sabæan plains,
And lead the terrible Mede in chains.

Some maid of the desert will serve your board,
You slay her betrothed and become her lord,
Some youth you've taken from princely lands,
His locks perfumed, with a goblet stands,

Skilled once sharp Parthian shafts to throw,
He carried at home his father's bow—
Vain fancies all—who will now deny
That rivers may climb the hillsides high,

Aud Tiber flow back, for the books you
bought
Are changed to Spanish mail, and the thought
Of Socrates wise, and Panætius grand,
Give place to war and its bloody hand.

Icci, beatis nunc Arabum invades
Gazis, et acrem militiam paras
Non ante devictis Sabææ
Regibus, horribilique Medis

Nectis catenas. Quæ tibi virginiani,
Sponso necato, barbara serviet
Puer quis ex aula capillis
Ad cyathum statuatur unctis

Doctus sagittas tendere Sericas
Arcu paterno? Quis neget arduus
Pronos relabi posse rivos
Montibus, et Tiberim reverti,

Quum tu cœmptos undique nobiles
Libros Panætii, Socraticam et donum,
Mutare lorice Iberis,
Pollicitus meliora, tendis?

ODE I. 30.

TO VENUS FOR GLYCERA.

Eight lines, stanzas.

This is a hymn written for the dedication of Glycera's little fane to Venus, and must be regarded as a manifestation of that religious impulse which makes itself known everywhere, directed either by truth or error. She did in her limited way what Augustus did with the revenues of an empire. Both dedicated places of worship to the Gods. Horace wrote hymns for both, the greater lyric for the grander occasions of the Emperor, and the little poem of only two stanzas for his friend Glycera, written, however, just as are the other religious odes, which are used as hymns in any temple service. We can think of no reason why the little fane of Glycera should be put on any different ground religiously, from the grander temple to Apollo, built by Augustus, to the dedication of which the next ode calls us. Both were Pagan. The date is not far from 28 B.C. Martin renders in ten lines—elegiac. Francis (eights) adds two lines. Lytton gives eight lines.

Queen of Cyprus' sunny isle,
Leave thy chosen land awhile,
Come to Glycera's temple fair,
Clouds of incense diu'th the air.

Bring with thee thy rosy Boy,
Zoneless Graces, aid the joy,
Nymphs, and Youth, in charming vein,
Graceful Hermes, swell the train.

O Venus, regina Cnidi Paphique,
Sperne delectam Cypron, et vocantis
Thure te multo Glycere decoram
Transfer in ædem.

Fervidus tecum Puer, et solutis
Gratiæ zonis, propereutque Nymphæ,
Et parum comis sine te Iuventas,
Mercuriusque.

ODE I. 31.

TO APOLLO.

Twenty lines, stanzas.

In this and in the preceding ode the bard places before us two temples in striking contrast with each other—the little fane of Glycera, and the grand edifice of Augustus. The Emperor listened willingly to exhortations (as in Ode III. 6) to repair half-ruined temples and to build new ones. The temple of this lyric was one of those built or repaired in accordance with these designs, and it seems to be generally agreed upon that it was dedicated to Apollo in 28 B.C.—the date, therefore, of the ode. The dedication hymn for that occasion was the twenty-first ode of this book—to Apollo and Diana, a very fine lyric, to which attention has been already directed. This ode was written in connection with the same event, but not as a hymn to be used in the religious services. It is an expression of the bard's own personal feeling as an attendant on the ceremonies of the occasion. Great numbers are present offering up prayers to Apollo (now peculiarly propitious) for what each most desires. What shall the bard ask? Not riches, nor luxuries, but health and contentment, and the culture of his art. L. P. Torre, Esq., 1831, translates it in twenty-four lines. Francis adds two, Martin (very graceful) adds eight, while Lytton condenses in twenty-lines.

Before Apollo's shrine we bow,
We pour new wine with holy vow,
What shall I ask kind Heaven to yield?
Not harvests from Sardinia's field,

Not herds from warm Calabria's land,
Nor ivory from India's strand,
Nor gold, nor meads where Liris' stream
Winds gently with its soften'd gleam.

Let those on whom kind Fortune shines,
Prune Cales' rich and teeming vines,
Let merchants golden goblets drain,
Bought with the wealth of Syrian plain,

Thrice dear to Gods, so oft to brave
With safe return th' Atlantic wave—
My olives bounteous treasure yield,
Endive and mallow grace my field.

Latina's Son, with honors crowned,
Grant me a mind and body sound,
In helpless age may I not pine,
The harp and poesy be mine.

Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem
Vates? quid orat, de patera novum
Fundens liquorem? Non opimæ
Sardinia segetes feracæ.

Non æstuosæ grata Calabriae
Armenta, non aurum aut ebur Indicum.
Non rura, quæ Liris quæta
Mordet aqua taciturnus amnis.

Premant Calena falce, quibus dedit
Fortuna vitens; dives et aurcis
Mercator exsiccat culullis
Vina Syra reparata merce.

Dis carus ipsis, quippe ter et quater
Anno revisens æquor Atlanticum
Impune. Me possunt olive
Me cichorea leveaque malva.

Frui paratis et valido mihi,
Latoë, dones, et precor, integra
Cum mente; nec turpem senectam
Degere, nec cithara carentem

ODE I. 32.

TO HIS LYRE.

Sixteen lines, stanzas.

Since it is doubtful whether the time for the Sæcular Hymn, 17 B.C., could have been decided upon as early as 22 B.C., before which date this ode must have been written in order to have found a place in this collection, it has been suggested that the ode to Diana and Apollo (twenty-first) and the ode to Mercury (tenth) may have been the responses to the demand made upon the lyre of the bard. These are fine lyrics, and were used in the dedicatory services of the temples consecrated in 28 or 27, which would make the date of this ode not far from 28 B.C. Scholars have remarked upon the finished diction of this lyric. Horace refers to his introduction of certain Greek forms into Latin verse. Francis (very smooth) adds two lines. Martin and Lytton preserve stanzas and lines.

They ask our strains. If leisure hour
Yield aught with thee, or shady bower,
That fame to future years may tell,
Sweet Lyre, in Latian numbers swell

The notes by Lesbian poet sung,
The first whose harp thro' Greece had rung,
Who brave in war, yet e'en in arms,
Moored by the sea, felt music's charms.

Bacchus, the Muses, Venus fair,
Her clinging Boy, Lycus' dark hair
And eyes of jet—all these inspire
The strains that tremble on his lyre.

Apollo's glory, Jove's delight,
Solace of toil by day, by night,
Sweet Shell, where'er my lot may be,
Give kind response, invoking thee.

Poscimus. Si quid vacui sub umbra
Lusimus tecum, quod et hunc in annum
Vivat et plures; age, dic, Latinum
Barbite, carmen,

Lesbio primum modulate civi,
Qui, ferox bello, tamen inter arma,
Sive jactatum religarat udo
Litore navin,

Liberum, et Musas, Veneremque, et illi
Semper hærentem Puerum canebat,
Et Lycum nigris oculis nigroque
Crine decorum.

O decus Phœbi, et dapibus supremi
Grata testudo Jovis, O laborum
Dulce lenimen, mihi cumque salve
Rite vocanti.

ODR. I. 33.

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS

Sixteen lines, stanzas.

Horace and the poet Tibullus had fought on the same side at Philippi. Tibullus recovered his confiscated farm, situated but a few miles from that of Horace, by the assistance of Messala (addressed as Corvinus in Ode III. 21). His elegies (love-sonnets) are much admired, and one of them is well known through the translation of Moore, commencing, "Never shall woman's smile have power." In a short epistle to him (1. 4) he is presented to us as a man of culture, and one who knows how to use the world. The beautiful Glycera had been espoused to him in accordance with Roman law and custom, but she preferred not to continue the arrangement beyond the time for which it was made, greatly to the grief of the poet. Horace writes this humorous ode. Tibullus must make the best of it—no doleful elegies—others have their heart-trouble—he himself had a slave-born girl who would not return his affection! The date is uncertain, but before 22 B.C. Francis (very smooth) has twenty-two lines, Martin twenty, Lytton sixteen, and all are in stanzas.

Albius, take it not to heart,
Thou and Glycera must part,
Poor no doleful elegies,
Younger men the false one please.

See—low-browed Lycoris pines
Loving Cyrus—he inclines
Tow'rd the haughty Pholoë,
Lambs and wolves as soon agree.

You are not alone, my friend,
Junctions strange does Venus send,
Cruel in her yoke to bind
Souls of such a different kind.

In a better love once bound,
Slave-born Mytale I found—
Just as well woo Adria's seas
Roughened by the stormy breeze.

3

Albi, ne doleas plus niniro, nemor
Immitis Glycere, neu miserabilles
Decantes elegos, cur tibi junior
Læsa præniteat fide

Insignem tenui fronte Lycorida
Cyri torret amor, Cyrus in asperam
Declinat Pholoën; sed prius Apulia
Jungentur capræ lupis,

Quam turpi Pholoë peccet adultero.
Sic visum Veneri, cui placet imparis
Formas atque animos sub juga æneæ
Sævo mittere eam joco.

Ipsam me, melior cum peteret Venus,
Grata detinuit compede Myrtale
Libertina, fretis acrior Hadria
Curvantis Calabros sinus.

ODE I. 34.

OF HIMSELF.

Sixteen lines, stanzas.

Few odes have called forth more discussion as to purpose and meaning, but the opinions expressed may be reduced to two. First : the ode is a pretended recantation of certain Epicurean principles, made for the purpose of throwing a little harmless ridicule upon the Stoics who believed in the existence and providence of the Gods. Secondly : it is a serious recantation of such principles. The term Epicurean would represent those who were less disposed to believe in the Gods, and apt to be neglectful of the public worship, as the ode intimates. The bard, having been under the influence of this spirit, renounces his unbelief and neglect. The ode is more intelligible to us under this view, and more in consonance with the deep religious tone of Horace's nature, a thing most clearly manifested in these lyrics. The closing stanza (in which some see the story of Tarquin and the eagle), referring to Phraartes and Tiridates, suggests the date of the ode as 24 B.C. Dr. Ridley, 1727 (no stanzas), adds two lines. Francis and Martin (with stanzas) add eight lines, while Lytton renders in sixteen lines.

Seldom in holy fane I prayed,
By false philosophy betrayed,
Now I return, I spread my sails,
And speed my course with favoring gales ;

For mighty Jove who reigns on high,
Sends glittering fire thro' cloudless sky,
His chariot swift in thunder rolls,
The strong earth trembles to its poles,

And streams are struck, and Stygian wave,
Atlas, and Tænaron's dark cave.
Not without cause such things are given,
There is a Power that rules in heaven.

'T is God lifts up, and He casts down,
Here Fortune swoops away a crown,
With shrilling cry her way she wings,
And there the gaud exultant flings.

Parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens,
Insanientis dum sapientiæ
Consultus erro, nunc retrorsum
Vela dare atque iterare cursus

Cogor relictos. Namque Diespiter,
Igni corusco nubila dividens
Plerumque, per purum tonantes
Egit equos volucremque currum ;

Quo bruta tellus, et vaga flumina,
Quo Styx et invis horrida Tænari
Sedes, Atlanteusque finis
Concutitur. Valet ima summis

Mutare, et insignem attenuat Deus,
Obscura promeas. Hinc apicem rapax
Fortuna cum stridore acuto
Sustulit, hic posuisse gaudet.

The universal worship of the goddess of Fortune is recognized in this ode, but just what this name represented to Horace we do not know. Antium was supposed to be one of her favorite residences, and her temple here was particularly celebrated. The mention of the expeditions against Britain and Arabia suggests the date of the ode as 27 B.C. It was the Eastern one which Iccius joined (Ode I. 29). Horace invokes for both (stanza eighth) the favorable influences of Fortune. This would meet the religious feeling of Rome, especially as the ode was used doubtless in some part of the public worship. With most of the translators, we consider the implements of the fifth stanza as those used for the upholding of law and order. P. Bourne, Esq., 1831, and Francis are in equal stanzas and lines. William Peters, 1844, has double stanzas—forty lines—a fine rendering. Martin (five-line stanzas) adds ten lines. Lytton (forty lines) takes the implements of the fifth stanza as those of building and repairing.

O Thou who reign'st o'er Antium fair,
Thy power can raise from deep despair
Frail man, or turn with changeful hand
To funeral march his triumphs gaud.

To Thee, the poor from many a field,
With anxious prayers their worship yield,
To Thee, the mariner who braves,
In well wrought bark, Carpathian waves.

The Dacian rude, wild Scythia's bands,
Cities and tribes, brave Latium's lands,
And mothers of empurpled kings,
All dread the changes Fortune brings,

Least with destructive shock Thou mar
The state's fair peace, and rouse to war
The madding crowds no power can check,
And some proud empire sinks a wreck.

And always stern Necessity,
Thy power upholding, goes with thee,
With spike, and wedge, and hook severe,
And liquid lead, inspiring fear

Yet Hope is thine, and Faith so rare,
Robed in white garment—symbol fair—
These follow, when as changes come,
Thou leav'st the proud luxurious home.

O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium,
Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos

Te pauper ambit sollicita prece,
Ruris, colonus, te dominum æquoris
Quicumque Rythia læcessit
Carpathium pelagus curina.

Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythæ,
Urbesque, gentesque, et Latium ferox,
Regumque, matres barbarorum, et
Purpurei metuunt tyranni,

Injurioso ne pede prorumpas
Stantem columnam, neu populus frequens
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
Concitet, imperumque frangat.

Te semper anteit sæva Necessitas,
Clavos trabales et cuneos manu
Gestans ænis, nec severus
Uncus abest, liquidumque plumbum.

Te Spes et albo rara Fides colit
Velsa panno; nec comitem abnegat,
Utique inutata potentes
Vnde domos mirata liquet

ODE I. 35.

But the false herd, the gold-bought loves,
Perjured they fly when wealth removes,
Deceitful friends, not one remained
To share thy lot when casks were drained.

To realms afar in Britain's lands
Great Cæsar leads his martial bands,
Him guard, and make our youth thy care,
Who to the East our standards bear.

Alas, our scars and bloody rage,
What crimes knows not this harden'd age,
What youth whom fear of God restrains,
What altars free from impious stains?

O forge anew for better life
The sword long dulled by civil strife,
And may its force our armies wield
On Arab or on Scythian field!

At vulgus infidum et meretrix retro
Perjura cedit; diffugiunt cadis
Cum face siccatis amici,
Ferre jugum pariter dolosi.

Serves iturum Cæsarem in ultimos
Orbis Britannos et juvenum recens
Examen Eois timendum
Partibus, Oceanoque rubro.

Eheu! cicatricum et sceleris pudet
Fratrumque—Quid nos dura refugium
Ætas? quid intactum nefasti
Liquimus? unde mauum iuventus

Metu Deorum continuit? quibus
Pepercit aris? O utinam nova
Incude diffingas retusum in
Massagetas Arabasque ferrum!

ODE L. 36.

TO NUMIDA.

Twenty lines, couplets.

Numida (in some editions with Plotius) had fought in Spain, and under Brutus at Philippi. He has just returned with Augustus from Spain the "Hesperia" or the West of that day. This return—24 B.C., the date of the ode—is noticed in Ode III. 14, in which the wife of Augustus, and Octavia his sister, are called upon to join the people in giving thanks to the Gods for the safety of those who had escaped from these wars. Horace here proposes a meeting of old friends. Lania (Ode I. 26) is to be there, for he and Numida were together at school, and took the toga at the same time. The Damalis mentioned in the ode, we understand to be living with Numida in relations recognized by the law and by society. Francis retains the form of the ode, and adds eight lines. Martin and Lytton arrange in stanzas, the former adding four lines.

Burn the incense, wake the strain,
Be the promised victim slain,
Safely Guardian Gods restore
Numida from Western shore.
Dear companions round him press,
Lamia most with kind caress,
One thro' school-days' smiles and tears,
Till the toga came with years.
Joyous day, be sorrow far,
White the mark and full the jar,
Saliu-like provoke the dance,
Tireless in its mazy glance.
Quaffing Damalis shall yield,
Deep-draught Bassus wins the field,
Nor let blushing roses fail,
Parsley green and lilies frail.
Damalis has every eye,
Breathed for her is every sigh,
But to one her charms she brings,
But to one this ivy clings.

Et thure et fidibus juvat
Placare et vituli sanguine debito
Custodes Numidæ Deos,
Qui nunc, Hesperia sospes ab ultima,
Caris multa sodalibus,
Nulli plura tamen, dividit oscula,
Quam dulci Lamiæ, memor
Actæ non allo rege puertinæ,
Mutataque simul togæ.
Cressa ne careat pulchra dies nota,
Neu promptæ modus amphoræ,
Neu morem in Saliû sit requies pedum;
Neu multi Damalis meri
Bassum Threicia vincat amyntide;
Neu desint epulis rosæ,
Neu vivax apium, neu breve lilium.
Omnes in Damaliu putres
Deponent oculos; nec Damalis novo
Divelletur adultero,
Lascivis hederis ambitiosior.

ODE 1. 37.

ON THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA. Thirty-two lines, stanzas.

This lyric was written too late in 30 to be among the Epodes (published in that year), and is therefore placed in the first book of Odes, collected in 22 B.C. The news of Antony's and Cleopatra's death was brought to Rome by the son of Cicero—slain by the agents of Antony in 41 B.C. The sight of the dead body of his father's murderer must have been exceedingly impressive to the son. Peace was now assured, and Horace rejoiced with others, but discovers in this ode his profound respect for the proud woman who chose death rather than suffer the indignities of a Roman triumph. Francis renders in forty lines, while Lytton adds nothing to the ode, and Martin retains lines and stanzas.

Pour the wine and wake the mirth,
Joyous dances shake the earth,
Salii, keep the happy hours,
Deck the fanes with feasts and flowers.

Not before with generous flow
Gushed the casks long stored below,
While the raging queen might send
Ruin, and the Empire's end.

Base the herd by her employed,
By diseases half destroyed—
Weak to hope, whate'er might be,
Drunk with long prosperity.

But her fury Cæsar tames,
Scarce one ship escapes the flames,
Winged with terrors home she flies,
Proud of Italian skies.

As the hawk pursues the dove,
As the chase through Hæmon's grove,
Cæsar scours the watery plains—
"She shall walk proud Rome in chains."

Thou shalt see no woman's tears,
Not the sword but chains she fears,
Nor on Actium's fatal day
Did she fly to realms away.

Face serene she proudly wears
'Mid her ruined halls and dares
Calmly to her veins to bring
Serpent's sharp and venom'd sting.

All of death she fiercely braves,
Never o'er those Libyan waves,
Borne by sailor's ruthless hand,
Will she grace that triumph grand.

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus; nunc Saliaribus
Ornare pulvinar deorum
Tempus erat dapibus, sodales.

Autem nefas depromere Cæcubum
Cellis avitis, dum Capitolio
Regina dementes ruinas,
Fumus et imperio parabat

Contaminato cum grege turpium
Morbo virorum, quidlibet impotens
Sperare, fortunaque dulci
Ebria. Sed minuet furorem

Vix una sospes navis ab ignibus;
Mentemque lymphatam Mareotico
Redegit in veros timores
Cæsar, ab Italia volantem

Remis adurgens; accipiter velut
Molles columbas, aut leporem citus
Venator in campis nivalis
Hæmonis; daret ut catenis

Fatale monstrum; quæ generosius
Perire querens, nec muliebriter
Expavit ense, nec latentes
Classe cita reparavit oras.

Ausa et jacentem visere regiam
Vultu sereno, fortis et asperas
Tractare serpentes, ut atrum
Corpore combiberet venenum;

Deliberata morte ferocior;
Sævis Liburnis scilicet invidens
Privata deduci superbo
Non humilis mulier triumpho.

Ode 1. 38.

TO HIS SERVANT.

Eight lines, stanzas.

This little "Song," as one calls it, is aimed at certain luxuries of the times. It is a plea for simplicity. There were doubtless local circumstances known to Horace's readers, which gave point to certain expressions which are intelligible only in a general way to those of our times. The date is unknown. Francis and Martin add two lines. Lytton is condensed and smooth.

I hate the Persians' sumptuous ways,
These Linden wreaths are vain displays,
Seek not to grace your gurlauds' bound,
With some late rose that may be found.

Myrtle alone shall be your care,
Servant and master well may wear
Its simple wreaths when I recline
In arbor sweet, and taste the wine.

Persicos oli, puer, apparatus,
Displicent nexæ philyra coronæ,
Mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.

Simplici myrto nihil allabores
Solulus curæ, neque te ministrum
De lecet myrtus, neque me sub arcta
Vite bibeantem.

NOTE TO THE SECOND BOOK OF ODES.

THIS collection contains twenty odes, a little more than half the number found in the first book. None of them are very long, several are of great beauty, and two or three possess some historical value, to be noticed in the proper place. Two are addressed to old comrades who had fought under Brutus at Philippi, both of which are finely written, and are of interest to us as indicating the sympathy of the poet with his old companions-in-arms.

It has been mentioned that the first and second books were collected about the same time—say 23 u.c., and that after one or two years the third book was published. This supposition explains some of the literary phenomena of these books, and one of the principal reasons for its acceptance is found in the comparison of the two odes, one of which closes the second, while the other completes the third book. Both of these lyrics express the poet's presentiment of his future fame. Although different from each other in structure and tone of thought, both refer to the same thing. It is difficult to conceive of the bard as writing both odes on the same occasion—that is, on the supposition that the three books were published at the same time. But if we receive the twentieth ode as an appropriate close for the first two books, then after an interval of two years the composition of the thirtieth ode as a fitting close for the third book, and for all the three books, seems a natural and proper thing.

ODE II. 1.

TO POLLIO.

Forty lines, stanzas.

Poet, orator, soldier, and historian, Pollio was born in 76 B.C., and died 4 A.D. He is recognized in the third stanza as a tragic poet, and in the fourth as a successful pleader at the bar. He witnessed the defeat of Curio in Africa, fought under Julius Cæsar at Pharsalia, Thapsus, and Munda, and under Octavius at Philippi. He was able to restore to Virgil his confiscated lands in upper Italy—the grateful poet addressing him in the fourth and eighth eclogues. His victories in Dalmatia won for him a triumph—see the fourth stanza. He was then well qualified to write, as Horace proposes (third stanza), the history of the civil wars, although a “dangerous theme.” The history was written, but nothing of Pollio’s has reached us. This lyric (date uncertain) is one of great spirit and beauty, and the seventh, eighth, and ninth stanzas are very impressive. The closing apology is skilfully made. Francis is in ten six-line stanzas. Martin (no stanzas) adds sixteen lines. Lytton (stanza-form) renders in forty lines.

Strifes from Metellus' years afar,
The causes, crimes, and modes of war,
The turns of fortune, leagues of chiefs,
The blood-stained arms that waked our griefs,

Not yet atoned by offerings meet,
A dangerous theme, as if thy feet
Were treading on some slumbering fire,
Thou know'st not when 't will wake its ire.

Be this thy work, thy tragic Muse
Shall for a while her halls refuse—
Tell Rome's sad tale—thy Muse returned,
New Grecian laurels will have earned.

Sad clients oft prove Pollio's power,
Thou Senates call in danger's hour,
And Rome to thee proud triumphs yields,
Won on Dalmatia's bloody fields.

Now comes the trumpet's sharp rebound,
Now the shrill clarion's piercing sound,
Now glittering arms flash on the sky,
In terror horse and rider fly.

And leaders' shouts roll o'er the plain,
No coward blood that ground shall stain,
And all the world seems conquered save
Th' unyielding soul of Cato brave.

Motum ex Metello consule civicum,
Bellique causas et vitia et modos,
Lulumque Fortune, gravesque
Principum amicitias, et arma

Nondum expiatis uncta crueribus,
Periculosæ plenum opus alet,
Tractas, et lucidis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.

Paulum severæ Musa tragoediæ
Desit theatris, nox ubi publicas
Res ordinarias, gaude munus
Cecropio repetes cothurno,

Insigne micantis præsidium reis
Et consulent Pollio curiæ,
Cui laurus æternos honores
Dalmatico peperit triumpho.

Jam nunc minaci murmure cornuum
Perstringis aures, jam litui strepunt,
Jam fulgor armorum fugaces
Terret equos equitumque vultus.

Audire magnos jam videor duces
Non indecoro pulvere sordidos,
Et cuncta terrarum subacta
Præter atrocem animum Catoniam.

ODE II. 1.

Sad Afric's Gods avenged that day
When prostrate in the dust she lay,
The victor's sons at Thapsus made
Full offering to Jugurtha's shade.

What field made rich with Roman blood,
On which our sepulchres have stood,
Does not our impious wars proclaim?
The Mede scorns our dishonored name.

What gulfs, what streams know not our war?
What sea unstained, though distant far,
With Roman slaughter? Name the shore
Not reddened with Italian gore.

But no sad strains to thee belong,
O Muse, turn not to dirge thy song,
To some sweet cave thou shalt retire,
And lighter themes thy harp inspire.

Juno, et deorum quisquis amicior
Afris inulta cesserat impotens
Tellure, victorum nepotes
Retulit inferias Jugurthæ.

Quis non Latino sanguine pinguior
Campus sepulcris impia prælia
Testatur, auditumque Medis
Hesperiaë sonitum ruinæ?

Qui gurgis, aut quæ flumina lugubris
Ignara belli? quod mare Dauniæ
Non decoloravere cædes?
Quæ caret ora cruore nostro?

Sed ne relictis, Musa procax, jocis,
Cææ retractes munera nœniæ;
Mecum Dionæo sub antro
Quære modos leviores plectro.

ODE II. 2.

TO SALLUSTIUS CRISPUS. Twenty-four lines, stanza.

He was a grand-nephew of the historian Sallust, whose fortune he inherited. In Satire 1. 2 he is mentioned as an extravagant young man, and tending toward a bad life. But time wrought changes, and when this ode was written, Sallust, then twelve years older, was using his wealth properly and generously (stanza first). He became one of the advisers of Augustus, yet like Mæcenas, refused all advancement from his order as a Knight. He died in 20 A.D. One of the brothers of the Proculeius mentioned in the second stanza, was the Licinius of Ode II. 10 and Terentia, the wife of Mæcenas, was their sister. This lyric teaches the proper use of riches, and declares him to be the true king who reigns over himself. The return of Phraates (stanza fifth) intimates the date of the ode as 24 B.C.—an event likely to be noticed at the time of its occurrence. Gades (stanza third) was a thousand years old in Horace's day—it was the "other Carthage." John Taylor, 1827, translates in thirty, and Edward Bagnall, 1831, in forty lines—stanzas. Francis has twenty-eight lines (couplets), while Martin and Lytton retain the stanzas, both in twenty-four lines.

No brightness silver shows in earth,
'Tis use must give its lustre birth,
Then in its splendor shall it shine—
Such generous use, O Sallust, thine.

Kind Proculeius always lives,
A father in the brother gives,
And fame on tireless wing shall bear
The deed, and future days shall hear.

Subdue thy soul if thou wouldst reign,
More wide shall then be thy domain
Than Gades brought 'neath Afric's sun,
And each grand Carthage joined in one.

Like the dire dropay avarice grows,
Nor thirst is quenched, nor ease it knows,
Till art the watery languor drains,
And purer blood shall course the veins.

Returned to reign Phraates shines,
Virtue to call him blest declines,
Reproves the crowd—false words for things
Deceive her not, nor glare of kings.

And wouldst thou know to whom she gives
Laurel and crown? 'Tis he who lives
Self-ruled, and who can calmly gaze
When earth her mightiest boards displays.

Nullus argento color est avaris
Abdito terra; inimice lamnae,
Crispi Sallusti, nisi temperato
Splendeat usu.

Vivet extento Proculeius ævo
Notus in fratres animi paterni,
Illum agat penna metnente solvi
Fama superstes.

Latius regnes avidum domando
Spiritus, quam si Libyam remotis
Gadibus jungas, et uterque Pænus
Serviat uni

Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops.
Nec sitim pellit, ois causa morbi
Pugnet venis, et aquosus albo
Corpore languor.

Redditum Cyri solio Phraaten
Disidens plebi numero beatorum
Eximit Virtus, populumque falsis
Dedocet uti

Vocibus; regnum et diadema tutum
Deferens uni propriamque laurum,
Quisquis ingentes oculo irretorto
Spectat acervos.

ODE II. 3.

TO DELLIUS.

Twenty-eight lines, stanzas.

Dellius has come down to us charged with political fickleness. It would seem that thirty years of civil war, with its changes of government, its atrocities and demoralization, must create circumstances which would prevent us from judging correctly as to such a charge, in cases of this kind. He was a man of culture, and wrote history, none of which has reached us. Horace in this ode, commends a life Epicurean in its character—to make the most of the present, since the future has no attractions, and he reminds Dellius in language painfully descriptive, that he must leave all these pleasant things and go down to gloomy Hades. In what contrast with this stand the glowing pictures of the future, drawn by Christian faith and inspiration in the very next century. The date of the ode is uncertain, but after 28 B.C. J. Merivale has a good translation in forty-four lines. Martin adds eighteen lines. Francis and Lytton are in equal stanzas and lines with the original.

Calm in the midst of threat'ning ill,
And calm in joy, the steadfast will
True wisdom finds—O Dellius, why
Afflict thyself, so sure to die,

Whether the hours pass sad away,
Or life is all a festal day,
And thou on grassy couch recline,
And taste thine old Falernian wine.

Where pines and silver poplars rise,
Whose clasping foliage shades the skies,
And purling streamlet all the day
Labors along its winding way,

Here bring the wine and rich perfume,
And short-lived rose, and seize its bloom,
While fortune, youth, and Fate's dark thread
Shall keep thee from the silent dead.

Your stately mansion, costly wood,
Fields laved by Tiber's golden flood,
Your piles of wealth—all this you leave,
Your happy heirs the boon receive.

Tho' rich, and Argos' line you trace,
Or poor, and of ignoble race,
The sky your roof—'t is all the same,
Stern Orcus shall his victim claim.

The lot goes from the urn to all,
Sooner or later comes the call,
And Charon's boat bears us away,
No more to see the realms of day.

*Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam.
Lætitia, moriture Delli,*

*Seu mæstus omni tempore vixeris,
Seu te in remoto gramine per dies
Festos reclinatum bearis
Interiore nota Falerni.*

*Quo pinus ingeus albaque populus
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
Ramis? Quid obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo?*

*Huc vina et unguenta et nimium breves
Flores amœnæ ferre jube rosæ,
Dum res et ætas et Sororum
Fila trium patiuntur atra.*

*Cedes cœmptis saltibus, et domo,
Villaque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit,
Cedes, et exstructis in altum
Divitiis potieter hæres.*

*Divesne prisco natus ab Inacho,
Nil interest, an pauper et infima
De gente sub divo inoreris,
Victima nil miserantis Orci.*

*Omnes eodem cogimur; omniū
Versatur urna serius ocus
Sors exitura, et nos in æternum
Exilium impostura cymbæ.*

ODE II. 4.

TO XANTHIAS PHOCEUS. Twenty-four lines, STANZAS.

This ode seems to grow out of an event such as may have often taken place in an age when many well-born persons were reduced by the fortunes of war to poverty and servitude. These frequently married into the families by whom they were possessed. This is probably a case of the kind. Horace in pleasant vein approves of his friend's love for his maid, cites examples of such attachments, and playfully suggests a high origin for one of her beauty of person and excellence of character, refusing as she did any position dishonorable and degrading. The lyric is full of poetic spirit and glow. The date is fixed by the poet being at the time of writing forty years of age, which would be 25 B.C. Richard Duke, 1699, is in thirty-two lines—pleasantly quaint in diction. Martin and Lytton preserve stanzas and lines. Francis is smooth, and adds six lines.

Blush not Xanthias, for thy love,
Though thy maid the feeling move,
Stern Achilles, void of fear,
Shed for Briseis passion's tear.

Ajax sprung from Telamon
Loved the maid his arms had won;
Atreus' son in victory's hour
Yields to fair Cassandra's power,

When the troops of barbarous lands
Fell before Thessalian bands,
Few were left, and Hector slain,
Conquering Greeks swept o'er the plain.

Know'st thou that thy Phyllis fair,
Of such golden beauty rare,
May some royal lineage trace?
Change oft comes to noble race.

Think not one so loved by thee,
Of the worthless crowd can be;
Maiden true to honor's claim,
Shall not blush for parents' name.

Form and feature might be told,
Cast in nature's finest mould—
Be not jealous of my praise,
Forty years now gauge my days.

Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori,
Xanthia Phoeu. Prius insolentem
Sera Briseis niveo colore
Movit Achillem.

Movit Ajacem Telamone natum
Forma captivæ dominum Tecnessæ,
Arsit Atrides medio in triumpho
Virgine raptâ,

Barbaræ postquam cecidere turmæ
Thessalo victore, et adeptus Hector
Tradidit fessis leviora tolli
Pergama Graiis.

Nescias, an te generum beati
Phyllidis flavæ decorent parentes,
Regium certe genus et Penates
Meret iniquos.

Crede non illam tibi de scelestâ
Plebe dilectam; neque sic fidelem
Sic lucro aversam, potuisse nasci
Matre pudendâ

Brachia et vultum teretesque suras
Integer laudo, fuge suspicari,
Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas
Claudere lustrum

ODE II. 5.

TO A FRIEND.

Twenty-four lines, stanzas.

To a Friend, To Lalage, To Gabinius, To a Lover, or the plain *Carmen v.* without name or title—these are found in the different editions. We take the first, because some friend seems to be really addressed. The name would properly be Lalage—made so prominent in the ode, and mentioned in that to Fuscus (l. 22) in such a way as to suggest that he was possibly her lover, and therefore the silent friend addressed in this lyric. There may be a connection between the two odes and persons which we cannot now perceive. Some of the comparisons of the lyric—entirely proper in themselves, we have softened slightly, as better adapted to our modes of expression. The ode has much poetic beauty. The date would be later than that of the ode to Fuscus—say 21 B.C., the year of the publication of the three books. Thomas Creech, 1684,—no stanzas—is in thirty lines. Francis (very smooth) adds two lines—no stanzas. Martin arranges in five six-line stanzas. Lytton is in twenty-four lines.

Not yet, my friend, that slender neck
The yoke may bear (thine ardor check),
Nor draw as yet with equal male
Life's load with all its crushing weight.

In verdant fields she loughs to stray,
Or in the shaded streamlet play,
Or gambol with the younger band
Where moisture-dripping willows stand.

Let no desire my friend, be seen
To pluck the grape while yet 't is green;
Rich Autumn comes and paints for you,
He gives the purple cluster's hue.

All things are changing, heartless time
Steals on, and robs you in your prime,
And gives your years to Lalage,
She soon will seek a lord in thee.

Not timid Pholoë claims such love,
Nor Chloris so shall passion move,
As when *her* shoulders glow as bright
As moon upon the sea at night,

Or as the Cretan Gyges fair
'Mid choral hands, whose flowing hair
With locks of girls are intertwined,
The wisest guests no difference find.

Nondum subacta ferre jugum valet
Cervice, nondum munia comparis
Æquare, nec tauri ruentis
In venerem tolerare pondus.

Circa virentes est animus tuæ
Campos juvenæ, nunc fluviiis gravein
Solantis æstum, nunc in udo
Ludere cum vitulis salicto

Prægestientis. Tolle cupidinem
Immitis uvæ; jam tibi lividos
Distinguet Auctumnus racemos
Purpureo varius colore.

Jam te sequetur; currit enim ferox
Ætas, et illi, quos tibi demperit,
Apponet annos; jam proterva
Fronte petet Lalage maritum;

Dilecta, quantum non Pholoë fugax,
Non Chloris albo sic humero nitens,
Ut pura nocturno renidet
Luna mari, Cnidiusve Gyges,

Quem si puellarum insereres choro,
Mire sagaces falleret hospites
Discrimen obscurum solutis
Crinibus ambiguoque vultu.

ODE IL 6.

TO SEPTIMIUS.

Twenty-four lines, stanzas.

An old friend, a poet, a knight, and a soldier who had fought in the same ranks at Philippi. This ode was written in 24 B.C., when Septimius returned from Spain with Augustus—see Ode III. 14; also the ode to Numida. Horace thus welcomes Septimius home. The next year 23, Augustus and Prince Tiberius (Claudius) were in the East attending to Parthian and other affairs. Septimius joined the expedition and took from Horace—a rare thing—a letter of introduction and commendation to Tiberius (addressed in the epistle—i. 9—by his other name Claudius) written in 22 B.C. Soon after, Horace wrote the third epistle of the first book to Julius Florus, who was with Tiberius, inquiring after Septimius under the name of Titius. This lyric is much admired for its fine thought and finished diction. Francis and Martin are in six-line stanzas, adding twelve lines. Lytton condenses in twenty-four lines.

Thou 'dst fly with me to Gades shore,
Or wild, untamed Cantabrian brave,
Or dare the barbarous Syrtes' roar,
Where always foams the Moorish wave.

My Argean Tibur's soft retreat
Shall soothe, Septimius, thee and me,
And rest at length our wearied feet,
Long wearied both by land and sea.

But if impartial Fate scarce yields
Such boon, then sweet Galesus' stream
With shielded flocks (Phalantus' fields)
Shall next fulfil my quiet dream.

No spot on earth so smiles for me,
Nor shall it yield in honied store
To sweet Hymettus' flower or bee,
Or olive famed Venafrum bore

Long springs and winter's tempered air
The Father Jove in goodness wills,
Nor Aulon's mount (kind Bacchus' care)
Need envy the Palernian hills.

For thee and me these happy lands—
Shouldst thou survive thy poet-friend,
To ashes burned by thine own hands,
With them thine own warm tears shall
blend

Septimil, Gades aditure necum et
Cantabrum indoctum juga ferre nostra, et
Barbaras Syrtes, ubi Maura semper
Ætuat unda,

Tibur Argeo positum colono
Sit mea sedes ulinam senectæ;
Sit modus lasso maris et viarum
Militiæque.

Unde si Parcæ prohibent iniquæ,
Dulce pellitis ovibus Galæsi
Plumen et regnata petam Laconi
Rura Phalantho.

Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet, ubi non Hymetto
Mella decedunt, viridique certat
Bacca Venafro;

Ver ubi longum tepidasque præbet
Jupiter brumas, et amicus Aulon
Fertili Baccho minimum Palernia
Invidet uvæ.

Ille te mecum locus et beata
Postulant arces, ibi tu edentem
Debita sparges lacrima favillam
Vatis amici.

Another old friend at whose side he had fought at Philippi. This is not Pompeius Grosphus the Sicilian, of ode sixteen, but Pompeius Varus, who after the battle of Philippi became the friend of Augustus, and fought in the various expeditions of the Emperor. Varus, like Septimius, returned with Augustus from Spain in 24 B.C., the date of this ode. He was restored to his knightly privileges, as noticed in the first stanza. The two odes are naturally placed together, and in this fine lyric the poet refers ingenuously to his flight at Philippi, and pays a just tribute to the brave men who fell on that field, associated in his mind with so many kind yet sad memories, with its three days of battle, and its heaps of the slain. Francis adds ten lines; Martin is in equal lines and stanzas, as also Lytton.

So oft with me 'mid dangers dread,
In that sad war where Brutus led,
Who now, O knight, hath blessed thine eyes
With home and sweet Italian skies?

With thee, Pompeius, well tried friend,
The lingering day oft did I spend
In wine, with wreaths around our hair,
While Syrian incense wooed the air.

With thee from sad Philippi's field
I fled, and left (not well) my shield;
But broken all that proud array—
'T was brave men touched the ground that day.

Then thro' the hosts swift Hermes flew,
And bore me trembling from the view,
While various wars called thee again,
As bark that braves the stormy main.

Redeem thy vows to Jove, here rest
Thy wearied limbs on laurel pressed,
Forget long toils of land and sea,
Nor spare the casks long spared for thee.

The Massic, care-dispelling wine
Shall in full polished goblets shine,
The shells pour fragrance, wreaths be seen
Of myrtle twined with parsley green.

The lot shall choose our king of mirth,
I'll revel as of Thracian birth,
Yet blame me not, my friend is found,
'T is sweet to let the joy go round.

O sepe mecum tempus in ultimum
Deducte, Bruto militiæ duce,
Quis te redonavit Quiritem
Dis patrii Italoque cælo,

Pompei meorum prime sodalium?
Cum quo niorantem sepe diem mero
Fregi coronatus nitentes
Malobathro Syrio capillos.

Tecum Philippos et celerem fugam
Sensi, relicta non bene parmula;
Cum fracta virtus, et minaces
Turpe solum tetigere mento.

Sed me per hostes Mercurius celer
Denso paventem sustulit ære;
Te rursus in bellum resorhens
Unda fretis tulit astuosus.

Ergo obligatam redde Jovi dapem
Longaque fessum militia latus
Depone sub laura mea, nec
Parce cadis tibi destinatis.

Oblivioso levia Massico
Ciboria exple; funde capacibus
Ungenta de conchis. Quis udo
Deproperare apio coronas

Curatve myrto? quem Venus arbitrum
Dicet bibendi? Non ego sanius
Bacchabor Edonis; recepto
Dulce mihi furere est amico.

ODE II. 8.

TO BARINE.

Twenty-four lines, stanzas

Some editions prefix the name Julia to Barine. It appears from the ode that she does not stand in the same social position as that in which we find Pyrrha and her "gracilis puer," or Lydia and Sybaris, or Lydia and Telephus, and others who were living in accordance with Roman law and society. Barine, as the ode clearly shows, was living with no particular person in relations recognized by the law, and so made herself obnoxious to the stricter classes of society. She led the young astray (stanza second) and her general influence was bad. She had made vows and promises of amendment, and had broken them. Hence this ode holding her up as one to be dreaded by "good mothers," "thrifty fathers," and "the new-made bride." The lyric has much poetic beauty—the date from 26 to 22 B.C. Francis has thirty-two lines, no stanzas. Martin and Lytton are in stanzas, and in twenty-four lines.

If by you so oft forsworn,
Darker nail or tooth were shown,
If one blemish you 'd receive,
In your oaths I might believe.

All your solemn vows you break,
While your charms new splendors take,
And our fickle youth inspire,
Blindly rushing to admire.

O'er your mother's urn you vowed,
'Neath the silent stars you bowed,
By the Gods immortal swore,
Gods on high whom all adore.

Easy Nymphs and Venus smile,
Cupid frowns not at your guile,
Always bearing arrows keen,
Whet sometimes for bloody scene.

Newer slaves your bonds will wear,
Former lovers feel despair,
Of Barine false complain,
Vengeance threat and hug the chain.

Mothers fear for favored son,
Fathers for what thrift had won,
And the new-made bride shall fear
Lest the loved one linger near.

Ulla si juris tibi pejerati
Poenâ, Barine, nocuisset unquam,
Dente si nigro fieres vel uno,
Turpior ungui,

Crederem. Sed tu, simul obligasti
Perfidum votis caput, enitescis
Pulchrior multo, juvenumque prodis
Publica cura.

Expedi matris cineres opertos
Fallere, et toto taciturna noctis
Signa cum cœlo, gelidaque divos
Morte carentes

Ridet hoc, inquam, Venus ipsa, ridet
Simplices Nymphae, ferus et Cupido
Semper ardentes acuius sagittas
Cote cruenta

Adde, quod pubes tibi crescit omnis,
Servitus crescit nova, nec priores
Impiæ tectum domine reliquant
Sæpe minati.

Te suis matres metuant juvenis,
Te senes parci miseraeque nuper
Virgines nuptæ, tua ne retardet
Aura maritus

Nothing has reached us from Valgius, and the praise of Tibullus, comparing him with Homer, is regarded as extravagant. Horace (*Satires* I. 10, lines 81-82) places him as follows:

"Plotius, et Varius, Mæcenas, Virgiliusque
Valgius."

The first two edited the *Æneid* after the sudden death of Virgil, by the direction of Augustus. The editors differ as to whether he was a man of consular rank, and whether it is T. or C. Valgius—we take the latter. The *Mystes* of the third stanza was a son of Valgius, the references of the fourth stanza intimating this. Valgius is entreated not to indulge so long in his grief. Nature is not always sad; spring comes after the winter's storms, and new leaves replace the old. Let him join in celebrating the successes of Cæsar in the East, which reference in the last two stanzas suggest the date of the ode as 23 or 22 B.C. Francis adds two lines, Martin, twelve, while Lytton has equal stanzas and lines.

Showers fall not from heaven uceasing,
Gales not always vex the main,
Spring the ice-bound streams releasing,
They shall course Armenia's plain.

Nor do northern blasts assailing
Always sweep Garganian grove,
Nor the ash is ever wailing
O'er the leaves the storms remove.

Always flow thy mournful numbers,
Mystes gone, at close of day,
Nor thy love nor sorrow slumbers
At the morning's golden ray.

Nestor is not always weeping
Though Antilochus lies low,
Troilus in death is sleeping,
Priam's tears not always flow.

Cease, my Valgius, new beginning,
Cæsar's victories wake thy powers,
Trophies fresh our arms are winning
Where snow-crowned Niphates towers.

Media's stream less proudly rolling
Aids to swell our wide domains,
Rome the Dacian fierce controlling,
He shall ride in narrower plains.

Non semper imbres nubibus hispidos
Manant in agros, aut mare Caspium
Vexant inaequales procellæ
Usque; nec Armeniis in oris,

Amice Valgi, stat glacies iners
Menses per omnes, aut Aquilonibus
Querceta Gargani laborant,
Et foliis viduantur orni;

Tu semper urges flebilibus modis
Mysten ademptum, nec tibi Vespero
Surgente decedunt amores
Nec rapidum fugiente solem.

At non ter ævo functus amabilem
Ploravit omnes Antilochum senex
Annos, nec impubem parentes
Troilon aut Phrygiæ sorores

Flevire semper. Desine mollium
Tandem querelarum, et potius nova
Cantemus Augusti tropæa
Cæsaris, et rigidum Niphaten,

Medumque flumen, gentibus additum
Victis, minores volvere vertices,
Intraque præscriptum Gelonos
Exiguis equitare campis.

ODE II. 10.

TO LICINIUS.

Twenty-four lines, stanzas.

Pro L. Murena is the title of one of Cicero's orations. It is the father of the Licinius of this ode, who also bore the name of A. Terentius Varro, by whom he had been adopted. On becoming one of the college of Augurs, a feast was given to him by Telephus, and Ode iii. 19 was written, in which cups are called for in his honor. Proculus, of Ode ii. 2, was his brother, and Terentia, the wife of Mæcenas, was his sister. Horace must have known him well, and gives him good advice in this lyric, and in such a way that as one says the ode seems prophetic of his fate. He founded Augusta among the Alps, and was Consul Suffectus in 23 B.C., in which year this ode was probably written. Charged with conspiring against the Emperor, he could not be saved from death even by such kindred as Mæcenas and Proculus. The third and last stanzas are strikingly applicable to one rising to such lofty positions in the world, or, to change the figure with our bard, who was wafted along by the gales of Fortune. Sir Philip Sidney's quaint translation, 1579, is in three six-line stanzas. Francis (very smooth) has thirty-six lines. Cowper and Martin (six-line stanzas) add twelve lines. Lytton condenses in twenty-four lines.

Most wise would my Licinius be ?
Nor always tempt the distant sea,
Nor yet amidst the tempest's roar
Too closely press the dangerous shore.

Who in the golden mean shall dwell,
Peels not the pinched and sordid cell,
Nor for some envied hall shall sigh,
Sobered by true philosophy.

The tall pine feels the tempest's power,
And heaviest falls the stately tower,
The mountain peaks that loftiest rise
First catch the bolts that fire the skies.

Hopeful in grief, thy soul well schooled,
Sober in joy, thy passions ruled,
And trustful in the Heavens that bring
Both winter's storms and flowers of spring.

So shalt thou bear what comes each day,
And oft Apollo wakes the lay
With harp long still, nor from the bow
Th' avenging shaft will always throw.

Be strong amid the ills of life,
And bear thee bravely in the strife,
Should fortune send too prosperous gales,
Wisely reduce thy swelling sails.

Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum
Semper urgeudo, neque dum procellas
Cautus horrescis, nimium premendo
Litus iniquum.

Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleto
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
Sobrius aula.

Sæpius ventis agitur ingens
Pinus, et celsæ graviore casu
Decidunt turres, feriuntque summos
Fulgura montes.

Sperat infestis, metuit secundis
Alteram sortem bene preparatam
Pectus. Informes biumes reduct
Jupiter, idem

Summovet. Non, si male nunc, et olim
Sic erit : quondam cithara tacentem
Suscitat Musam, neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo.

Rebus angustis animosus atque
Fortis appare, sapienter idem
Contrahes vento nimium secundo
Turgida vela

Epistle 1. 16 is addressed to him. Notwithstanding the remarks of Maclean, we think that the same elements of character appear in both. In the epistle, he is a wealthy, quiet, cultured, and well-known man. "Omnis Roma te beatum." This might be the man of the ode—cultured, a little timid, sometimes "borrowing trouble." He is exhorted in some beautiful lines to let the future alone, and to make the most of the present. The reference (stanza first) to the Scythians and Cantabrians—not wholly subdued till 19 B.C.—suggests the date of the ode as 23 B.C., and that of the epistle as not far from this. Gray hairs at forty-six (stanza fourth), though not usual, are sometimes seen at that age. The Lyde of the last stanza was a professional musician, who played at respectable entertainments. The term, jestingly applied to her, is translated by Lytton "sequestered jade," indicating a retiring nature. Sir Thomas Hawkins, 1625, is in twenty-four lines. Francis adds eight lines, while Lytton and Martin render in equal stanzas and lines.

What will the wild Cantabrian do,
What schemes the Scythian hordes pursue,
Ask not, O Quintius, Adria's sea
Wide stretching rolls 'twixt them and thee.

Life has few things for which to sigh,
Bright youth and grace and strength will fly,
And withering age will steal, each day,
Sweet sleep and love and joy away.

Spring-flowers will lose their beauty soon,
Not always glows a full-orbed moon,
So Heaven decrees, why vex thy soul—
Who shall the Eternal Will control?

Why not beneath this lofty pine
Lie at our ease, and quaff the wine,
Our gray hairs decked with fragrant rose,
While Syrian incense round us glows?

Kind Bacchus shall dispel our care
Remorseless in its constant wear—
What boy will stout Falernian bring,
And tame its strength from living spring?

Who will entreat that with her lyre
Fair Lyde may our souls inspire?
Her hair, with myrtle only crowned,
In simple Spartan knot be bound.

Quid bellicosus Cantaber et Scythes,
Hirpine Quinti, cogitet Hadria
Divisus objecto, remittas
Quærere; nec trepides in usum

Poscentis ævi pauca. Fugit retro
Levis Juventas, et Decor; arida
Pellente lascivos Amores
Canitie facilemque somnum.

Non semper ideam floribus est honor
Vernis; neque uno luna rubens nitet
Vultu; quid æternis minorem
Consiliis animum fatigas?

Cur non sub alta vel platano vel hac
Pinu jacentes sic temere, et rosa
Canos odorati capillos,
Dum licet, Assyriaque nardo

Potamos uncti? Dissipat Evius
Curas edaces. Quis puer ocios
Restinguet ardentis Falerni
Pocula prætereunte lympha?

Quis devium scortum eliciet domo
Lyden? Eburna, dic age, cum lyra
Maturet, in comptum Lacenæ
More comas religata nodum.

ODE II. 12.

TO MÆCENAS.

Twenty-eight lines, stanzas.

Horace declares that his lyre is unfitted for warlike themes—Mæcenas must treat them as history. He will sing the praises of the wife of Mæcenas under the name of Licymnia—custom requiring the substitution. His real design was to answer in this way certain reproachful stories respecting Augustus and Terentia, some of which have come down to us. Out of the discussions come certain facts agreed upon by all—that the Empress Livia Drusilla was a woman of great beauty, of high accomplishments, of decided character, and that she retained the affection of the Emperor up to his death in 14 A.D. These things conceded, the improprieties referred to would seem scarcely possible. The love and faithfulness of Terentia as a wife are beautifully touched upon in the fourth stanza—things for the "bare allusion to which there must have been the best of reasons." Sir Jeffrey Gilbert's translation, 1740, is very much like that of Francis, both retaining stanzas and lines, as do also Martin and Lytton.

Long wars in wild Numantia's plain,
Sicilian seas with bloody stain,
Dire Hannibal—not these the themes
That fit my harp's soft, lyric dreams.

Nor Laphthe of cruel name,
Nor Hylæus of drunkard's fame,
Nor Hercules whose hand subdued,
Defying heaven, earth's giant brood.

'Tis thou th' historic pen must wield,
Of Cæsar write on battle-field,
Of kings he led in triumph grand,
Once threat'ning fierce our Roman land.

Our lady's charms shall wake my lyre,
Licymnian strains my harp inspire,
Her sparkling eyes, and faithful breast,
Where thou thy weary head may rest.

With matchless grace she joins the dance,
Or bars with sportive wit her lance,
Or on Diana's festal day
Mingles in virgin's fair array.

Wouldst thou exchange one tress of hair
For all the wealth of Persia fair,
Or all from Phrygia's fertile plains,
Or Arab's rich, golden veins?

For thee she bends the neck to kiss,
Or half denies thee of the bliss,
Or pleased if snatched unasked away,
Or shall herself the tribute pay.

Nolis longa fere bella Numantie,
Nec dirum Hannibalem, nec Siculum mare
Pæno purpureum sanguine, niolibus
Aptari citharæ modis.

Nec sævus Laphthas, et nimium mero
Hylæum, domitosque Herculeæ manu
Telluris juvenes, unde periculum
Fulgens contremuit domus.

Saturni veteris; tuque pedestribus
Dices historiis prælia Cæsaria,
Mæcenas, melius ductaque per vias
Regum colla minacium.

Me dulcis dominæ Musa Licymniæ
Cantus, ne voluit dicere lucidum
Fulgentes oculos et bene mutua
Fidum pectus amoribus.

Quam nec fere pedem dedecuit choris,
Nec certare joco, nec dare brachia
Ludentem nitidis virginibus sacro
Dianæ celebris die.

Num tu, quæ tenuit dives Achæmenes,
Aut pinguis Phrygiæ Mygdonias opes
Permutare velis crine Licymniæ,
Plenas aut Arabum domos?

Dum flagrantia detorquet ad oscula
Cervicem, aut facili sævitia negat,
Quæ poscente magis gaudet eripi,
Interdum rapere æcupet.

ODE II. 13.

TO A TREE FALLING UPON HIM.

Forty lines, stanzas.

Playfully execrating it, he moralizes on the event, making the day of his escape an anniversary with sacrifices. Date, 26 B.C. Francis adds six and Martin ten lines.

Ill-omened day that placed you here,
Who such a tree could plant and rear,
Brought with a sacrilegious hand
This bane and scandal to my land.

Surely he broke his father's neck,
Theshrines themselves would prove no check,
He marked the hour of deepest rest,
And shed the blood of slumbering guest.

He dealt in poisons, and no bounds
Of evil knew, who in my grounds
This sad log placed in paths I tread,
To crush its innocent master's head.

What man should shun he seldom sees,
The sailor dreads the stormy breeze
When o'er the deep his course shall bend,
Nor thinks what else the Gods may send.

The Roman fears the Parthian plains,
The Parthian dreads Italian chains;
Death comes in unexpected hour,
The nations fall beneath his power.

How near to Proserpine's dark home
And righteous Æacus did I come,
And pious souls, and happy plains,
And Sappho with her mournful strains,

Lamenting on Æolian string,
And thee, Alcæus, who dost sing
In numbers deep, more glorious far,
Of ocean, exile, and of war.

From each immortal strains they hear
Worthy of song, yet gathering near,
The dense crowd drinks the bolder lays
Of wars, and kings, and bloody days.

Why strange, when ravished by these charms
The dark-eared beast no longer harms,
But bends entranced, while snakes unwound
From Furies' hair take in the sound.

Prometheus now, and Pelops' sire
Rest from their pain as sings the lyre,
Orion pauses in the chase,
The wearied game suspend the race.

Ille et uelasto te posuit die,
Quicunque primum, et sacrilega manu
Produxit, arbos, in nepotum
Perniciem opprobriumque pagi;

Illum et parentis crediderim aui
Fregisse cervicem, et penetralia
Sparsisse nocturno cruore
Hospitis; ille venena Colcha

Et quidquid usquam concipitur nefas
Tractavit, agro qui statuit meo
Te, triste lignum, te caducum
In domini caput immerentis.

Quod quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis
Cautum est in horas; navita Bosporum
Pœnus perhorrescit, neque ultra
Cæca timet aliunde fata;

Miles sagittas et celerem fugam
Parthi, catenas Parthus et Italum
Robur; sed improvisa leti
Vis rapuit rapietque gentes.

Quam pœne furvæ regna Proserpinæ,
Et judicantem vidimus Æacum,
Sedesque discretas piorum, et
Eoliis fidibus querentem

Sappho puellis de popularibus;
Et te sonantem plenius aureo,
Alcæe, plectro dura navis,
Dura fugæ mala, dura belli.

Utrumque sacro digna silentio
Mirantur Umbræ dicere; sed magis
Pugnas et exactos tyrannos
Densum humeris bibit aure vulgus.

Quid mirum? ubi illis carminibus stupens
Demittit atras bellua centiceps
Aures, et intorti capillis
Eumenidum recreantur angues;

Quin et Prometheus et Pelopis parens
Dulci laborum decipitur sono;
Nec curat Orion leones
Aut timidos agitare lyncas.

ODE II. 14.

TO POSTUMUS.

Twenty-eight lines, stanza.

If it is the person to whom Propertius is said to refer as leaving his home, and joining the expedition of Iccius (Ode i. 29) it would accord with the character ascribed to him in the lyric before us—overflow of riches. Like the odes to Sextius, Dellius, and Torquatus, it advises him to make the most of the present and in the fifth and sixth stanzas it depicts, in the strongest colors, the certainty of death, separation from a pleasant world, and Hades as the end. There may have existed a well-known parsimoniousness in this case, for the poet hints, with evident satisfaction, at the generous disposition of his heir, who will use with a liberal hand the wines so well locked up. The date is probably 26 or 25 B.C. Ralph Bernal, 1831, is in six-line stanzas, adding eight lines. Francis adds fourteen, and Martiu (five-line stanzas) seven lines. Lytton has twenty-eight lines.

Ah, Postumus, the flying years
Glide on despite our prayers and tears,
Old age and wrinkles come each day,
All-conquering death knows no delay.

And if three hundred bulls each morn,
Thou hadst on Pluto's altar thrown,
That tearless face would still survey
Unmoved the realms beneath his sway.

The tri-formed Geryon, Tityon vast,
Round whom th' unpyting Styx is cast,
Whose sullen wave receives us all,
From lowliest home or regal hall.

In vain we shun war's bloody graves,
Or Adria's hoarse and stormy waves,
Or fear when southern gales arise,
And bear disease through autumn skies.

For thou must see in realms below
Coeytus' dark and languid flow,
The Danaan race, Æolus' son,
Whose toils thro' long, long years shall run.

Your lands, and home, and pleasant wife,
All must be left with ending life,
Those cherished trees—none follow save
The hated cypress, to your grave.

Your heir will take the wine you stocked,
And which a hundred keys have locked,
He'll make it tinge his marble floor
Richer than Pontiff's feasts he'll pour.

Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni, nec pietas moram
Rugis et instanti senectæ
Afferret indomitæque morti,

Non, si trecentis, quotquot essent dies,
Amice, places illacrimabilem
Plutona tauris; qui ter amplum
Geryonem Tityonque tristi

Compescit unda, scilicet omnibus,
Quicumque terre munere vescimur,
Rænaviganda, sive reges
Sive inopes erimus coloni.

Frustra cruento Marte carebimus,
Fractisque ranci fluctibus Adriæ,
Frustra per auctumnos nocentem
Corporibus metuens Austrum.

Visendus ater flumine languido
Coeytus errans, et Danaï genus
Infame, damiatumque longi
Sisypheus Æolides laboris.

Languenda tellus, et domus, et placens
Uxor, neque harum quas colas, arborum
Te, præter invisas cupressas
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.

Absumet hæres Cæcubæ domus
Servata centum clavibus, et mero
Tinget pavidentium superbo
Pontificum potiere cænis.

ODE II. 15.

ON THE PREVAILING LUXURY.

Twenty lines, stanzas.

This ode is directed against the luxury of the times, especially in connection with buildings and ornamental grounds, and is evidently intended to aid in the moral and social reforms which Augustus instituted after he began to reign alone. It resembles in tone and spirit the first six odes of the third book, and its date is placed by some with that of those lyrics—29 or 28 B.C. Others, on the ground that it is too near the close of the civil wars for much luxury of any kind to have crept in, propose a later date—say 26 or 25 B.C. A well-written translation, by Rev. J. Mitford, 1831, adds fifteen lines. Francis adds six lines, is very smooth; as also Martin, who adds eight lines. Lytton (very rare with this translator) adds four lines.

These regal piles will scarcely leave
Space for the plough, the lands receive
Ponds that will vie with Lake Lucrine,
On every side is luxury seen.

The Plume drives out the Elm, and flowers
Of violet and myrtle bowers
Diffuse their fragrance thro' the fields,
No more its fruit the olive yields.

The thick-boughed laurel breaks the rays
Of fervid suns—not such the days
Of Romulus and Cato stern,
Of stricter, ancient rule they learn.

One's private income then was small,
The public's large, no sumptuous hall
Warm airs received from southern seas,
Or coolness from the northern breeze.

While of the turf their roofs were reared,
The state was loved, the Gods were feared,
And public buildings graced the town
And temples in new marble shone.

Jam pauca aratro jugera regie
Moles relinquent; undique latius
Extenta visentur Lucrino
Stagna lacu; platanusque cælebs,

Evincet ulmos; tum violaria et
Myrtus et omnis copia narium,
Spargent olivetis odorem
Fertilibus domino priori;

Tum spissa ramis laurea fervidos
Excludet ictus. Non ita Romuli
Præscriptum et intonsi Catonis
Auspiciis, veterumque norma.

Privatus illis census erat brevis,
Commune magnum; nulla decempedis
Metata privatis opacum
Porticus excipiebat Aretou;

Nec fortuitum spernere cæspitem
Leges sinebant, oppida publico
Sumptu jubentes et Deorum
Templa novo decorare saxo.

ODE II. 16.

TO POMPEIUS GROSPHUS.

Forty lines, stanzas.

Grosphus was a Sicilian, a man of culture, indicated by the fine ode addressed to him, while the ninth stanza recognizes his country and his wealth. In the epistle to Iccius (i. 12), then superintendent of Agrippa's estates in Sicily, Horace introduces Grosphus, residing near, as a man desiring only what is "true and just." It is suggested that Pompey the Great obtained for a certain Grosphus in Sicily the rights of Roman citizenship, whence came the name Pompeius, "descending to the Grosphus of this ode, son or grandson." The lyric was probably written in 24 or 23 B.C., during some visit of Grosphus to Rome. Horace says that the "Rest" for which we all sigh, can be found in moderation and contentment, not in wealth and power. Thomas Otway, 1678 (quaint in expression), is in forty lines. Warren Hastings wrote at sea, 1785, a burlesque which will repay perusal. Francis—very smooth—has forty-eight lines. Martin is in ten five-line stanzas. Lytton condenses in forty lines.

For rest the storm-tossed sailor cries,
Caught 'neath th' Ægean's angry skies,
When cloud and tempest o'er them sweep,
Nor moon nor star shines on the deep.

For rest shall warring Thracia pray,
For rest the Mede with quiver gay—
The boon, O Grosphus, is not sold
For gems, or purple, or for gold.

Nor king nor consul power shall find
To calm the tumults of the mind,
Or drive the crowd of cares away,
That press around the rich and gay.

He liveth well who lives content,
To whose spare board its grace hath lent
Th' ancestral sal—nor love of gain,
Nor fears, his golden sleep restrain.

Our strength so brief why should we boast
Why change our own for foreign coast
Warmed by new suns, and leave our sky—
What exile from himself can fly.

For care shall climb the galley's sides,
Faster than horseman's troop it rides,
Outstrips the roc, and leaves behind
E'en the swift tempest-driving wind.

Otiūm divos rogat impotentii
Prensus Ægeæ, simul atra nubes
Condidit lunam, neque certa fulgent
Sidera nautis.

Otiūm bello furiosa Thrace,
Otiūm Medi pharetra decori,
Grosphæ, non gemmis neque purpura ve-
nale neque auro.

Non enim gaze neque consularis
Sunimovet licet miseræ tumultus
Mentis, et curas laqueata circum
Tecta volante.

Vivitur parvo bene, cui patrum
Splendet in mensa tenui saltem
Nec levis somnos timor aut cupidus
Sordidus aufert.

Quid bresi fortes jaculamur avo
Multa? quid terras alio caleamus
Sole mutamus? Patriæ quæ sal
Se quoque fugit.

Scandit æratas vitæ naves
Cura, nec turmas equitum relinquunt;
Octor cervis, et agente nimis
Octor Euro.

ODE 11. 16.

Enjoy to-day, what comes the while
 Care not to know, and with a smile
 The bitter sweeten—thou shalt find
 Nothing is perfect in its kind.

How soon Achilles passed away,
 Long years wore out Tithonus' day,
 And time perhaps may give to me
 Some good that is denied to thee.

For thee Sicilian flocks shall bleat,
 And herds shall low, and stalls shall greet
 With welcome neigh from generous steeds,
 For thee the purple murex bleeds.

To me just Fate does not refuse
 Some lands, and breath of Grecian Muse,
 And power to spurn while yet I live
 The praise or blame the crowd may give.

Lætus in præsens animus, quod ultra est
 Oderit curare, et amara lento
 Temperet risu. Nihil est ab omni
 Parte beatum.

Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem,
 Longa Tithonus minnet senectus;
 Et mihi forsan, tibi quod negarit
 Porriget Hora.

Te greges centum Siculæque circum
 Mugiunt vaccæ; tibi tollit hinnitum
 Apta quadrigis equa; te bis Afro
 Murice tinctæ.

Vestiunt lanæ; mihi parva rura, et
 Spiritum Graiæ tenuem Camenæ
 Parca non mendax dedit, et malignum
 Spernere vulgus.

ODE II. 17

TO MÆCENAS.

Thirty-two lines, stanzas

Mæcenas was well known at Rome as a sufferer from sickness. It appears (stanza seventh) that on recovery from a certain illness, the people cheered him at his first visit to the theatre. Horace says that the similarity of their horoscopes would forbid a long survival of his friend. Both died in the same year (4 B.C.) and were buried on the Esquiline hill, the place of Mæcenas' residence. The references in the last two stanzas suggest 25 or 24 B.C. as the date of the ode. Martin is in seven six-line stanzas. Francis (very smooth) has forty lines—no stanzas; while Lytton preserves stanzas and lines.

Why with thy sufferings wring my heart?
The Gods forbid thee to depart
Before thy friend, and keep, I pray,
My life's grand ornament and stay

Ah, me, if half my soul were gone,
The stronger part—with one alone,
I could but live, slow lingering,
Till Fate the same sad end should bring.

Nor have I sworn an empty oath,
We go, we go—one end for both,
When thou shalt lead I may not stay—
Companions in that darksome way.

Not the Chimæra's fiery breath,
Nor Gyas from the realms of death
With hundred hands, tears me from thee,
So Justice wills, so Fates decree.

Or Libra looked with adverse power,
Or Scorpio ruled my natal hour,
Or Capricorn a foe might be,
Stern tyrant of the western sea.

My horoscope is strangely thine—
Thee, guardian Jove with care benign
Rescued from Saturn's noxious gleam,
Shining with bright refulgent beam,

And stayed the dark wings o'er thee waved,
And thrice the people hailed thee saved.
Me, whom the fallen tree had slain,
Pan, friend of bards, his hand not vain,

From Orcus saved. Thy vows now pay,
And bullocks on the altars lay,
An humbler offering shall be mine—
A lamb awaits the sacred shrine.

Cur me querela exanimas tuus?
Nec dis amicum est, nec mihi, te prius
Obire, Mæcenas, mearum
Grande decus columnque rerum.

Ah! te mea: si partem animæ rapit
Maturior vis, quid miror altera?
Nec carus æque, nec superates
Integer. Ille dies utramque

Ducet ruinam. Non ego perfidum
Dixi sacramentum; ibimus, ibimus,
Utrumque præcedes, supremum
Carpere iter comites parati.

Me nec Chlunere spiritus igneæ
Nec, si resurgat, centimanæ Gyas
Divellet unquam. Sic potenti
Justitiæ placitumque Parens.

Seu Libra, seu me Scorpius adeipit
Formidolosus, pars violentior
Natalis horæ, seu tyrannus
Hesperia; Capricornus undæ;

Utrumque nostrum incredulæ modo
Consentit astrum. Te Jovis impio
Tutela Saturno refulgens
Eripuit volucrisque Pati.

Tardavit alas, quum populus frequens
Lætum theatris ter crepit sonum;
Me truncus illapsus cerebro
Sustulerat, nisi Faunus ibat.

Dextra levasset, Mercurialium
Custos virorum. Reddere victimas
Adlenque votivam memento
Nos humilem ferere ius nam.

This ode, like some of the third book, seems designed to assist in moral reform, and will date from 29 to 26 B.C. Those devoted to luxury and to avaricious and unjust schemes are received to the punishments of Hades, while the poor and suffering find rest. The metre (very peculiar) is a sort of trochaic—iambic in couplets, which form of the ode we preserve. Francis and Martin are in forty-eight lines—both very smooth and retaining the couplet form. Lytton (of peculiar rhythm) arranges in stanzas, adding eight lines—a rare thing with this translator.

Nor ivory, nor gilded beams
Shine in my lowly home, nor gleams
White cornice from Hymettus' strand,
On columns from far Afric's land,
Nor do I claim as unknown heir
Of Attalus some palace fair,
Nor maidens of good ancestry
The Spartan purple weave for me.
Some kindly vein of genius mine,
And truth, while those in courts who shine
Will sometimes seek my humble home.
All that I craved of heaven has come,
And more I ask not man to yield,
Contented with my Sabine field.
Day follows day in peaceful flow,
Night brings the moon's oft-changing glow.
But thou dost rear thy marble halls
E'en where death's footstep silent falls,
Unmindful thou the work dost urge,
Building amidst the very surge
That on the beach of Baia roars,
Not rich enough with nature's shores.
What—shall thy avarice pass the bounds
That terminate thy neighbor's grounds,
And grasp with its remorseless hand
Thy client's all—a little land,
While man and wife unpitied bear
Their gods and children to the air?
No gilded hall more surely waits
For its rich heir than do the Fates
For such as thee, and thou shalt go
To thine own destined realms below.
Where else? Great earth has room for all,
From sordid cell, or regal hall.
Promethean cunning shall be vain,
No gold shall bring thee back again.
Thou canst not bribe the guard of Hell,
Such men of pride—he holds them well,
But to the poor with toil oppressed,
Ask'd or unask'd he gives them rest.

Non ebur neque aureum
Mea renidet in domo lacunar;
Non trabes Hymettie
Premunt columnas ultima recisas
Africa; neque Attali
Ignotus hæres regiam occupavi,
Nec Laconicos mihi
Trahunt honeste purpuras clientas.
At fides et ingenl
Benigna vena est; pauperemque dives
Me petit; nihil supra
Deos laceſso; nec potentem amicum
Largiora flagito,
Satis beatus unicus Sabinus.
Truditor dies die,
Novaque pergunt interire luna;
Tu secunda marmora
Locas sub ipsum funus; et, sepulcr
Immemor, struis domos;
Marisque Balis ostrepentis urges
Summovere litora,
Parum locuples continere ripa.
Quid? quod usque proximos
Revellis agri terminos, et ultra
Limites clientium
Salio avarus; pellitur paternus
In sinu ferens deos
Et uxor, et vir, sordidosque natos.
Nulla certior tamen,
Rapacis Orci fine destinata
Anla divitem manet
Herum. Quid ultra tendis? Æqua tellus
Pauperi recluditur
Regumque pueri; nec satelles Orci
Callidum Promethea
Revexit auro captus. Hic superbum
Tantalum atque Tantal
Genus coercet; hic levare functum
Pauperem laboribus
Vocatus atque non vocatus audit.

ODE II. 19.

TO BACCHUS.

Thirty-two lines, stanzas.

This is a hymn used for some festival of Bacchus, the Liberalia perhaps, celebrated on the seventeenth of March, and not far from the time of other odes of this class, when Augustus was repairing and rededicating temples—from 29 to 26 B.C. It is a lyric of great spirit and beauty, uttering the praises of the God for the fertility of the soil, and the gift of the vine, and touching upon the vengeance on Thrace, the march through India, the battle in the skies, and his power over Hades. Francis (very smooth) is in eight six-lined stanzas, adding sixteen lines. Martin and Lytton retain the four-line stanza—thirty-two lines.

Bacchus 'mid the rocks is seen,
Nymphs and Satyrs list'ning keen,
As he pours his flowing verse
They the charming strains rehearse.

Evoë! My spirit fears,
Wild the joy when he appears,
Evoë! kind Bacchus, spare,
Scarce shall I thy thyrsus bear.

Raptured priestesses I sing,
Founts of wine that gushing spring,
Streams of milk in richest store,
Trees that honied treasures pour.

Honors that have graced thy spouse,
Starry crown rests on her brows,
Pentheus feels thy vengeful hand,
And the Prince of Thracia's land.

Hill-topped India's streams and sea
Know thy sacred revelry.
Vipers bind the priestess' hair,
Harmless through thy pious care.

When the Giant daring high
Sealed the kingdom of the sky,
Thou didst conquer in the storm,
Battling in a lion's form.

Yet they thought thee better far
For the song and dance than war,
When the day of battle came,
Thou didst win a warrior's fame.

Three-tongued Cerberus below
Sees thy forehead's golden glow,
Pleased he holds his wonted seat,
Harmless licks thy passing feet.

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem (credite posteri!)
Nymphasque discentes, et aures
Capripedum Satyrorum acutas.

Evoë! recenti mens trepidat metu,
Plenoque Bacchi pectore turbidum
Lætatur! Evoë! parce Liber,
Parce, gravi metuende thyrsos!

Fas pervicaces est mihi Thyiadas,
Vinque fontem, lactis et uberes
Cantare rivos, atque truncis
Lapsa cavis iterare mella.

Fas et beatæ conjugis additum
Stellis honorem, tectaque Penthei
Disjecta non leni ruina,
Thracis et exitium Lycurgi.

Tu flectis amnes, tu mare barbarum;
Tu separatis uvidus in jugis
Nolo coerces viperino
Bistonidum sine fraude crines.

Tu, quin parentis regna per arduum
Cohors Gigantum scanderet impia,
Rhexum retorsisti leonis
L'anguibus horribilique mala;

Quamquam, choreis aptior et jocis
Ludoque dictus, non sat idoneus
Pugna ferebaris; sed idem
Paris eras mediusque belli.

Te vidit insons Cerberus aureo
Cornu decorum, leniter atterens
Caudam, et recedentis trilingui
Ore pedes tetigitque crura.

Few odes have developed more differences among the commentators than the lyric before us, and yet it admits of an easy and natural explanation. It is neither strange nor blameworthy that one who had received such ample recognition as a poet from his countrymen, should have some expectation of future fame, and in some such way as that which this ode exhibits, should give expression to such a feeling. It may be called a poetic vision of future fame—remarkably fulfilled. The bard will not die, he says, but be transformed into a bird of song, to visit present and future realms, the descriptions of all which possess much poetic beauty. The second stanza alludes to his humble origin. It has been mentioned that the first and second books were collected at one time, 23 or 22 B.C. This lyric seems to be a fitting close to the two books, and was written at the above date. The third book collected two years later, closes with an ode of the same character. Francis (very smooth) adds six lines. Martin doubles the ode, while Lytton retains stanzas and lines.

No weak or common plume shall bear
The bard transformed, thro' realms of air,
No more on earth shall I delay,
From envy's reach borne far away,

And far from cities' strifes removed,
I, lowly born, called thy beloved,
Through death, Mæcenas, shall not go
To the dark Stygian wave below.

Now falls upon me wondrous change,
Now from above light plumes arrange
Their snowy forms, and growing wings
Swan-like my shoulders deck, there springs

A bird of song. I mount the sky,
Swifter than Dædalus I fly,
Where Bosphorus for ever moans,
O'er Afric's sands, o'er Arctic zones,

O'er Colchos' shore, o'er Dacia's length
(Boasting against the Roman strength),
O'er Scythia far, o'er cultured Spain,
And where the Rhone laves Gallia's plain.

An empty urn shall claim no tear,
Let no vain forms of grief appear,
No dirge be chanted at my tomb,
Superfluous care with such a doom.

Non usitata, non tenui ferar
Penna biformis per liquidum æthera
Vates; neque in terris morabor
Longius; iuvdiaque major

Urbes relinquam. Non ego, pauperum
Sanguis parentum, non ego, quem vocas
Dilecte, Mæcenas, obibo,
Nec Stygia cohibebor uoda.

Jam jam residunt cruribus asperæ
Pelles; et album mutor in alitem
Superno; nascunturque leves
Per digitos humerosque plumæ.

Jam Dædaleo ocior Icaro
Visam gementis litora Bospori
Syrtesque Grætulas canorus
Ales Hyperboreosque campos.

Me Colchus, et qui dissimulat metum
Marsæ cohortis Dacus, et ultimi
Noscent Geloni; me peritus
Discet Hiber, Rhodanique potor.

Absint inani funere neniæ,
Luctusque turpes et querimoniæ;
Compesce clamorem, ac sepulcri
Mitte supervacuos honores.

NOTE TO THE THIRD BOOK OF ODES.

THE odes of the third book average a greater length than do those of the first two books, and contain some fine lyrics worthy of the genius of the poet. They are thirty in number, and the fourth, to Calliope, of eighty lines, yields in length only to those addressed to Canidia. The range of topics is large and of high character, embracing much of the philosophical, the moral, and the religious; while those which may be termed personal, include some of great beauty, and two, the most elaborated and elegant of those addressed to female friends of the poet—the odes to Lyde and Galatea.

The period of time covered by the lyrics of this book taken as a whole, according to the received chronology, would be from 29 to 21 B.C. While this is true in a general way, the first six odes of the book are considered by the best criticism as occupying a peculiar position in respect to their purpose, and, of course, the time of their composition. They seem to constitute a series, designed to aid the moral and religious reforms and civil policy of Augustus, at the close of the civil wars after his return from Alexandria in 30 B.C. This purpose they served to accomplish, by diffusing proper sentiments among the people in connection with these reforms, and they must have been very helpful to Augustus in the restoration of peace and order. They are all of the same metre, of considerable length, and, if not strictly for temple service, are yet of a deeply moral and religious spirit, recognizing the power and providence of the Gods, the special obligations of Rome to their care, the beauty of virtue, and the misery of vice. We are in no danger of overestimating the force of the moral and religious sentiments implanted in the human soul, and the importance of the part which they take in the lyrics now under special consideration.

The particular period to which they are assigned by the best scholars is from 29 to 25 B.C.—a period of the deepest need and the greatest activity in the re-establishment of law and morality and religion. This general date for these six lyrics may be considered as quite satisfactory, in view of the difficulties of the case. Some of them possess historical value, as delineating the condition of the state and people at the close of the civil wars. It is the testimony of one who had seen a whole generation of bloody conflicts.

Addressed to no particular person, we choose with others this title as appropriate to the design of the ode. There were few things which Rome needed more at this time (29 or 28 B.C.) than faith in truths such as are set forth in this lyric—the Divine supremacy, human accountability, the happiness of moderate desires, the wretchedness of guilt, and the grandeur of virtue. The first stanza may be regarded as introducing not only this ode, but also the five which follow, yet there is no sufficient reason for removing it from its place here as some have done, and prefixing it to the Sæcular Hymn. The opening line is a priestly form to the uninitiated or "profane" to retire from the deeper mysteries, and is used here as if invoking attention to the new poetic "Priest." Francis prefixes the first stanza to the Sæcular Hymn, and adds eighteen lines to this ode. Cowley, Martin, and Lytton retain the first stanza as belonging to this lyric, the first adding thirteen, the second thirty-four, while Lytton renders in equal stanzas and lines.

I drive you hence, O ye profane,
Away, let sacred silence reign;
Priest of the Muse, new strains I bring,
To you ye youthful choirs, I sing.

Kings reign o'er men their own brief hour,
Jove reigns o'er kingly mightier power,
The Giants fell before the God
Who guides all nature with his nod.

One man his grounds will boastful trace,
Another tells of nobler race,
And for the suffrage yields his name—
Opposed by one of better fame.

And yet another swells in state,
While crowds of clients round him wait.
Fate comes with equal step to all,
She shakes her ample urn—they fall.

When hangs the sword o'er impious head,
Sicilian feasts charm not the dread,
To fears that o'er the guilty creep,
Nor harp, nor songbird brings sweet sleep.

Yet to the virtuous poor he comes,
Nor turns away from rural homes,
Nor shady bank, nor Tempe's vale,
Fanned by the softened summer gale.

Oli profanum vulgus et arceo,
Favete linguis: carmina non prius
Audita Musarum sacerdos
Virginibus puerisque canto.

Regum timendorum in proprios greges,
Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovis,
Clari Giganteo triumpho,
Cuncta supercilio moventia.

Est ut viro vir latius ordinet
Arbusta sulcis: hic generosior
Descendat in Campum petitor
Moribus hic meliorque fama

Contentat: illi turba clientium
Sit Major, æqua lege Necessitas
Sortitur insignes et imos,
Omne capax movet urna novien.

Destructus ensis cui super impia
Cervice pendet, non Siculae dapes
Dulcem elaborabunt saporem,
Non avium citharæque cantus

Somnum reducent Somnus agrestium
Lenis virorum non humiles domos
Fastidit, umbrosamque ripam,
Non Zephyris agitata Tempe

ODE III. 1.

In true content the soul is free,
It cares not for the boisterous sea,
Or when Arcturus leaves the skies,
Or when the stormy Hædi rise,

Or when vine-breaking tempests roar,
Or farm-destroying rains that pour,
Or stars that burn the parching fields,
Or piercing colds that winter yields.

The fishes feel their narrowing bounds,
The deep with rocks and stones resounds,
Contractors build on ocean's sand,
The sated master loathes the land,

But who from guilty fears can fly,
Tho' he should course the earth and sky?
Dark care outstrips the bark's swift wings,
And to the flying horseman clings.

Nor marble frieze, nor purple dye
Resplendent as the evening sky,
Nor fragrant wine nor rich perfume,
Takes from the mind its grief and gloom.

Shall envied halls with columns grand,
And fashions new consume my land—
Shall I exchange my Sabine farm
For wealth that has no power to charm?

Desidera tunc quod satis est neque
Tumultuosum sollicitat mare,
Nec sævus Arcturi cadentis
Impetus, aut orientis Hædi;

Non verberatæ grandine vineæ,
Fundusque mendax, arbore nunc aquas
Culpante, nunc torrentia agros
Sidera, nunc hiemes iniquas.

Contracta pisces æquora sentiunt
Jactis in altum molibus; huc frequens
Cæmenta demittit redemptor
Cum famulis, dominusque terra:

Fastidiosus; sed Timor et Minæ
Scandunt eodem, quo dominus; neque
Decedit ærata triremi, et
Post equitem sedet atra Cura.

Quod si dolentem nec Phrygius lapis,
Nec purpurarum sidere clarior
Deleuit usus, nec Falerna
Vitis, Achæmeniumve costum;

Cur invidendis postibus et novo
Sublime ritu moliar atrium?
Cur valle permutei Sabina
Divitias operosiores?

ODE III. 2.

DISCIPLINE.

Thirty-two lines, stanzas.

Some editions have *Ad Amicos*, and read *Amici* in the first line, but with others we read *amicé*—kindly. Such an ode would lend its best influence in giving back to the country the discipline of former days (taken therefore as the title of the ode, especially among the youth bearing arms for Rome, and calculated to make men brave, virtuous, self-reliant, and faithful to trusts. The date would be from 29 to 27 B.C. We have used our best judgment in connection with the fifth and sixth stanzas. Dean Swift sent a part of this ode to the Earl of Oxford then in the Tower. Francis and Lytton preserve stanzas and lines. Martin (very smooth) adds sixteen lines.

Our youth must learn to kindly bear
Privations and the straits of war,
Our horsemen practised launces wield
Against our foes on Parthian field.

This life the hardy soldier forms,
He will be seen in cities' storms,
The royal wife from ramparts high,
And daughter, heave the tearful sigh,

And gazing o'er the field will say :
" May no ill fortune prostrate lay
Our spouse at this dread lion's feet,
Whom filled with wrath 't were death to meet."

Sweet for our land to bravely die,
Since death pursues when cowards fly,
Nor spares the trembling knees of fear,
Nor craven prayers for life will hear.

Virtue no base repulse may dread,
Pure honors only crown her head,
She wields no power, by fashion bowed,
Not yielding to the fickle crowd.

Virtue will give celestial wreath
To those whose lives deserve no death,
The low and base she spurns, and flies
On soaring wings to purer skies.

And trustful silence brings rewards,
I shun the man whose life records
The sacred rites betrayed, nor care
His house or fragile bark to share.

For oft, the good and bad alike
Just Heaven shall in its vengeance strike,
No wrong a lengthened course may trace,
Law-footed Justice wins the race.

Angustam amicé pauperiem pati
Robustus acri militia puer
Condiscat ; et Parthos feroces
Vexet eques metuendus hasta ;

Vitamque sub divo tropæidis agat
In rebus. Illum ex manibus hostiels
Matrona Bellantis tyranni
Prospiciens et adulta virgo

Suspiret : cheu ! ne rudis agminum
Sponsus lacescat regius asperum
Tactu leonem, quem cruenta
Per medias rapit ira cædes.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori,
Mors et fugacem persequitur virum,
Nec parit imbellis juventa
Poplitibus timidoque tergo.

Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus,
Nec sumit aut ponit secures
Arbitrio popularis auræ.

Virtus, recludens immeritis mori
Cælum, negata tentat iter via,
Cætusque vulgares et udiam
Spernit humum fugiente penna.

Est ei fideli rota silentio
Merces, vetabo, qui Cæceris sacrum
Vulgarit arcane, sub isdem
Sit trabibus, fragilemve mecum

Solvat phaselon. Sæpe Diespiter
Neglectus incesto addidit integrum,
Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede Pœna claudo.

ODE III. 3.

ON REBUILDING TROY.

Seventy-two lines, stanzas.

Suetonius and Lucan are quoted as attributing to Julius Cæsar a design to rebuild Troy—interrupted by his death. From various circumstances, we judge that Augustus did not wish to carry out his uncle's purpose, and was reluctant to propose a thing certainly not wished for at Rome, and yet he would not seem weak and vacillating. Such a lyric would do good service in his position, and also reflect the public sentiment. The subject is finely worked up. Firmness is a grand trait of character, but the firmest man may change his plans if the Gods forbid them. He then introduces Augustus into a council of the Gods, and makes him hear the objections of Juno to this project. Her speech is very fine. Rome, the child of Troy, may give law to the world, but Troy must not be rebuilt. Date about 26 B.C.

Addison (finely written) adds fifty-seven, and Fenton, 1704, twelve lines. Byron paraphrases the first two stanzas. Francis and Lytton (very smooth) retain stanzas and lines, while Martin adds eighteen lines.

Just in his purpose, firm of will,
'Midst raging crowds yet constant still,
Not yielding to a tyrant's power,
Not moved in soul when tempests lower

And roll o'er Adria's troubled sea,
'Mid Jove's dread bolts from terror free,
Fearless if Ætæa round him hurled
The fragments of a broken world.

Such Hercules' and Pollux' might,
Such they attained the starry height,
(With whom Augustus now reclines,
For him the purple nectar shines)

And such wast thou, O Bacchus fair,
Thy tigers, taught the yoke to wear,
Bore thee above, and such was won
Great Romulus from Acheron.

In council with the Gods above,
Lo! Juno speaks—the Gods approve.
"Troy, Troy was humbled to the dust,
A foreign spouse, a judge unjust,

Laomedon, whose broken oath
The Gods defrauded, bringing both
Minerva's vengeance and my own
On the false prince and guilty town.

No more that guest of Spartan halls
In splendor shines, forever falls
That perjured house; but Hector slain,
Few Greeks fell on the Trojan plain;

Justum ac tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida, neque Auster,

Dux inquieti turbidus Hadriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna manus Jovis;
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinae.

Hac arte Pollux et vagus Hercules
Ebisus arces attigit igneas;
Quos inter Augustus recumbens
Purpureo bibit ore nectar.

Hac te merentem, Bacche pater, tuæ
Vexere tigres, indocili jugum
Collo trahentes. Hac Quirinus
Martis equis Acheronta fugit,

Gratum elocuta consulantibus
Junone divis: Ilion, Ilion
Fatalis incestusque iudex
Et mulier peregrina vertit

In pulverem; ex quo destituit deos
Mercede pacta Laomedon, mihi
Castæque damnatum Minervæ
Cum populo et duce fraudulento.

Jam nec Læoniæ splendet adulteræ
Famosus hospes, nec Priami donus
Perjura pugnaces Achivos
Hecoreis opibus refringit;

The long war ended, longer still
Thro' our own broils. Hear now my will,
My anger, and the hatred won
By Mars of Trojan Ilia won,

These I remit. The shining seats,
The nectared springs, the joy that greets,
The peace of these celestial plains—
All this brave Romulus attains.

Far o'er the sea from Ilum's strand,
Rome exiled in Heaperian land
Is free o'er all the earth to reign,
Happy in what her power shall gain.

While treads the herd, and wild beast plays
O'er Priam's tomb thro' future days,
So long the Capitol shall stand,
And Rome give law to Melia's land.

Her dreaded name shall reach the shores
On which the wild Atlantic roars,
Or where the Nile rich-laden yields
His far-borne treasure to the fields.

Braver to spurn the unfound gold
That lies concealed in earth's deep mold,
Than seize with strong, rapacious hand
The wealth and fates of every land.

Whatever clime resists her way,
Her arms shall feel, her will obey,
Where tropic fires now parch the plains,
Or fall the cold and constant rains.

Such fate, O Rome, to thee I give,
And with that fate this law receive ;
Thy pious sons when powerful grown,
Shall not rebuild the Troy o'erthrown.

O'er Troy renewed in evil hour
The same sad destiny shall lower,
I lead the conquering hosts once more,
And fill with ships the Ilia shore.

Thrice should there rise a brazen wall
By Phœbus built, thrice it shall fall,
My Greeks shall sweep the Trojan plain,
And captives' groans be heard again.

But themes like these fit not my lyre,
Ah, Muse, some lighter strain inspire,
Thou may'st not speak of things so high,
Nor tell the counsels of the sky.

Nostrisque ductum seditionibus
Bellum resedit. Protinus et graves
Irae, et invisum nepotem,
Troica quem peperit sacerdos,

Marti redonabo. Illum ego lucidas
Inire sedes, ducere nectaris
Succos, et adacribi quietis
Ornamentis patiar deorum.

Dum longus inter sæviat Ilion
Romanque pontus, qualibet exules
In parte regnante beati ;
Dum Priami Paradisque busto

Insultat armentum, et catulos fere
Celestis iuvante, stet Capitolium
Fulgeus, triumphatque potest
Roma ferox dare jura Medis.

Horrenda late nomen in ultimas
Extendat oras, qua melius liquor
Secernit Europæ ab Afro,
Qua tumidus rigat arva Nilus

Aurum irreperitum, et sic melius situm
Quam terra celat, spernere fortior,
Quam cogere humanos in usus
Omne sacrum rapiente dextera

Quicumque mundo terminus obstitit,
Hunc tangat armis, visere gentes,
Qua parte debacchantur tænes,
Qua nebulae pluviique rores.

Sed bellicosæ fata Quiritibus
Hæc lege dico ; ne nimium pil
Rebusque silentes avide
Tecta velint reparare Trojæ

Trojæ renascens alite lugubri
Fortuna tristi clade iterabitur,
Ducente victrices catervas
Conjuge me Jovis et sorore.

Ter si resurgat murus æneus
Auctore Phœbo, ter pereat mæis
Hæcivis Argivis ter uxor
Capta virum puerosque ploret.

Non hæc jocosa conveniunt lyre,
Quo, Musa, tendis ! Desine pervicax
Referre sermone decorum et
Magna modis tenuare parvis.

ODE III. 4.

TO CALLIOPE.

Eighty lines, stanzas.

The Muses represent to Horace Providential care, which (selecting Calliope) he recognizes in his preservation through childhood, and from the dangers of Philippi, from shipwreck, from the falling tree, and in his safety everywhere. To them he ascribes the conciliatory policy of Augustus, and our knowledge of the victory of the Gods over the Giants, symbol of the victory of Augustus over the disorders of the times. R. A. Wilmot adds ten, Martin twenty lines, while Francis and Lytton are in eighty lines.

Descend, O Queen, with honors crowned,
Thy pipe shall lengthened strains resound,
Or does the theme thy voice inspire,
Or wilt thou strike Apollo's lyre?

She hears, or some sweet madness reigns,
Calliope through flowery plains
And hallowed groves now seems to stray,
Where fragrant airs and streamlets play.

A child, on Vultur's mount I roam
Far from my old Apulian home,
My weary head the ground receives,
The fabled doves hide me with leaves.

It seemed to all a wondrous sight,
Who dwelt on Acherontia's height,
'Mid Bantia's groves, or where the field
Shall rich Forentum's harvests yield,

That here where noxious vipers creep,
And bears were prowling, I should sleep
On the sweet laurel boughs unharmed,
They said "Some God the place has charmed."

Yours, Muses, yours, 'mid Sabine hills,
Or cool Præneste's murmuring rills,
Or streams that fall through Tibur's land,
Or Baia's springs and watery strand.

Your fountains loving, and your lays,
Yon saved me on Philippi's days,
And from the almost fatal tree,
And the storm-vexed Sicilian sea.

Where you shall lead I gladly go,
The raging Bosphorus' wild flow
I boldly tempt, or tread the sands
Of burning Syria's desert lands.

To Britain's wilds my way I trace,
Or Concana's blood-drinking race,
Safe where Gelonian quivers gleam,
Or far beyond the Scythian stream.

Descende cœlo, et dic age tibia
Regina longum Calliope melos,
Seu voce nunc mayis acuta,
Seu fidibus citharaque Phœbi.

Auditis, an me ludit amabilis
Insania? Audire et videor pios
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ.

Me fabulosæ, Vulture in Apulo
Altricis extra limen Apulie,
Ludo fatigatumque somno
Fronde nova puerum palumbes

Texere, | mirum quod foret omnibus,
Quicunque celsæ nidum Acherontiae,
Saltusque Bantinos, et arum
Pingue tenent humilis Forenti;

Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
Dormirem et ursis; ut premerer sacra
Lauroque collataque myrto,
Non sine dis animosus infans.

Vester, Camenæ, vester in arduos
Tollor Sabinos; seu mihi frigidum
Præneste, seu Tibur supinum,
Seu liquidæ placuere Baie.

Vestris amicum fontibus et choris,
Non me Philippi versa acies retro,
Devota non extinxit arbor,
Nec Sicula Palinurus unda.

Utcunque mecum vos eritis, libeus
Insanientem navita, Bosphorum
Tentabo, et urentes arenas
Litoris Assyrii viator;

Visam Britannos hospitibus feros,
Et lætum equino sanguine Concanum;
Visam pharetratos Gelonos,
Et Scythicum inviolatus amnem.

Your influence mild great Cæsar owns,
His wearied cohorts placed in towns,
He seeks a rest from toils that tire,
You from Pierian cave inspire

Counsels humane that mark the hour,
Well pleased you use your kindly power.
You sing Titanic wars above,
The glittering bolts hurled by great Jove,

Who, land and sea, and Gods on high,
And mortal crowds beneath the sky,
Cities, and realms deprived of day—
Sad kingdoms—rules with righteous sway.

And Heaven itself knew fear at length,
This horrid band put forth its strength,
Seeking to scale the heavenly world,
And Pelion on Olympus hurled.

Typhæus, and strong Mimas' might,
Porphyrion with his threat'ning height,
Enceladus, and Rhætus bold,
Tearing the trees from earth's strong hold,

They rush against the sounding shield
Of Pallas—vain the arms they wield—
Here Vulcan stands, and Juno here,—
His always ready shafts appear,

Who bathes in the Castalian fount
His flowing hair, while Lycia's mount
With forests crowned, and Delos' strand,
Apollo's care and love demand.

Unreasoning force to danger tends,
When with intelligence it blends,
The Gods approve—they are displeased
When force for evil ends is seized.

The hundred-handed Gyges shares
The Gods' just doan, Orion bears
Chaste Dian's vengeance, by her slain,
Her arrow piercing not in vain,

Earth mourns the offspring 'neath her thrown,
And grieves for monsters now cast down
By Jove's own bolts to Orcus dread,
Etna yet burns o'er giants' head.

Vile Tityon meets a dire reward,
The bird yet sits, a dreadful guard,
Pirithous still shall vengeance find,
Three hundred chains the lover bind.

Vos Cæsarem altum, militia simul
Fessas cohortes abdidit oppidis,
Finire querentem labores,
Merio recreatis antro ;

Vos lenè consilium et datis, et dato
Gaudetis almæ. Scimus, ut impios
Titanas immanemque turmam
Fulmine sustulerit cornu,

Qui terram inertem, qui mare temperat
Ventosum, et urbes regnaque tristia,
Divosque, mortalesque turbas
Imperio regit unus æquo.

Magnum illa terrorem intulerat Jovi
Fidens, juvenis horrida, brachia,
Fratresque tendentes opaco
Pelion imposuisse Olympo.

Sed quid Typhœus et validus Mimas,
Aut quid minaci Porphyrion status,
Quid Rhætus, evulsisque truncis
Enceladus jaculator audax,

Contra sonantem Palladis ægida
Possent ruentes ? Hinc avidus stetit
Vulcanus, hinc matrona Juno, et
Nunquam humeris positurus arcum,

Qui rore puro Castaliæ lavit
Crines solutos, qui Lyciæ tenet
Dumeta, natalemque silvam,
Deliæ et Patareus Apollo.

Vis consilii expers mole ruit sua ;
Vini temperatem Di quoque provehunt
In majas ; idem odere vires
Omne nefas animo moventes.

Testis mearum centimanus Gyges
Sententiarum, notus et integræ
Tentator Orion Ithacæ
Virginæ domitus ægitta.

Injecta monstris Terra dolet suis,
Mœretque portas fœdæ lætæ
Misos ad Orcum ; nec peredit
Impositam celer ignis Ætneri.

Incontinentis nec Tityi jecur
Relinquit ales, nequitiæ additus
Custos ; amatorem trecentæ
Pirithoum cohibent catenæ.

ODE III. 5.

TO AUGUSTUS.

Fifty-six lines, stanzas.

While the Romans were glad to receive the standards lost in Parthia under Crassus, they did not care for the redemption of those made prisoners on that disastrous field. These had lived with barbarian wives (second and third stanzas) and had lost all interest in Rome and her history. Augustus doubtless shared with the public in this feeling, but he could not receive the standards without the surviving men. The ode reflects the feelings both of the Emperor and the people. The story of Regulus is grandly told, and attention drawn to his advice to the Senate *not* to redeem the prisoners at Carthage, and his return thither to death. Augustus brought the standards to Rome in 20 B.C.—recognized in the second stanza of Ode iv. 15—published in 13 B.C. The date of this lyric is uncertain, but probably between 26 and 24 B.C.

Archdeacon Wrangham, 1831, translates in fifty-six lines. Francis adds four, Martin (without stanzas) twenty, and Lytton (very rare with this translator) eight lines.

Jove reigns in heaven—his thunder rolls,
Cæsar on earth—his power controls
Far Britain's isle, and Parthia's plains
Now added to our wide domains.

Here Crassus' soldiers bartered life
Ignobly for barbarian wife—
Shame to the Senate and the times,
They have grown old in hostile climes,

And Median kings the sceptre wave
O'er Marsian legions once so brave,
Forgetful now of Roman name,
The shields, and gown, and Vesta's flame.

Oh, grander far his prescient mind
That sternly such base terms declined,
Presaging with a noble care
The future evils time might bear,

If men may throw their arms away,
To be redeemed some future day.
"I saw the Punic temples filled
With Roman arms—no blood was spilled—

I saw the shameful Punic band
On many a recreant Roman hand,
Their gates wide open, in their fields
To Roman toil the harvest yields.

Cælo tonantem credidimus Jovem
Regnare; præsens divus habebitur
Augustus, adjectis Britannis
Imperio gravibusque Persis.

Milesne Crassi conjuge barbara
Turpis maritus vixit et hostium—
Pro Curia inversique mores!
Consenuit soccerorum in arvis,

Sub rege Medo, Marsus et Apulus,
Anciliorum et nominis et togæ
Oblitus æternæque Vestæ,
Incolumi Jove et urbe Roma?

Hoc caverat mens provida Reguli,
Dissentientis conditionibus
Fædis, et exemplo trahenti
Perniciem veniens in ævum,

Si non periret immiserabilis
Captiva pubes. "Signa ego Punicis
Affixa delubris, et arma
Militibus sine cæde," dixit,

"Derepta vidi; vidi ego civium
Retorta tergo brachia libero,
Portasque non clusas, et arva
Marte coli populata nostro.

ODE III. 5

Redeemed with gold can men be brave?
Nor gold nor honor do you save.
The wool once dipped in purple stain,
Its native hue will ne'er regain,

And valor once it shall depart,
Ne'er fires again the recreant heart;
And when the stag the hunter foils,
And fights its way thro' thick'ning toils,

Then he who crouched to treacherous foe
In other battles will o'erthrow
The power whose chains upon him lie,
Who, trembling coward, feared to die,

Took war for peace, and saved his life
By tamely yielding in the strife—
Alas that Carthage wins a name
Made greater by Italian shame."

'T is said that sternly he denied
The wife and children at his side,
And cast his eyes upon the ground,
As one unworthy to be found

Among the free, till firm at length
The Senate stood, strong in his strength;
Tho' grieving friends his course would stay,
The glorious exile hastes away,

Full well he knew the barbarous hand
In tortures skilled on Punic strand,
Relations vainly shed the tear,
Vainly the people linger near

As if some triumph he had won
For clients' cause, he presses on
As to Venafrum's pleasant fields,
Or the sweet airs Tarentum yields.

Auro repensus scilicet acrior
Miles rehibet? Plagitis additis
Dammum. Neque amissos colores
Lana refert medicata fugo,

Nec vera virtus quum semel excidit,
Curat reponi deterioribus.
Si pugnet extricata densis
Cerva plagis, erit ille fortis,

Qui perfidia se credidit hostibus;
Et Marte Penos proteret altero,
Qui lora restrictis lacertis
Sensit iners, timuitque mortem,

Hic, unde vitam suumeret lascius,
Pacem et duello miscuit. O pudor!
O magna Carthago, probrosis
Altior Italiae ruinas!"

Pertur pulchre conjuga osculum,
Parvosque natos, ut capitis minor,
Ab se removisse, et virilem
Torvus humi posuisse vultum;

Donec labantes consilio Patres
Firmaret auctor nunquam alias dato,
Interque incertentes amicos
Egregius properaret exul.

Atqui sciebat quæ sibi barbarus
Torturæ pararet, non aliter tamen
Dimovit obstantes propinquos,
Et populum reditus morantem,

Quam ut clientum longa negotia
Dijudicata lite relinqueret,
Tendens Venafranum in agros,
Aut Lacedæmonium Tarentum.

ODE III. 6.

TO THE ROMANS.

Forty-eight lines, stanzas.

This ode bears marks of being as early as 29 B.C. It treats of matters of great public concern, and becomes at once an aid to Octavius in the work of organization. One of the greatest needs would be of a religious nature, and accordingly the bard urges the repairing of the sacred edifices covered with the smoke, and dust, and defiled with the blood of the civil wars. The Gods have made Rome great—Rome must not neglect the Gods. The picture of Roman morals drawn by Horace is not too deeply shaded—it is simply true. The defeats referred to in the third stanza were probably those of Crassus and Decidius Saxa—not yet avenged. The fourth stanza is clearly a reference to the Dacian archery in the fleet of Antony and Cleopatra—two years before. The Earl of Roscommon, 1672, translates in fifty-two lines. Francis adds eighteen lines. Martin (very smooth) uses six-line stanzas, adding twenty-four lines. Lytton retains stanzas and lines.

The father's crimes fall on the child,
With dust, and smoke, and blood defiled,
Temples and altars tottering stand,
Rebuild, O Roman, save thy land.

The Gods above have made thee great,
Thro' them thy first and last of state ;
Despised from thee their favor turns,
'Gainst Italy their anger burns.

Our godless arms defeat yet stains,
Monases in the Parthian plains,
And Pacorus with conquering hands,
Twice strip the spoils from Roman hands.

Engaged long years in civil strife,
Wellnigh was gone the nation's life,
Fierce ships attacked from Egypt's shore,
The Dacians clouds of arrows pour.

Fertile in crime the age denies
The honor due to marriage ties,
The source whence foul pollutions grow,
And through our homes and country flow.

Our daughters learn the foreign dance,
In evil fashions trained, advance,
And almost from their earliest years,
For thoughts impure they feel no fears.

Delicta majorum immeritus lues,
Romane, donec templa refeceris,
Ædesque labentes Decorum, et
Fœda nigro simulacra fumo.

Dis te minorem quod geris, imperas ;
Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum.
Dī multa neglecti dederunt
Hesperiae mala luctuosæ.

Jam bis Monases et Pacori manus
Non auspicatos contudit impetus
Nostros, et adjecisse prædam
Torquibus exiguis renidit.

Pæne occupatam seditionibus
Delevit Urbem Dacus et Æthiops ;
Hic classe formidatus, ille
Missilibus melior sagittis.

Fecunda culpæ sæcula nuptias
Primum inquinavere, et genus, et domos ;
Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populumque fluxit.

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura virgo, et fingitur artibus ;
Jam nunc et incestos amores
De tenero meditatur ungui.

ODE III. 6.

Soon they debauch a younger race,
Nor blush before a husband's face
To seek the joys forbid to love,
When later hours the lights remove.

He in his cups yet conscious still,
While they pursue their schemes of ill,
So there is gold enough, not choice—
Captain or trader, whose the voice.

Not from such stock could ever spring
The men that met Epirus' king,
And great Antiochus withstood,
And stained the seas with Punic blood.

That was a race whose rustic hand
Turned up the soil in Sabine land,
Whose mothers sent them to the field
With axes for their arms to wield,

And mountain forests feel their blows,
While the hot sun with ardor glows,
Till evening shades bring rest to all,
And yokes from wearied oxen fall.

Sad change the times have brought to Rome,
Worse than their sires our fathers come,
Worse e'en than they ourselves we find,
Worse than ourselves we leave behind.

Mox juniores quaerit saulteros
Inter mariti vîna; neque eligit;
Cui donet impermissa raptim
Gaudia, luminibus remotis,

Sed jussa coram non sine consilio
Surgit marito, seu vocat institor,
Sen navis Hispanæ magister,
Dedecorum pretiosus emptor.

Non his juvenus orta parentibus
Infecit æquor sanguine Punico,
Pyrrhæque et ingentem cecidit
Antiochum, Hannibalemque dirura.

Sed rusticorum mascula militum
Proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus
Versare glebas, et severæ
Matris ad arbitrium recisos.

Portare fustes, sol ubi montium
Mutaret umbras et juga demeret
Robus fatigatis, amicum
Tempus agens abeunte curru.

Damnosa quid non imminit dies!
Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiore.

ODE III. 7.

TO ASTERIA.

Thirty-two lines, stanzas.

In this graceful effusion Horace assists Asteria by exposing Enipeus and making his "plaintive strain" ridiculous. The danger was that, after a year, in the absence of Gyges, she might obtain separation according to Roman law, and become the wife of Enipeus—a thing always regarded as objectionable among the better classes, and which Horace sought to prevent. Spring will bring Gyges back to you. He has been greatly tempted, but is true to you—be true to him. The finished diction of the ode has been much admired. Probable date 25 B.C. Francis and Lytton preserve stanzas and lines. Martin (of easy rhythm) has forty-eight lines.

Why is fair Asteria sad?

Spring's soft winds will breathe once more
Gyges bringing, constant, glad,
Laden with Bithynian store.

He by baleful Capra driven

To Epirus' sheltering coast,
Mourns the chill and wintry heaven,—
Most of all thy presence lost.

Yet his hostess Chloë fair

Tempts him in a thousand ways,
Loving messages declare
How she sighs thro' wretched days,

How a woman's anger raved,

When Bellerophon accused
Scarce from Prætus' ire was saved—
Woman's love had been refused,

What chaste Peleus once befell

Thro' a woman's vengeful wrath—
Thus the stories which they tell
Lead astray from honor's path.

Deaf as rocks worn by the sea,

So he listens true of heart,
Shall Enipeus share in thee
More than just and rightful part?

True, unrivalled he has stood,

Skill is his to guide the steed,
Strength to cleave the Tiber's flood
When it bends the Tuscan reed.

Close thy house at evening hour,

List not to his plaintive strain,
Clothe thy heart with steely power,
Deaf though called and called again.

Quid fles, Asterie, quem tibi caudidi

Primo restituent vere Favonii,
Thyna merce beatum,
Constantis puerum fide,

Gygen? Ille Notis actus ad Oricum

Post iusana Capræ sidera, frigidas
Noctes non sine multis
Insomnis lacrimis agit.

Atqui sollicitæ nuntius hospite,

Suspirare Chloën, et miseram tuis
Dicens ignibus uri,
Tentat mille vafer modis.

Ut Prætum mulier perfida credulum

Falsis impulerit criminibus, nimis
Casto Bellerophonti
Maturare necem, refert.

Narrat pæne datum Pelea Tartaro,

Magnessam Hippolyten dum fugit abstineus;
Et peccare docentes
Fallax historias movet;

Frustra; nam scopulis surdior Icarî

Voces audit adhuc integer. At, tibi
Ne vicinus Enipeus
Plus justo placeat, cave:

Quamvis non alius flectere equum sciens

Æque conspicitur gramine Martio,
Nec quisquam citus æque
Tusco denatat alveo.

Prima nocte domum claudere; neque in vias

Sub cantu querulæ despice tibie;
Et te sæpe vocanti
Duram difficilis mane.

ODE III. 8.

TO MÆCENAS.

Twenty-eight lines, stanzas.

Horace believed in what we call Providential care. He ascribes his escape from the falling tree (Ode II. 13) to Mercury, to Faunus, to the Muses, and it appears from this lyric that he had made the first of March an anniversary in connection with this event, sacrificing on that day to Bacchus, also regarded as his protector. In giving expression to religious feeling, he would of course do so through the rites and forms around him. He invites Mæcenas, left in charge of the city during the absence of Augustus in the East, to leave his cares and spend a few hours at Tibur in commemoration of Horace's escape above referred to. The references in the fifth and sixth stanzas suggest as the date of the ode 22 or 21 B.C. Francis adds two lines, while Lytton and Martin are in twenty-eight lines.

March days have come, my wifeless hall
Is decked with flowers, sweet odors fall
From censers filled, on altars lie
Fresh turf whose flame shall seek the sky.

Learned in the ways of Greece and Rome,
Yet know'st thou not whence this has come.
These feasts and goat of snowy white,
To Bacchus vowed with holy rite,

Mark each successive year to me,
The day I 'scaped the falling tree,
From jars smoke-covered thou shalt quaff,
And sealed when Tullus bore the staff.

A hundred cups, Mæcenas, take,
Thy friend was saved and for his sake
The laups shall greet the morning light,
And noise and clamor take their flight.

Send now away thy cares for Rome,
To Dacian bands defeat has come,
The hostile Mede now threats in vain,
While kindred blood his arms shall stain.

Subdued at last on Spanish shore,
Cantabrian foes shall vex no more,
The Scythians without battle yield,
And leave with loosened bow the field.

Cease then awhile thy dread of harm,
Seek for thy too much care a charm,
Take now the gifts that glad hours bring,
And to the winds thy labors fling.

Martiis cælebs quid agam Kalendis,
Quid velint flores et acerra thuris
Plena, miraria, positusque carbō
Censpite vivo.

Docte sermones utriusque lingue ?
Voveram dulces epulas et album
Libero caprum, prope funeratus
Arboris jectū.

Hic dies anno redeunte festus
Corticem adstrictum pice demovebit
Amphoræ fœnum bilere institutæ
Consule Tullio.

Sume, Mæcenas, cyathos amici
Sospitis centum, et vigiles lucernas
Perfer in lucem ; procul omnis esto
Clamor et ira.

Mitte civiles super Urbe curas ;
Occidit Daci Cotisouis agmen,
Medus infestus sibi luctuosus
Dissidet armis.

Servit Hispaniæ vetus hostis ora,
Cantaber, sera domitus catena ;
Jam Scythæ laxomeditantur arcu
Cedere canapis.

Negligens, ne qua populus labore
Parte, privatus nimium cavere,
Dona presentis cape lætus horæ, et
Linque severa.

ODE III. 9.

TO LYDIA. RECONCILIATION.

Twenty-four lines, stanzas.

Some editors entitle the ode, *The Reconciliation*. An inspection of the lyric will justify this title, and show that a consummation is reached which this word would happily express. As it is the fourth and last ode addressed to this name, it would seem to be the end of a series of lyrics to Lydia, called forth by the circumstances of her life. There must be connected with the case some interesting history, the nature of which can be with us now only a matter of conjecture. In the three preceding odes, to the notes of which the reader is referred, it is evident that Horace is seeking to save Lydia from some of the evil consequences toward which she was tending. In this lyric, as in the odes to Pyrrha, to Chloe, to Lyde, and to others, he speaks not for himself, but for some mutual friend. Lydia returns to a former admirer, and Horace writes the dialogue ode with his usual elegance of wit and diction. We think this to be its true and natural explanation. The date is uncertain, probably 22 B.C. Scaliger is said to have admired this ode greatly. It has received many translations, among which we find one from Bishop Atterbury, one by H. Matthews, one by Charles Badham, one attributed to Gladstone, and several without names. None of these surpass the elegant translation of Martin, in twenty-four lines. Francis (very smooth) strangely adds two lines. Lytton retains stanzas and lines.

While my love was all to thee,
And no favored youth had pressed
Form as fair as fair can be,
Persian king lived not so blessed.

While you burn for me alone,
Nor on Chloe smile so bland,
Lydia's name in verse enthroned,
Roman Ilia not so grand.

Thracian Chloe rules me now,
Skilled to wake the harp's sweet strain.
To the stroke of death I 'd bow,
So my darling girl remain.

Burns my heart with passion's fire,
Thurian Calais wakes my pain,
Twice for him I would expire,
So my darling boy remain.

What if now our former love
Join our severed hearts once more,
Chloe fair no longer move,
Lydia's charms my soul adore.

Fairer he than evening's star,
Stormier thou than Adria's sea,
Than the corkwood lighter far,
Yet I 'll live and die with thee.

Donec gratus eram tibi,
Nec quisquam potior brachia cande
Cervici juvenis dabat,
Persarum vigui rege beator.

Donec non alia magis
Arsisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloen
Multi Lydia nominis
Romana vigui clarior Ilia.

Me nunc Thressa Chloë regit,
Dulces docta modos, et citharæ scieus;
Pro qua non metuam mori,
Si parcent animæ fata superstiti.

Me torret face mutua
Thurini Calais filius Ornyti;
Pro quo bis patiar mori,
Si parcent puero fata superstiti.

Quid, si prisca redit Venus,
Diductosque jugo cogit æneō?
Si flava excutitur Chloë,
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?

Quamquam sidere pulchrior
Ille est, tu levior cortice, et improbo
Iracundior Adria;
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens,

ODE III. 10.

TO LYCE.

Twenty lines, stanzas.

Unlike the Lyce of Ode iv. 13, the lady to whom this name is given, as appears from this lyric, seems to have been of good position in society. It is a case very much like that of Asteria of the eighth ode of this book. Her husband was absent, but, unlike the faithful Gyges of that lyric, was false to Lyce. Certain persons aware of this, are hovering around her dwelling with serenades. The exposure and ridicule of the serenaders would be of service to Lyce, and Horace, as in many other odes, personates one of them, making him complain of the wind and cold without, and of her utter indifference within—a thing certainly not to the lady's discredit. We should understand that Horace did not engage in street demonstrations of this kind, scarcely reputable with the better classes, and not in keeping with the position of the secretary of Mæcenas. The date of the ode is probably 23 or 22 B.C. Francis and Martin retain stanzas and lines, also Lytton—the last smooth and of fine diction.

If Lyce drank of Tannais' stream,
A wife where jealous daggers gleam,
She scarce would close her cruel door,
And leave me to the North wind's roar.

The creaking gate, and whistling grove
Re-echo to the winds that rove
Around your mansion; deep snows lie
Frost-glazed beneath the winter's sky.

Abjure thy pride lest Venus frown,
Lest changeful Fortune's wheel run down;
Of Tuscan birth, thou scarce canst be
A cold and stern Penelope.

Alas, nor gifts nor prayers can move,
Nor the sad pallor born of love;
Thy husband false, thou left alone,
Nor songs nor sighs thou deign'st to own

Unyielding as the rigid oak,
Cruel as Moorish serpent's stroke,
O spare thy long worn suppliants, spare
The stoupy porch and wintry air.

Extremum Tannai si hiberes, Lyce,
Sævo nupta viro; me tamen asperas
Projectum ante fores objicere incolæ
Plorares Aquilouibus.

Audis quo strepitu janua, quo nemus
Inter pulchra satum tecta remugiat
Ventis, et positas ut glaciæ nives
Puro numine Jupiter?

Ingratam Veneri pone superbiam,
Ne currente retro funis eat rota.
Non te Penelopen difficilem procis
Tyrrhenus genuit parens.

O quamvis neque te mouera, nec preces,
Nec tinctus viola pallor amantium,
Nec vir Pieria pellice saucius
Curvat, supplicibus tuis

Parcas, nec, rigida mollior æsculo,
Nec Mauris animum mitior anguibus;
Non hoc seipsum erit liminis aut aquæ
Cœlestis patiens latus.

ODE III. 11.

TO LYDE.

Fifty-two lines, stanzas.

Some editions have "To Mercury" and some "To the Lyre," since these are invoked in the ode, which is, however, addressed to Lyde. She seems to have been a young lady of good position in society, and of fine culture, and our bard felt desirous of "gracefully reaching a case" like that of Chloe, in which a great deal of interest was felt by himself and by others. Lyde ought now to enter into the life around her, and the poet asks Mercury and the Lyre to inspire something that shall reach her soul, playfully threatening her with the punishments of Hades if she remains obdurate. The ode weaves into itself the traditions of Amphion and of Orpheus, and tells beautifully the story of the daughters of Danaus. The date is uncertain—as late probably as 23 or 22 B.C. So fine an ode is worthy of more translations than we have found.

Lytton (very smooth) preserves lines and stanzas. Francis arranges in couplets (eights and tens), adding four lines. Martin retains stanzas, is in tens (elegiac), and of fine diction.

God of Amphion's sounding lyre,
Rocks and stones thou didst inspire;
Thou my harp, once voiceless shell,
Taught thy seven-fold chord to swell,

Pleasing now in skilful hand
Banquet-halls and temples grand,
Say, O say, what tender strain
Place in Lyde's ear shall gain?

Wild as filly in the fields,
Scarcely to a touch she yields,
From th' approach of man she flies,
For no lover yet she sighs.

Thou canst make fierce tigers mild,
Thou canst tame the forest wild,
Stay the streams as on they rave,
Soothe the dog of Stygian wave,

Charm the list'ning snakes that spread
Furious forms to guard his head,
Cause to cease the venom'd flow
From his three-tongued jaws below;

Ixion smiles upon his wheel,
Nor his pains does Tityon feel,
Danaus' daughters rest awhile,
Numbers sweet their toils beguile.

8

Mercuri, nam te docilis magistro
Movit Amphion lapides cauendo,
Tuque, Testudo, resonare septem
Callida nervis,

Nec loquax olim neque grata, nuuc et
Divitum mensis et amica templis;
Dic modos, Lyde quibus obstinatas
Applicet aures.

Quæ, velint latis equa trima campis,
Ludit exultim, metuitque tangi,
Nuptiarum expers, et adhuc protervo
Cruda marito.

Tu potes tigres comitesque silvas
Ducere, et rivos celeres inorari,
Cessit immanis tibi blandienti
Janitor aula,

Cerberus, quamvis furiale centum
Muniant angues caput ejus, atque
Spiritus teter saniesque manet
Ore trilingui.

Quin et Ixion Tityosque vultu
Risit invito; stetit urna paulum
Sicca, dum grato Danaï puellas
Carmine mulces.

ODE III. 11.

Let fair Lyde hear the pains
Suffered in those Stygian plains—
Ever empty stands the cask,
Always filling—endless task ;

Orcus surely comes though late,
Cruel virgins meet their fate,
Impious they, hard-hearted maids,
Striking with their steely blades.

One alone could worthy prove,
Grandly false she yields to love,
Noble souls shall have their meed,
Future ages mark the deed.

" Rise, O rise," she whispers low,
" Lest some treacherous, deadly blow
Endless sleep shall bring to thee,
Perjured father, sisters, flee ;

As the lion tears the hart,
They will tear thy limbs apart,
Softer in my soul than they,
Doors nor daggers force thy stay.

Cruel chains my limbs shall wear
Pitying thee my heart's best care,
Borne from this my native land,
Left on Afric's desert sand.

Go where winds shall waft thy feet,
Go while night and love permit,
Bear fond memories of my doom,
Grave the story on my tomb."

Audiat Lyde scelus atque notas
Virginum pœnas, et inane lymphæ
Dolium fundo pereuntis imo,
Seraque fata,

Quæ manent culpas etiam sub Orco.
Implæ, nam quid potuere majus ?
Implæ sponso potuere duro
Perdere ferro.

Una de multis, facie nuptiali
Digna, perjurum fuit in parentem
Splendide mendax, et in omne virgo
Nobilis ævum,

" Surge," quæ dixit juveni marito.
" Surge, ne longus tibi somnus, unde
Non times, detur ; socerum et scelestas
Falle sorores ;

Quæ, velut nactæ vitulos leonæ,
Singulos, eheu ! lacerant. Ego, illis
Mollior, nec te priam, neque intra
Claustra tenebo.

Me pater sævis oneret catenis,
Quod viro clemens misero peperci ;
Me vel extremos Numidarum in agros
Classe releget.

I, pedes quo te rapiunt et aune,
Dum favet nox et Venus ; I secundo
Omine ; et nostri memorem sepulcro
Scalpe querelam."

ODE III. 12.

TO NEOBULE.

Ten equal lines.

This ode stands alone in its metre, and has been the occasion of discussion among the editors as to its proper shape. Some arrange it in three stanzas of four lines each, as Orelli and Yonge. Others make four stanzas of three lines each, as Lytton—twelve lines, yet differing from the Delphiu editors who also arrange as an ode of twelve lines. We follow those editions which present the lyric as of ten equal lines, each containing sixteen syllables, using in our translation a somewhat longer line than is customary with us. Nothing is known of Neobule outside of this ode. It seems to be an expression of sympathy with a young female friend, who had become interested in a youth not unworthy of her. She was opposed by her uncle, who was probably her legal guardian. Such an ode might assist Neobule materially, by bringing to the notice of others the conduct of the uncle, and the merits of the young man, thus using the power of public opinion. The date is not later than 24 B.C. Francis adds six lines. Martin arranges in thirty short lines. Lytton (in four three-line stanzas) treats the ode as a soliloquy of Neobule.

'T is woe indeed to feel love's shafts, nor yield thee to their power,
Nor yet with Bacchus' tempered draughts, to chase the cares that lower;
Thy guardian uncle frowns and storms, while Venus' wingèd Boy,
And not Minerva's skilful forms, thy heart and soul employ,
For Hebrus from Lipari's coast is Neobule's dream,
Whose athlete form new grace shall boast, when laved in Tiber's stream.
Bellerophon himself rode not, a better, braver knight,
Nor sad defeat was e'er his lot in race or gauntlet fight,
The flying deer shall dread his darts, and yield the eager chase.
And the swift boar his cunning starts, he conquers in the race.

Miserarum est, neque Amori dare ludum, neque dulci
Mala vino lavare; aut exanimari metuentes
Patruæ verbera linguæ. Tibi qualum Cythereæ
Puer ales, tibi telas, operosæque Minervæ
Studium aufert, Neobule, Liparei nitor Hebri,
Simul unctos Tiberinis humeros lavit in undis,
Eques ipso melior Bellerophonte, neque pugno
Neque segni pede victus; catus idem per apertum
Fugientes agitato grege cervos jaculari, et
Celer alto latitantem fruticeto excipere aprum.

ODR III 13.

TO THE FOUNTAIN BANDUSIA.

Sixteen lines, stanzas.

This beautiful little ode has furnished occasion for much discussion as to locality. Some authorities (Orelli and Maclean) place the fountain in Apulia, not far from Venusia the birthplace of Horace, connecting it with the Aufidus, a distance of about one hundred miles from the Sabine farm. To others this appears too far away, since he could but rarely visit it. These, therefore (Tate, Acron, and Chapuy), place the fountain on the Sabine farm, its waters from some tributary of the Digentia which bordered the poet's land, and which he could easily reach for the sacrifice of "to-morrow" (Cras, stanza first). Bandusia was probably the name both of the fountain and of the presiding Nymph. The date would be as late as 26 or 25 B.C.—when there was "fame" to give.

Among the translations we notice the following: J. Wharton, 1776 (smooth, without rhyme), adds four lines. James Beattie (finely written) adds twelve lines. Hobhouse, 1805, adds two lines. Lytton and Martin preserve stanzas and lines. Francis (very smooth) adds four lines.

Bandusia fair, than glass more clear,
Worthy of wine and flowers,
To-morrow yields from teeming fields
A kid for thy sweet bowers.

The horns that swell, his future tell
Of love and battle, vain—
Poured out to thee, high destiny,
His blood thy rills shall stain.

The burning rays of summer days
Touch not thy shady brink,
Where wearied ox, and panting flocks
Delicious coolness drink.

Sweet Fount, thy name goes down to fame,
Thy rustling oaks my lay,
And rocky seams with babbling streams
That pour the livelong day.

O fons Bandusiae, splendidior vitro,
Dulci digne mero, non sine floribus,
Cras donaberis haedo,
Cui frons turgida cornibus

Primis et Venerem et prœlia destinat;
Frustra; nam gelidos iuficiet tibi
Rubro sanguine rivos
Lascivi soboles gregia.

Te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculae
Nescit tangere; tu frigus amabile
Fessis vomere tauris
Præbes, et pecori vago.

Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,
Me dicente cavis inpositam illicem
Saxis, unde loquaces
Lymphae desiliunt tuæ.

ODE III. 14.

TO THE ROMANS.

Twenty-eight lines, stanzas.

The return of Augustus from his Spanish expedition in the eighth year of his reign, 24 B.C., was a joyful and an important occasion, and the wife and the sister of the Emperor, and those who had husbands and sons returned from the wars, and indeed all are called upon to give thanks to the Gods for these things, and for the peace and order that were settling down upon the empire. All that portion of the ode that relates to the public part of the celebration possesses much lyrical beauty, and from the closing stanzas we learn that Horace was to celebrate the occasion in a quiet way at home. The date is of course 24 B.C. Francis adds fourteen lines. Martin (very smooth) adds eight, while Lytton renders in twenty-eight lines.

'T was said, O People, Cæsar sought
Laurels by death not dearly bought—
Like Hercules a conqueror found,
He comes from Spain with victory crowned.

O wife of him who peerless stands,
Thank the just Gods with generous hands;
Thou, sister of our nation's boast,
Devoutly lead the suppliant host.

Mothers of sons that safe return,
Let grateful flames on altars burn;
Ye youths and maidens, fillets bind,
And fling ill omens to the wind.

This day, a festal day to me,
Shall end dark cares—nor land nor sea
While Cæsar reigns shall tumult know,
Nor violence deal her fatal blow.

Come, boy, perfumes and chaplets bear,
And wine that knew the Marsian war,
If any cask escaped the hands
Of Spartacus' marauding bands.

Næra with her lyre be found,
Her hair with myrrh in knots be bound,
Should surly porters cause delay,
Resent it not but haste away.

Gray hairs tame down the love of strife,
The spirits sink with length'ning life,
This scarce my youthful blood could bear,
When Plancus filled the Consul's chair.

Herculis ritu modo dictus, O Plebs,
Morte venalem petiisse laurum,
Cæsar Hispana repetit Penates
Victor ab ora.

Unico gaudens mulier marito
Prodeat, justis operata sacris;
Et soror clari ducis, et decoræ
Supplice vitta

Virginum matres, juvenumque nuper
Sospitum. Vos, O pueri, et puellæ
Jam virum expertæ, male ominatis
Percite verbis.

Hic dies vere mihi festus atras
Eximet curas; ego nec tumultum,
Nec mori per vim metuam, tenente
Cæsare terras.

I, pete unguentum, puer, et coronas,
Et cadum Marsi memorem duelli,
Spartacum si qua potuit vagantem
Fallere testa.

Dic et argutæ properet Næaræ
Myrrheum nodo cohibere crinem;
Si per invisum mora janitorem
Fiet, abito.

Lenit albescens animos capillus
Litium et rixæ cupidos protervæ;
Non ego hoc ferrem, calidus juvenis,
Consule Planco.

ODE III. 15.

TO CHLORIS.

Sixteen lines, couplets.

What could inspire this lyric regarded merely as an imitation, without any basis of fact, we cannot conceive. We can, however, easily understand it as aimed at some existing evil. In odes of this kind, where the real character of the person addressed is so sharply drawn, it is natural to suppose that Horace meant to render good service to others by these strongly painted pictures, and this is their true explanation. Circumstances unknown to us may have given to the lyric a social and moral value which we cannot appreciate. Some evils might be reached in this way, which would be inaccessible by any other, and this stinging ode might alone reach the case of Chloris the "wife of Ibycus." The date is unknown—probably as late as 24 B.C. Francis preserves the couplet form in sixteen lines. Martin arranges in stanzas, adding four lines. Both yield we think somewhat in diction to Lytton (also in stanzas), who is in sixteen lines.

O wife of Ibycus, some bound
To your base courses should be found ;
Brought by your age to death so near,
Mingle no more with virgins fair,
Like a dark cloud 'mid stars on high,
Spreading its blackness on the sky.
What may become your daughter well,
Of Chloris 't were a shame to tell ;
She may the wild procession lead,
With timbrel's clash the streets may tread ;
And show—though Nothus scarce returns—
The passion that within her burns.
Lucerian looms befit you well,
Not feasts where harps their music swell,
And wreaths of roses scent the breeze,
And casks drained to the very lees.

Uxor pauperis Ibyci,
Tandem nequitie fige modum tuæ,
Famosisque laboribus ;
Mature propior desine funeri
Inter ludere virgines,
Et stellis nebulam spargere candidis.
Non si quid Pholoën satis,
Et te, Chlōri, decet ; filia rectius
Expugnat juvenum domos,
Pulso Thyias uti concita tympano.
Illam cogit amor Notbi
Lascivæ similem ludere cypreæ ;
Te lænæ prope nobilem
Tonse Luceriam, non cithere, decent,
Nec flos purpureus rosæ,
Nec poti vetulani, facce tenuis cadi.

ODE III. 16.

TO MÆCENAS.

Forty-four lines, stanzas.

This ode belongs to the class described in the note to this book, as designed to aid in the social and moral reforms instituted by Augustus, thus making the date from 29 to 26 B.C. The bard weaves into the lyric as from a sort of text, the story of Danaë and the brazen tower, referring to well-known historical facts, which show the power of gold over men. The fact that Mæcenas remained in his rank as a "Knight" is sympathizingly alluded to in the fifth stanza. His own moderate condition of life is dwelt upon with great beauty of thought and diction. Samuel Jay's paraphrase, 1720 (well written), adds thirty-six lines. Francis (no stanzas) adds eight lines, while Martin preserves stanzas and lines, as also Lytton.

Shut within the brazen tower,
Doors of matchless strength and power,
Sleepless dogs, strict watch and ward,
Who shall pass the maiden's guard—

Trembling father, dost thou see,
Jove and Venus laugh at thee;
Golden bribe shall find the way
Safe and open night and day.

Gold walks with the sentinel,
Strikes thro' walls with blow as fell
As the lightning's.—Argive wife
Gold-bought, gave the Augur's life.

City gates it opeu flings,
Gold subdued the rival kings,
Not the man of Macedon,
Gold our Roman leaders won.

Cares on growing riches wait,
Thirst for more our certain fate,
And Mæcenas, Knight, I dread,
Lifting too conspicuous head.

On the man who self denies,
Blessings fall from kindly skies;
Poor I camp among the poor,
Exiled from the rich man's door.

Grander on my narrower soil,
Than if hard Apulian toil
Filled my barns from Ceres' floors,
Needy 'mid the treasured stores.

Inclusam Danaën turris ænea,
Robustæque fores, et vigilum canum
Tristes excubiae munierant satis
Nocturnis ab adulteris,

Si non Acrisium, virginis abditæ
Custodem pavidum, Jupiter et Venus
Risissent; fore enim tutum iter et patens
Converso in pretium deo.

Aurum per medios ire satellites,
Et perrumpere amat saxa potentius
Ictu fulmineo. Concidit auguris
Argivi domus, ob lucrum

Demersa exitio. Diffidit urbium
Portas vir Macedo, et subruit æmulos
Reges muneribus. Munera navium
Sævos illaqueant duces.

Crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam,
Majorumque fames. Jure perhorru
Late conspicuum tollere verticem,
Mæcenas equitum decus.

Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
Ab Dis plura feret. Nil cupientium
Nudus castra peto, et transfuga divitum
Partes linquere gestio;

Contemptæ dominus splendidior rei,
Quam si, quidquid arat impiger Apulus,
Occultare meis diceret horreis,
Magnas inter opes inops.

ODE III. 16.

Gentle stream, and pleasant wood,
Crops a sure supply of food—
Happier lot than splendor yields
Sought in fertile Afric's fields.

Nor Calabria lend her bees,
Nor my wine on Formian lees
Rests and mellows, nor shall feed
Flocks of mine in Gallic mead.

Yet no pinching want I feel,
Thou wouldst answer such appeal,
And my modest income grows
By the fewer wants it knows.

They who always pine for more,
Would be poor with Cæsus' store,
Blessed is he to whom is given
Just enough by frugal Heaven.

Paræ rivus aquæ, silvaque jugerum
Paucorum, et sægetis certa fides meæ,
Fulgentem imperio fertilis Africæ
Fallit sorte beatior.

Quamquam nec Calahra: mella ferunt apes
Nec Læstrygonia Bacchus in amphora
Languescit mihi, nec pinguis Gallicis
Crescunt valleræ pascuis ;

Importuna tamen pauperies abest ;
Nec si plura velim, tu dare deneges.
Contracto melius parva cupidine
Vectigalia porrigam,

Quam si Mygdoniis regnum Alyattel
Campis continuum. Multa petentibus
Desunt multa. Bene est cui Deus obtulit
Parca, quod satis est, manu.

ODE III. 17.

TO LAMIA.

Sixteen lines, stanzas.

This playful little effusion is addressed to the Lamia of Ode 1. 26, to the introductory note of which the reader is referred, as containing items of interest respecting this descendant of ancient Lamus. We retain the four lines from the second to the sixth, considered by some scholars as not belonging to the ode. The poet advises Lamia to spend the next day in a joyful manner at home, and to give his slaves a holiday. An aged crow has forewarned the bard, from his abode on the farm, of a coming storm. Some of the modern critics are disposed to rally the poet as having invited himself to dine with his friend. Doubtless Lamia was well pleased to have it so, especially as a day's notice was given. The finished diction of the ode has been remarked upon by scholars. The date from 26 to 23 B.C. Martin adds two lines. Francis and Lytton retain stanzas and lines.

From royal Lamus is thy name,
From whom the former Lamia came,
Hence too the later races spring,
For thus the faithful annals sing.

That all from that great Founder rose
Who Formia built, where Liris flows
Winding through fair Marica's shore—
A wide and princely rule he bore.

To-morrow forest leaves will fly,
And seaweed on the shore will lie,
A tempest comes from eastern sea,
So bodes my aged crow to me.

Dry wood prepare, for sacred fane
A two-months porker shall be slain,
And wine shall cheer to-morrow's board,
And let thy slaves share with their lord.

Æli, vetusto nobilis ab Lamo,
Quando et priores hinc Lamias ferunt
Denominatos, et nepotum
Per memores genus omne fastos;

Auctore ab illo ducis originem,
Qui Formiarum mœnia dicitur
Princeps et innantem Maricæ
Litoribus tenuisse Lirim,

Late tyrannus. Cras foliis nemus
Multis et alga litus inutili
Demissa tempestas ab Euro
Sternet, aquæ nisi fallit augur

Annosa cornix. Dum potis, aridum
Compone lignum; cras Genium mero
Curabis et porco biuestri,
Cum famulis operum solutis.

ODE III. 18.

TO FAUNUS.

Sixteen lines, stanzas.

This is one of the religious odes referred to in the Introduction—a hymn to Faunus upon the return of his festival on the Nones or fifth of December. The poet invokes a favorable influence for his flocks and fields before Faunus shall depart for his favorite Arcadia where he is to spend the winter till February, when his return to Italy would take place, and his festival receive its celebration on the thirteenth of that month. We notice the usual offerings to the rural deities, a kid, wine, and incense—stanza second. We notice also that the fields are yet green, although the trees have lost some of their foliage, shed for Faunus, as the bard gracefully asserts. The year of the ode is unknown. Rev. T. Wharton, 1752 (fine diction), is without rhyme. George Dyer preserves stanzas and lines. Francis and Martin (no stanzas, the latter very graceful) add eight lines, while Lytton (with stanzas) is in sixteen lines.

Faunus, whom the fair Nymphs fly,
Bend once more propitious eye
On my flocks and sunny lands,
Ere thou goest to other straits.

Tender kid shall stain the ground,
Love-inspiring cups abound,
Aged altars incense burn,
As the circling months return.

Through the fields the flocks yet stray,
Verdant in December's day,
Wearied ox in meadow sleeps,
Festal time the village keeps.

Wolf and lamb rest on the lea,
Trees their foliage shed for thee,
In the dance with furious mirth
Ploughmen stamp the hated earth.

Faune, Nympharum fugientum amator,
Per meos fines et aprica rura
Lenis incedas abeasque parvis
Æquus alumnis

Si tener pleno cadit hædus anno,
Larga uce desunt Veneris sodali
Viua crateræ, vetus ara multo
Fumat colore

Ludit herboso pecus omne campo,
Quum tibi Nona redeunt Decembres;
Festus in pratis vacat otioso
Cum bove pagus

Inter audaces lupo errat agnos,
Spargit agrestes tibi silva frondes,
Gaudet inuisam pepulisse fossor
Ter pede terram

ODE III. 19.

TO TELEPHUS.

Twenty-eight lines, couplets.

Licinius Murena of Ode II. 10, is the Murena mentioned in this lyric as elected Augur, in honor of which election a feast was given by some of his friends, Telephus being chief among them, and probably the giver of the feast. The year is not known, except that it was before 22 B.C. in which Murena was put to death for conspiracy. At this feast (not a proper place) Telephus, learned in history, is supposed to have introduced matters of that kind. Horace (probably feast-master for the occasion) breaks in upon him with questions about the price of wine, and the heating of water and of the rooms. He then directs the feast as to cups, and flowers, and music, and general rejoicing. Rhode is mentioned at the close as now connected with Telephus, and Glycera, for whom the bard professes that he is always dying on account of unrequited love. Francis preserves the couplet form of the ode, while Martin and Lytton arrange in stanzas, the latter (a rare thing) adding four lines.

From Iuachus, the time how far
To Codrus brave to die in war,
Great Æacus with noble race,
And Troy's sad fate—all this you trace;
But what for Chian do we pay,
And who shall warm our water, pray,
And who shall keep the house from chills
Fresh from Pelignian wintry hills?
Here boy, a cup for the new Moon,
Another for the Night's dark noon,
And now for our new Augur bring
Three cups or nine—a mystic ring—
'T is numbers odd our bards inspire,
The Muses nine, nine cups require;
The stricter graces pause at three,
More brings but strifes and revelry,
And these the gentle Sisters fear,
Symbolic bond of love they wear.
Now wake our mirth, let soft flutes play,
Nor pipe and lyre forget their lay,
Your bounteous hands be filled with flowers,
Nor roses spare, our joyous hours
Shall Lycus hear, and she so fair,
To Lycus joined—an ill-matched pair.
Thee with thy shining locks as bright,
O Telephus, as star of night,
Now Rhode seeks—I pine away,
Nor does the fair my sighs repay.

Quantum distet ab Inacho
Codrus, pro patria non timidus mori,
Narras et genus Æaci,
Et pugnata sacro bella sub Illo;
Quo Chium pretio cadum
Mercesur, quis aquam temperet ignibus,
Quo præbente domum et quota
Pelignis caream frigoribus, taces.
Da Lunæ propere novæ,
Da Noctis mediæ, da, puer, auguris
Murenæ; tribus aut novem
Miscentor cyathis, pocula commodis.
Qui Musas amat imparcs,
Ternos ter cyathos atque itus petet
Vates; tres prohibet supra
Rixarum metueus tangere Gratia,
Nudis juncta sororibus.
Insanire juvat; cur Berecynthiæ
Cessant flamina tibis?
Cur pendet tacita fistula cum lyra?
Parcentes ego dexteras
Odi; sparges rosas; audeat invidus
Dementem strepitum Lycus
Et vicina seni non habilis Lyeo.
Spissa te nitidum coma,
Puro te similem, Telephe, Vespero,
Tempestiva petit Rhode;
Me lentus Glycæræ torret amor mense.

ODE III. 20.

TO PYRRHUS.

Sixteen lines, stanzas.

This is one of the five odes referred to in the Introduction, as recognizing the existence of certain facts in the society around Horace, happily unknown to our better times. The date of the lyric and the persons mentioned in it are unknown. It seems to be a humorous sketch of a contest between a male and female acquaintance of the poet, for the possession of a certain youth Nearchus, in which Pyrrhus is the aggressor. The youth sits fanning himself in the shade, perfectly indifferent as to the result. This indifference is, we think, the special point of the ode. The bard thus intimates that such as Nearchus, in conflict as they are with the best laws of nature, are not capable of a true and proper affection for any one. They must care but little, as in the case before us, into whose hands they may be thrown. In the same way the poet refers to Lycidas and Ifigurius (Odes 1. 4. and IV. 1, also IV. 10.), regarding them as somehow out of place in nature and in society. Francis retains lines and stanzas, Martin adds six lines, while Lytton omits the ode.

Does Pyrrhus see what dangers press,
Should he attack this lioness?
Hard contests, short, inglorious stay,
A robber's flight, and soul dismay.

Thro' crowds she rushes from her lair,
Seeking to guard Nearchus fair,
A conflict grand, whether the field
To you or her the spoils shall yield.

You draw sharp arrows for the fight,
She whets her teeth all gleaming bright—
The youthful cause meanwhile is calm,
Sets his soft foot upon the palm,

And gently fans his shoulders fair,
Covered with curls of scented hair,
Like Nireus beauteous as the morn,
Or Ganymede from Ida borne.

Non vides, quanto moveas periclo,
Pyrrhe, Græulæ catulæ leonæ?
Dura post paulo fugies inaudax
Prælia raptor.

Quum per obstantes juvenum catervas
Ibit insiguem repetens Nearchum;
Grande certamen, tibi præda cedat
Major an illi.

Interim, dum tu celeras sagittas
Promis, hæc dentes acuit timendos,
Arbiter pugnæ posuisse nudo
Sub pede palmam

Fertur, et leni recreare vento
Sparsum odoratis humerum capillis;
Qualis aut Nireus fuit, aut aquosa
Raptus ab Ida.

ODE III. 21.

TO HIS JAR.

Twenty-four lines, stanzas.

M. Valerius Messala Corvinus, usually named Messala, was one of the most distinguished men of that age, soldier, orator, poet; he is to visit our bard. There will be much to talk about, for Messala had fought at Philippi, the third in command, and had almost taken Octavius a prisoner in that battle. He joined Antony, but left him when that general conspired with Cleopatra, and helped to win for Octavius the battle of Actium. He had studied with Horace at Athens, which is finely alluded to in the third stanza, where he is spoken of as having "drunk Socratic speech." Horace calls on his best jar for wine worthy of the occasion. It is as old as himself (forty years), and wine properly used is a blessing, and Gods and Graces are to be present. The date (first stanza) is 26 B.C. Rowe's paraphrase adds twenty-eight lines. Francis (sevens) and Martin (eights) give fine translations, each adding fourteen lines, without stanzas. Lytton (very smooth) retains stanzas, and is in twenty-four lines.

Born with me, O kindly Jar,
Sealed in Manlius' time afar,
Mingling strangely in thy life,
Joy, grief, soft sleep, love, and strife,

Keeping well thy vintage choice,
On this honored day rejoice,
For Corvinus now descend,
All thy Massic fragrance lend.

He has drunk Socratic speech,
Yet will learn what thou shalt teach;
Cato's virtue as we know,
Caught from thee a warmer glow.

Natures hard, in festive hour
Feel full oft thy genial power,
Wisest plans by mortals laid
Merry Bacchus has betrayed.

Yet to many a fainting heart
Thou dost hope and strength impart,
Braving through thy potent charm
Monarch's frown and war's alarm.

Bacchus come, and Venus fair,
Graces, hand in hand appear,
And the lamps shall pour their light
Till the stars shall take their flight.

O nata mecum consule Manlio,
Seu tu querelas, sive geris jocos,
Seu rixam et insanos amores,
Seu facilem pia, Testa, somnum,

Quocunque lætum nomine Massicum
Servas, moveri digna bono die,
Descende, Corvino jubente
Promere languidiora vina.

Non ille, quamquam Socraticis madet
Sermonibus, te negliget horridus;
Narratur et prisei Catonis
Sæpe mero caluisse virtus.

Tu lene tormentum ingenio admoves
Plerumque duro; tu sapientium
Curas et arcanum jocoso
Consilium retegis Lyco;

Tu spem reducis mentibus anxiiis
Viresque; et addis cornua pauperi,
Post te neque iratos trementi
Regum apices, neque militum arma.

Te Liber, et si læta aderit, Venus,
Segnesque nodum solvere Gratia,
Vivæque producent lucernæ,
Dum rediens fugat astra Phœbus.

ODE III. 22.

TO DIANA.

Eight lines, stanzas.

We see no reason why we may not suppose that some event had occurred in the household of Horace, giving rise to this ode of thanksgiving and dedication. It was a household in which, as in others, marriages existed, and were encouraged between the servants of the family. He consecrates to the Goddess with a yearly feast and sacrifice (in this case a wild animal) the pine tree overshadowing his dwelling. One of the prayers of the *Sæcular Hymn* (fourth stanza) invokes the assistance of this Goddess, under the name of *Ilithyia*, for the hour of childbirth—a prayer as appropriate for this little ode as for the grander hymn. The date is unknown. Francis adds two lines, Martin translates in fourteen short lines, while Lytton retains the general form and length of the ode.

O *Virgia* fair, to whom the care
Of mountain, grove, and plain,
Thrice-called, thy power in childbirth's hour
Hath saved from death and pain.

Thus shadowing pine henceforth be thine,
Each year shall stain the ground
With wild boar's blood, that haunts the wood,
And gives the sidelong wound.

*Montium custos nemorumque, Virgo,
Quæ laborantes utero puellas
Ter vocata audis, adinisque leto,
Diva triformis ;*

*Imminens villæ tuæ pinus esto,
Quam per exactos ego lætus annos
Verris obliquum meditantis ictum
Sanguine donem.*

ODE III. 23.

TO PHIDYLE.

Twenty lines, stanzas.

This ode, although not addressed to any God, is valuable to us as setting forth those moral principles which entered into the worship of intelligent and thoughtful Romans, a class which Horace would represent, and which must have grown out of the religious sentiment of our nature and the "Law written in the heart." The phase and quality of this religious feeling are well illustrated by the closing stanzas. Phidyle probably lived in the country not far from Horace, and had evidently thought on the subject of worship. The bard says to her—let those who are able to do so, bring costly victims to the altars. The Gods will accept the simple cake and salt at your hands if a sincere and pious heart come with the offering. The date is unknown—from 29 to 24 B.C. Francis, Martin, and Lytton retain stanzas and lines, an unusual unanimity—all very smooth.

When thou lift'st thy hands to heaven
At New Moon, to Lars be given,
Phidyle, first fruits of earth,
Myrrh, and swine of yearling birth ;

So thy vines shall feel no pest,
On thy fields no blight shall rest,
And thy tender flocks shall graze
Safe from blasts of autumn days.

Costly victims doomed to bleed,
Snow-capped Algidos shall feed
'Midst its oaks, or Alban field
Rich in herds and pastures, yield ;

Care not if no bullock slain
Shall the priestly axes stain,
Be thy humble statues found
Or with rose or myrtle crowned.

If pure hands the altars touch,
Just as pleased the Gods with such
When the cake and salt they bring,
As with sumptuous offering.

Cælo supinas si tuleris manus
Nascente Luna, rustica Phidyle,
Si thure placaris et horna
Frugè Lares, avidaque porca ;

Nec pestilentem sentiet Africum
Fecunda vitis, nec sterilem seges
Robiginem, aut dulces alumni
Pomifero grave tempus anno.

Nam, quæ nivali pascitur Algido
Devota quercus inter et ilices,
Aut crescit Albanis in herbis,
Victima, pontificum secures

Cervice tinget ; te nihil attinet
Tentare multa cæde bidentium
Parvos coronantem marino
Rore deos fragilique myrto.

Immunis aram si tetigit manus,
Non sumptuosa blandior hostia
Mollivit aversos Penates
Farre pio et salicute mica.

It being generally agreed that this is one of the odes designed to assist Octavius in the work of civil and social reform, we may place its date as early as 29 B.C. It contains some fine passages. Horace inveighs strongly against the tendency to extravagance, the degradation of the poorer classes, and the laxity of the laws and of morals. Without being named, Octavius is entreated to hasten on the reformation so much needed. The closing picture of morals, like that of ode sixth, is not flattering to the Romans. Lytton arranges in stanzas, Francis retains the couplet form, while Martin is in paragraphs, and adds eight lines.

Though richer than the untouched stores
Of Araby, or India's shores,
Tho' thou couldst build o'er all the sands
Of Tyrrhene and Apulian strands,
If these proud piles in fateful hour
Were touched by some destructive power,
Thou couldst not free thy soul from fear,
Nor bribe stern Death if he were near.
The Scythians of the boundless plain,
Whose wandering homes no rest can gain,
Live better far, or Getæ rude,
Whose wild unmeasured lands give food,
And fruits and harvests freely bear,
No culture longer than a year,
One comes and labors and is gone,
The quick succession following on.
There, second wife with generous heart
Truly fulfils a mother's part,
No portioned spouse the sceptre sways,
Nor home for lover's sake betrays,
Their dower the virtue of their sires,
Their honor strictest faith inspires
T'ward whom the wifely pledge is made,
Of crime more than of death afraid.
Ah! who shall take our guilt away,
Who impious wars and rage shall stay,
Whose statues honored names shall bear,
"Father of Cities."—Let him dare
Unbridled license to restrain,
For future praise his work not vain—
Alas, we hate the good while here,
Removed from earth we hold them dear.
Why do we utter sad complaints?
Crime goes unchecked by law's restraints,

Intactis opuleutior
Thesauris Arabum, et divitis Indię,
Cementis licet occupes
Tyrrhenum omne tuis, et mare Apulicum,
Si figit adamantinos
Summis verticibus dira Necessitas
Clavos, non animum metu,
Non Mortis laqueis expedies caput.
Campestres melius Scythię,
Quorum plaustra vagas rite trahunt domos,
Vivunt, et rigidi Getę,
Immetata quibus jugera libera
Fruges et Cererem ferunt,
Nec cultura placet longior annua,
Defunctumque laboribus
Æquali recreant sorte vicarius.
Illic matre carentibus
Privignis mulier temperat innocens;
Nec dotata regit virum
Conjux, nec nitido fudit adultero;
Dos est magna parentium
Virtus, et metuens alterius viri
Certo fœdere castitas,
Et peccare nefas, aut pretium est mori.
O quisquis volet impias
Cædes, et rabiem tollere civicam,
Si queret Pater Urbium
Subscribi statuis, indomitam audent
Refrenare licentiam,
Clarus postgenitis, quatenus, licu nefas,
Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis querimus invidi,
Quid tristes querimonie,
Si non supplicio culpa reciditur?

And what shall laws in aught avail—
 Vain forms when public morals fail.
 Nor tropic suns, nor arctic snows
 The merchant stays; no wind that blows
 The sailor keeps from stormy seas,
 A slave for luxury and ease.
 When poverty becomes a shame,
 What is not done to hide the name,
 What griefs and hardships do we take,
 And virtue's path at length forsake.
 Shall we to Jove as offerings bear
 (While favoring crowds our way shall cheer
 Or in the nearest ocean fling
 Our wealth, as vile and useless thing?
 If true repentance we desire,
 The roots of ill this sacred fire
 Must surely burn—the youthful mind
 Too tender, rougher nodes must find.
 The boy, untaught the course to speed,
 Can scarcely rein a noble steed,
 He dreads the hunt, more skilled to face
 The hoop or dice, than stag to chase.
 Meanwhile the father knows no rest,
 He cheats his partner, friend, and guest,
 Daily with perjured breath he swears,
 All to enrich unworthy heirs.
 His ill-got wealth may still increase,
 But to his soul there comes no peace,
 No fortune boundless greed can fill,
 Something is always wanting still.

Quid leges, sine moribus
 Vanæ, proficiunt, si neque fervidis
 Pars inclusa caloribus
 Mundi, nec Boreæ finitimum latus,
 Duratæque solo nives,
 Mercatorem abigunt, horrida callidi
 Vincunt æquora navitas?
 Magnum pauperies opprobrium jubet
 Quidvis et facere et pati,
 Virtutisque viam deserit ardua.
 Vel nos in Capitolium,
 Quo clamor vocat, et turba faventium,
 Vel nos in mare proximum
 Gemmas, et lapides, aurum et inutile,
 Summi materiem mali,
 Mittamus; scelerum si bene poenitet,
 Eradenda cupidinis
 Pravi sunt elementa; et teneræ nimis
 Mentes asperioribus
 Formanda studiis. Nescit equo rudis
 Harere ingenuus puer,
 Venarique timet; ludere doctior,
 Sen Græco jubeas trocho,
 Seu malis vetita legibus alea;
 Quum perjura patris fides
 Consortem socium fallat, et hospitium,
 Indignoque pecuniam
 Hæredi properet. Scilicet improba:
 Crescunt divitiæ; tamen
 Curiæ nescio quid semper abest rei.

ODE III. 25.

TO BACCHUS.

Twenty lines, couplets.

This is sometimes called a hymn to Bacchus, but it was not written for any religious occasion. It differs entirely in its structure and tone of thought from those which we know to have been used in the public worship. Doubtless some special triumph of Caesar (the taking of Alexandria is suggested) gave rise to the lyric, but the commentators place the date somewhat vaguely from 29 to 25 B.C. All agree, however, that it is a beautiful ode. The bard bestows the highest praise by declaring his inability, as in the ode to Agrippa, to bestow any. Borne along by the inspiration of Bacchus, he flies to woods, and grottos, and caves, like the priestess of Bacchus, "standing on some height, and rapt in ecstasy as she gazes on the beautiful landscape around her." He invokes the God to make him equal to the theme. Proctor (Barry Cornwall), 1831, translates in twenty-five lines. Francis retains the couplet form, and adds eight lines. Martin is in paragraphs, and adds twelve lines. Lytton arranges in stanzas—twenty lines.

Whither filled with Bacchus' fire,
Sweeps thro' wood and glen my lyre?
Scenes yet wilder shall it dare,
Whence its raptured strains shall bear
Mighty Caesar, as they rise,
Up to Jove and starry skies;
Deeds of grandeur I 'll rehearse,
Yet unsung in other verse.
As the Priestess rapt who stands
'Mid the hills of Thracia's lands,
Gazing on the Hebrus' flow,
Or on Rhodope's white snow,
Thus I roam 'mid groves and streams,
Lost in nature's beauteous dreams.
Thou who dost with strength inspire
Revvelling Naiads, wake my lyre,
Nothing small or low it brings,
'T is no mortal theme it sings,
Sweet the danger following Thee,
Vine-crowned from thy favorite tree.

Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui
Plenum? quæ nemora aut quos agor in specus
Velox mente nova? quibus
Antris egregii Caesaris audiar
Æternum meditans decus
Stellis inserere et consilio Jovis?
Dicam insigne, recens, adhuc
Indictum ore alio. Non secus iugis
Exsomnis stupet Evias
Hebrum prospiciens, et nive candidam
Thracen, ac pede barbaro
Lustratam Rhodopen, ut mihi devio
Ripas et vacuum nemus
Mirari libet. O Naiadum potens
Baccharumque valentium
Proceras manibus vertere fraxinos
Nil parvum aut humili modo,
Nil mortale loquar. Dulce periculum est.
O Lenice, sequi Deum
Cingentem virili tempora pampino.

ODE III. 26.

TO VENUS.

Twelve lines, stanzas.

In this lyric Horace personates one of those elderly men who ought to have done with outside love affairs at their time of life, and represents him as concluding at length to hang up his arms as an old soldier in the temple of Venus, and to give place to others. All the paraphernalia of serenaders are deposited on the left side of the temple. In the first ode of the next book, to Venus, the poet playfully alludes to this act of retirement. There is another purpose connected with this lyric. The bard prays to Venus (stanza third) that Chloe, of Ode i. 23, spoken of as timid and obdurate, might be brought under the power of love, thus intimating, as in the former ode to her, that she ought to leave home and enter into the social life around her. The date is unknown. Lytton is not unmindful of the finished diction of the original. Martin and Francis retain stanzas and lines.

Encamped till now on love's fair field,
Not without glory, here I yield
The arms for which no duty calls—
The left side of thy temple's walls,

O sea-born Venus, takes my lyre,
No more shall love its strains inspire,
Here, here the torches, swords, and bows,
Threat'ning no more when doors oppose.

Thou who dost o'er fair Cyprus reign,
And Memphis' warm and snowless plain,
Great Queen, with scourge uplifted high,
Touch once proud Chloe from the sky.

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus,
Et militavi non sine gloria;
Nunc arma defunctumque bello
Barbiton hic paries habebit,

Lævum marinæ qui Veneris latus
Custodit. Hic, hic ponite lucida
Funalia, et vectes, et arcus
Oppositis foribus minaces.

O quæ beatam, diva, tenes Cyprum, et
Memphin carentem Sithonia nive,
Regina, sublimi flagello
Tange Chloë'n semel arrogantem.

ODR III. 27.

TO GALATEA.

Seventy-six lines, stanzas.

We know nothing of Galatea, save that she was among those ladies with whom the social position of Horace enabled him to associate in honorable friendship, and whom he could ask to bear "kindly memories" of himself. About to visit Greece with her children, he warns her against "Adria's seas," comparing her to Europa crossing the waters, whose story is then gracefully told. The date of the ode is unknown. Francis and Lytton retain stanzas and lines. Martin adds eighteen lines.

Let impious souls bad omens fear,
When screeching owl or dog is near,
Or gray wolf, harbinger of ill,
Or fox from old Lanuvium's hill,

Or cunning serpent stops the way,
As in oblique and sinuous play
It shoots the path like arrow's flight,
The frightened steeds scarce bear the sight.

Far better auspices be thine,
Before the marsh-bird croaks his sign
Of coming storms, my prayers shall rise,
And ravens chant from eastern skies.

Happy thy home where'er it be,
And kindly memories bear of me,
Nor pye cross Galatea's way,
Nor wandering crow thy journey stay.

But know the dangers thou must brave,
Orion sets with troubled wave,
And well I know dark Adria's seas,
When false Iapyx lends the breeze.

The wives and children of our foes
Should feel the heaving billows' throes,
And hear the dark sea's dismal roar,
When tempests lash the trembling shore.

Europa thus her beauteous form
Trusted to ocean's wind and storm,
Crew pale as now the fraud appeared,
And treacherous bull and monsters feared.

In meadows lately, gathering flowers
For wreaths that hung in Nymphs' fair bow-
ers,

Now in the dimness of the night,
With nought but stars and waves in sight.

When she had touched the Cretan strand,
Whose hundred cities filled the land:
"Couldst thou a father then disown,
If passion piety o'erthrow?"

Impios parvæ recinentis omen
Ducat, et prægnañs canis, aut ab agro
Rava decurrans lupa Lanuvino,
Fetaque vulpes;

Rumpat et serpens iter institutum,
Si per obliquum similis sagittæ
Terruit uannos; ego cul timebo
Providus auxep,

Autequam stantes repetat paludes
Imbrium divina avis iuniventum,
Oscinem corum prece auscitabo
Solis ab ortu.

Sis licet felix, ubicunque mavis,
Et memor nostri, Galatea, vivas;
Teque nec lævus vetet ire picus,
Nec vaga cornix.

Sed vides, quanto trepidet tumultu
Pronus Orion. Ego quid sit ater
Adriæ, novi, sinus et quid albus
Peccet Iapyx.

Hostium uxores puerique cæcos
Sentiant motus orientis Austri, et
Æquoris nigri fremitum, et trementes
Verbere ripas.

Sic et Europe niveum doloso
Credidit tauro latus, et scamentem
Belluis pontum mediasque fraudes
Palluit aulax.

Nuper in pratis studiosa florum, et
Debitæ Nymphis opifex coronæ,
Nocte sublustri nihil astra præter
Vidit et undas.

Quæ simul centum tetigit potentem
Oppidis Creten: "Pater, O relictum
Filiæ nomen pietasque," dixit,
"Victa furore!"

ODE III. 27.

Whence do I come, and whither go?
 One death is not enough of woe;
 Do I deplore some real crime,
 Or does some dream delude the time,

Escaping from the ivory door,
 And o'er my head its terrors pour?
 Far worse thro' long, long seas to rove,
 Than gathering flowers in fragrant grove.

O would some Power now yield to me
 This treacherous carrier o'er the sea,
 The sword should pierce, or horns should
 break,
 Love turned to hate should vengeance take.

I left my Gods—ah, shameful day—
 I do not die—shameful delay—
 Ye Powers above, O cast me where
 Fierce lions shall my body tear!

Ere waste shall touch my cheek's bright glow,
 And from my tender limbs shall flow
 Life's tide, and bear me to the tomb,
 Let tigers feast upon my bloom.

Ah, vile! Thy father bids thee die,
 From whom thou didst ungrateful fly,
 This ash to thee its boughs shall lend,
 Thy girdle shall thy form suspend,

Or rocks and cliffs now sharp with death
 Shall take away thy lingering breath,
 Or wilt thou now the tempest brave,
 Or wilt thou live a royal slave,

Card wool, and dread a mistress' hand,
 Bought by some prince of barbarous land,"
 Perfidious Venus heard her cries,
 And smiled serene amid the skies,

And Cupid, now with bow unstrung,
 Then came these words divinely sung:
 Cease to indulge thine anger fierce,
 No horns shall break, no sword shall pierce;

Thou art the wife of mighty Jove,
 On thee he pours distinguished love,
 Now learn thy fortune and thy fame
 A Continent shall bear thy name.

Unde quo veni? Levis una mors est
 Virginum culpæ. Vigilansne ploro
 Turpe commissum, an vitii carentem
 Ludit imago

Vana, quæ porta fugiens eburna
 Somnium ducit? Meliusne fluctus
 Ire per longos fuit, an recentes
 Carpere flores?

Si quis infamem mihi nunc Juvenum
 Dedat iratæ, lacerare ferro et
 Frangere enitar modo multum amati
 Cornua monstri.

Impudens liqui patrios Penates;
 Impudens Orcum moror. O deorum
 Si quis hæc audis, utinam inter ceteros
 Nuda leones.

Autequam turpis macies deceutes
 Occupet malas, teneræque succus
 Defluat prædæ, speciosa quæro
 Pascere tigres.

Vilis Europe, pater urget absens;
 Quid mori cessas? Potes hæc ab orno
 Pendulum zona bene te secuta
 Lædere collum.

Sive te rupes et acuta leto
 Saxa delectant, age te procellæ
 Crede veloci, nisi herile mavis
 Carpere pensum,

Regius sanguis, dominæque tradi
 Barbaræ pellex." Aderat querenti
 Perfidum ridens Venus, et remisso
 Filius arcu.

Mox, ubi lusit satis: Abstineto,
 Dixit, irarum calidæque rixæ,
 Cum tibi invidus laceranda reddet
 Cornua taurus;

Uxor invicti Jovis esse nescis;
 Mitte singultis, bene ferre magnam
 Disce fortunam; tua sectus orbis
 Nomina ducet.

ODE III. 28.

TO LYDE.

Sixteen lines, couplets.

Lyde is older now than when addressed in the eleventh ode of this book, an elegantly written lyric, rich in learning and poetic beauty, in which it resembles the preceding ode, and also in telling gracefully an old mythological story. Lyde had probably invited the poet to her house for the festival of Neptune, which fell on the twenty-eighth of July. The ode, as one suggests, is a reply to the invitation, and possibly he may have brought it with him. She must bring out her oldest jar, sealed in the Consulate of Bibulus, and enter with him into the festivities of the occasion. The date is placed as late as 22 B.C. Lytton and Martin arrange in stanzas, the latter adding eight lines, while Francis retains the couplet form of the ode, and adds two lines.

Would Lyde grace great Neptune's day?
 Draw forth the wine long stored away,
 And wake the Cæcuban's bright glow,
 E'en wisdom grants a generous flow.
 And eest thou half the day is gone,
 And the swift hours are rushing on,
 Break then the slumbering jar's repose,
 From Bibulus the seal it knows.
 Great ocean's King shall wake my lays,
 I'll chant the sea-green Nereids' praise;
 Thy graceful lyre Latona sing,
 And the swift shafts from Cynthia's string.
 Then she who guards the Cyclades,
 And Ceyx' strand, and Paphos' seas,
 Borne by her swans, shall crown the day,
 And last the Night in solemn lay.

Festo quid potius die
 Neptuni faciam? Promove reconditum,
 Lyde strenua, Cæcubum,
 Muniteque adhibe vim sapientiæ
 Inclinare meridiem
 Sentis; ac, veluti stet volueris dies,
 Parcias deripere horreo
 Cessantem Bibuli Consulis amphoram.
 Nos cantabimus invicem
 Neptunum, et virides Nereidum comas,
 Tu curva recines Lyra
 Latonam, et celeris apicula Cynthia;
 Summo carmine, quæ Ceydon
 Fulgentesque tenet Cycladas et Paphon
 Junctis visit olivibus;
 Dicetur merita Nox quoque nania.

ODE III. 29.

TO MÆCENAS.

Sixty-four lines, stanzas.

This ode seems to have no special history bearing upon the occasion on which it was written. From the references in the seventh stanza to Bactria, India, and Scythia, its date is placed at 21 B.C., the year before the return of Augustus from the East. Horace invites Mæcenas, now Prefect of the city, to visit his Sabine villa and to forget for a while, in the midst of the hot summer days, his cares and anxieties. It is a favorite ode, and the editors and commentators notice with great interest the poetic beauty of its descriptions of nature, and what we may term the reach of its philosophical and moral and religious thought. Sir J. Beaumont, 1603, has a fine version in equal stanzas and lines. Dryden's paraphrase (finely written) adds thirty-eight lines. Francis and Martin use six-line stanzas, adding thirty-two lines. Lytton retains the four-line stanza of the original, and is in sixty-four lines.

Sprung from Etruscan kings, for thee
A cask long mellowing rests with me,
Perfumes and roses for thy hair,
Mæcenas, come, and blissful share ;

Come bring thyself without delay,
Nor always Tiber's marsh survey,
Æsula's slope nor his fair hills,
Who once—sad fate—a father kills.

Thy dainty opulence now fly,
And palace towering to the sky,
Cease to admire the smoke and noise,
And wealth that happy Rome enjoys.

Oft to the rich comes grateful change,
Oft humble skill shall feasts arrange
Without the purple hanging's glare,
That smooth the anxious brow of care.

Now Cepheus shows his hidden fire,
Now Procyon rages in his ire,
The stars of furious Leo blaze,
And Phœbus brings the parching days.

The shepherd with his panting flocks
Now seeks the streams and shaded rocks,
Or thickets where wild sylvans play,
Thro' which no breath of air shall stray.

All rest but thou—what needs the state,
Or what shall be the City's fate,
What Bactria, or far Ind prepares,
Or jarring Scythians—these thy cares.

Tyrrhena regum progenies, tibi
Non ante verso lene merum cado,
Cum flore, Mæcenas, rosarum, et
Pressa tuis halanus capillis

Jamdudum apud me est. Eripe te moræ ;
Ne semper udum Tibur, et Æsulæ
Declive contempleris arvum, et
Telegoni juga parricide.

Fastidiosam desere copiam et
Molem propinquam nubibus arduis ;
Omitte mirari beatæ
Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ.

Plerumque gratæ divitibus vices,
Mundæque parvo sub lare pauperum
Cœnæ sine aulæis et ostro,
Sollicitam explicuere frontem.

Jam clarus occultum Andromedæ pater
Ostendit ignem ; jam Procyon furit,
Et stella vesani Leonis,
Sole dies referente sicco.

Jam pastor umbras cum grege languido
Rivumque fessus quærit, et horridi
Dumeta Sylvani ; caretque
Ripa vagis taciturna ventis.

Tu civitatem quis decet status
Curas, et Urbi sollicitus times,
Quid Seres et regnata Cyro
Bactra parent Tanaisque discors.

ODR III. 29.

Wisely doth God the future hide
In darkest night, to man denied,
And smiles as mortals vainly try
To pierce the secrets of the sky.

Take what the present hour bestows,
Life like the changeful Tiber flows,
Now in mid channel to the sea,
Peaceful and calm its course shall be—

Now a wild deluge, upturned rocks,
And trees, and dwellings, trembling flocks
Roll on while hills fling back the roar,
And echoing woods their voices pour.

Strong in ourselves, 't is ours to say
'Mid fleeting years, I lived each day—
If Jove shall cloud to-morrow's sky,
Or send the sunshine from on high,

The changeless Past is left to me,
Nor vain, nor void thro' Fate's decree;
The good remains untouched of heaven,
Which once the flying hour hath given.

Fortune is changeful in her ways,
A cruel game she always plays,
Her fickle favors now bestows,
Then takes away and mocks our woes.

While mine I praise her, when she flies,
I yield resigned what she denies,
With patience blest, I shed no tear,
Nor dowerless poverty shall fear.

'T is not for me when masts shall groan
Sore pressed by storms, to make my moan
In piteous prayers, and seek to buy
With vows, the favor of the sky.

Lest Tyre's and Cyprus' chosen goods
Enrich old ocean's greedy floods—
Safe in the boat 'mid swelling seas,
Pollux shall send me favoring breeze.

Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginosa nocte premit Deus,
Ridetque, si mortalis ultra
Fas trepidat. Quod adest memento

Componere aquas; cetera fluminis
Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo
Cum pace delabentis Etruscum
In mare, nunc lapides adesos

Stirpesque raptas, et pecus et domos
Volventis uvas, non sine montium
Clamore vicinæque silvæ,
Cum fera diluvies quietos

Irritat amnes. Ille potens sui
Lætusque deget, cui licet in diem
Dixisse Vixi: cras vel atra
Nube polum Pater occupato,

Vel sole puro; non tamen irritum
Quodcumque retro est, efficit, neque
Disfinget infectumque reddet,
Quod fugiens semel hora vexit.

Fortuna sævo læta negotio, et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.

Laudo manentem; si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit, et mea
Virtute me involvo probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quero.

Non est meum, si mugiat Africa
Malus procellis, ad miseras preces
Decurrere; et votis pacisci,
Ne Cypris Tyriæque merces

Addant avaro divitias mari;
Tunc me, biremis præsidio scaphæ
Tutum, per Ægeos tumultus
Aura feret geminusque Pollux.

ODE III. 30.

TO MELPOMENE.

Sixteen equal lines.

The twentieth ode of the second book makes a fitting close for the two former collections, while the ode before us closes appropriately not only the third book, but all the three publications, bringing the date to the early part of 20 B.C., before the return of Augustus from the East with the restored standards. This was an event of great importance, and is recognized in the bard's next publication, the *Sæcular Hymn* (17 B.C.), and in the last ode of the fourth book, collected in 13 or 12 B.C. In this lyric Horace feels the same assurance of fame as that which he expresses in the ode which closes the second book. How little did our favorite bard know with what the near future was teeming, when he could say of that fame (lines eighth and ninth), that it would live while Priest and Vestal continued their worship. The fame of the poet will last; but even before Augustus had departed, the Child was born whose Name and Power were to end forever all that priestly pomp and splendid ritual. Francis and Lytton retain the solid form of the ode, the former adding eight, and the latter four lines. Martin arranges in stanzas, adding twelve lines.

The work I rear the sculptured brass outvies,
Nor royal pyramids more grandly rise;
Which wasting rain and rush of Northern
blast
Shall not destroy, nor countless ages passed
Of seried years returning whence they came.
Not all of me shall die, funereal flame
My nobler part escapes, blooms, and lives on,
And wins fresh praises, while in rites divine
Ascending Priest and silent Virgin join.
Known where "far-sounding" Ausidus now
falls,
And scant-streamed Daunus reigned in rus-
tic halls,
Risen from low estate, the first to inspire
With Grecian art and song the Italian lyre,
Proudly assume, O Muse, thine honors now,
With Delphic wreath well won, propitious,
Thou
Melpomene, of right, shalt crown my brow.]

Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Regalique situ pyramidum altius;
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series et fuga temporum.
Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam. Usque ego postera
Crescam laude recens, dum Capitolium
Scandet cum tacita Virgine pontifex.
Dicar, qua violens obstrepit Ausidus,
Et qua pauper aquæ Daunus agrestium
Regnavit populorum, ex humili potens,
Princeps Æolium carmen ad Italos
Deduxisse modos. Sume superhiam
Quæsitam meritis, et mihi Delphica
Lauro cinge volens, Melpomene, comam.

NOTE TO THE FOURTH BOOK OF ODES.

ACCORDING to the received chronology, the Sæcular Hymn assigned to 17 B.C. would come between the first three books (21), and the fourth book, 13 B.C. Some editors place it here, but for our present purpose, we prefer to retain it as found in the majority of editions in common use.

The fourth book of odes contains lyrics of great power and beauty, and some of them of historical value, which will be noticed in the proper place. It should not be forgotten that the Augustus and Tiberius of these odes are the Cæsars of the New Testament, in whose reigns Jesus Christ was born, and Christianity established. Horace was on terms of the closest intimacy and in constant intercourse with both of these Cæsars. The many odes addressed to the former rendered effectual assistance in the establishment of the peace that came. The latter he had known from a child, when Tiberius was only four years old. Horace had watched over the boy's development into youth and early manhood, and had contributed not a little to the results thus far obtained. He could therefore sincerely bestow the praises given in those magnificent lyrics, the fourth and fourteenth of this book, and could venture to address Tiberius as a friend in that elegant little epistle, the ninth of the first book of Epistles, introducing to the Prince another friend, Septimius—of Ode ii. 6.

It is with deep interest that we follow on with the odes of this book, and notice the sure return of order, until in the beautiful and glowing lyric with which it closes, the poet could congratulate the Emperor on the closing once more of the gates of Janus, and the restoration of lasting peace to the empire. Little did the enthusiastic bard and the happy monarch think for Whom all these things were preparing the way. It was but twelve years from that ode of congratulation to the Birth at Bethlehem. These lyrics are doubtless among the last composed by Horace, and would represent a period from 21 to 13 or 12 B.C. The last is assigned as the time of collection and publication for the entire book—done, it is said, at the special request of Augustus.

ODE IV. 1.

TO VENUS.

Forty lines, couplets.

Referring to the act of retirement (Ode III. 26), and proposing young Paulus as one to take his place, and declaring his age (fifty years) as unfitted for the tender passion, and his objection to the wine-cup as a resort, one principal point of the ode is reached—the ridicule of Ligurinus and his admirers. He had forgotten, he says,—there was Ligurinus. Then adopting the cant phrases of lovers, the extravagance of language becomes real satire—see also ode tenth. The date is 15 B.C. (line sixth). The lyric has much poetic beauty attractive to translators. Ben Jonson, 1599, has forty lines (couplets)—adopted by Martin. Pope adds eight lines (couplets). Fraucis retains form and lines. Lytton arranges in stanzas, and omits from the thirty-third line—the Latin text being given.

So long upon her temple's wall,
Does Venus for my armor call?
I'm not as once, spare, spare I pray,
Long since has passed kind Clnera's day.
Cease, Mother of the soft desires,
I'm fifty years, 'tis not your fires
My soul will melt, thou shalt depart
Where sighs now swell the youthful heart,
'Tis Paulus' house invites you there,
Borne by your swans thro' balmy air,
Reign at your will, assert your claims,
A fitting heart awaits your flames.
Of noble birth, a beauteous form,
With eloquence for clients warm,
Accomplished in a hundred arts,
He'll bear your name to distant parts.
When o'er his rivals he shall smile,
'Mid Alban lakes, in some sweet isle
He'll place you fresh from sculptor's hand,
'Neath citron dome your form shall stand,
While clouds of incense heav'nward rise,
And bear their fragrance to the skies,
And flute, and pipe, and sounding shell
Their mingled strains thro' air shall swell,
And youth, and tender maiden fair
Shall chant each day your praises there,
In sacred dance with mystic round,
Their snow-white feet shall shake the ground.
Alas for me, no love I find,
My soul no mutual passions bind,
I may not try the wine-cup's powers,
And wreath my head with fragrant flowers.
Ah! Ligurinus—I forget—
Here are some tears, my cheek is wet,
My voice is filled with broken stops,
My faltering tongue in silence drops,
I hold him seized in troubled dreams,
I chase him o'er the rushing streams,
And o'er the Campus' grassy plain,
He's cold and hard, I plead in vain.

Intermissa, Venus, diu
Rursus bella moves? Parce, precor, precor.
Non sum, qualis eram boue
Sub regno Clnaræ. Desine, dulcium
Mater sæva Cupidinum,
Circa lustra decem flectere mollihus
Jam durum imperiis; abi,
Quo blande juvenum te revocant preces.
Tempestivus in domum
Pauli, purpureis ales oloribus,
Comissabere Maximi,
Si torrere jecur queris idoneum;
Namque et nobilis, et decens,
Et pro sollicitis non tacitis reis,
Est centum puer artium,
Late signa feret militiæ tuæ.
Et quandoque potentior
Largis muneribus riserit iemuli,
Albanos prope te lacus
Ponet martoream, sub trabe citrea.
Illic plurima naribus
Duces thura, lyraque et Bercytiæ
Delectabere tibi
Mixtis carminibus, non sine fistula
Illic his pueri dle
Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
Laudantes, pede candido
In morem Salium ter quantient humum.
Me nec femina, nec puer
Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat uero,
Nec vincere novis tempora floribus.
Sed cur, heu, Ligurine, cur
Manat rara meas lacrima per geas?
Cur facunda parum decoro
Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?
Nocturnis ego somniis
Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem sequor
Te per gramina Martii
Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

ODE IV. 2.

TO JULUS ANTONIUS.

Sixty lines, stanzas.

He was the younger son of Mark Antony and Fulvia. After the death of Fulvia (40 B.C.), the child was fortunate in his new mother, Octavia (whom Antony married in the same year), through whose care he received the very best education. He became Prætor and Consul, and wrote both prose and poetry—see stanza ninth. After the death of Octavia and Horace (12 and 8 B.C.), he fell into bad ways, and was put to death in 2 B.C., charged with ambitious designs and intrigues with Julia, the daughter of Augustus. When this ode was written (15 B.C.), a triumphal return of Augustus from Gaul was expected. An ode was called for in the "Pindaric strain," but the bard declines, pays a beautiful tribute to the old Greek, and tells in very finished diction what he *would* do for such an occasion. Bently, 1721, has a satirical burlesque of thirty lines. Townshend translated one half of this ode in 1790. Francis (very smooth) and Lytton retain stanzas and lines. Martin uses five-line stanzas—adding fifteen lines.

Who would soar in Pindar's sky,
With Dædalian art shall fly,
Waxen plumes waft not to fame
Glassy sea shall bear his name.

As a mountain torrent roars,
Swell'd by streams, and rushing pours,
Deep-mouthed Pindar rolls along
With his mighty tide of song.

Phœbus' laurel wreaths he gains,
Whether Dithyrambic strains
Boldly rush with numbers free,
Wild in fancy's revelry ;

Or of Gods, and hero-kings
Sons of Gods, the wars he sings,
Conquering Centaurs in just ire,
Quenching dread Chimæra's fire ;

Or of those to whom is given
Elean palm that lifts to heaven,
Steed and wrestler share the song,
Sculptured brass lives not so long ;

Or he mourns in tender strain,
Youth by fate untimely slain,
Strength, and courage, virtue, rise
Saved from death to starry skies.

Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari,
Jule, ceratis ope Dædalea
Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus
Nomina ponto.

Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
Quem super notas aluere ripas,
Fervet immensusque ruit profundo
Pindarus ore ;

Laurea donandus Apollinari,
Seu per audaces nova Dithyrambos
Verba devolvit, numerisque fertur
Lege solutis ;

Seu Deos, regesve canit, Deorum
Sanguinem, per quos cecidere iusta
Morte Centauri, cecidit tremende
Flamma Chimææ ;

Sive quos Elea domum reducit
Palma cælestes, pugilemve equumve
Dicit, et centum potiore signis
Munere donat ;

Flebili sponsæ juvenemve raptum
Plorat, et vires animumque moresque
Aureos educit in astra, nigroque
Invidet Orco.

ODE IV. 2

Favoring gales this swan shall bear
Soaring 'mid the clouds of air,
I, a bee of Matine birth,
Do the humbler work of earth,

Gathering honey from the flowers,
Laboring in the thymy bowers
Round sweet Tiber's streams and dells,
Moulding my poetic cells.

Julus, thou in grander strains,
Cæsar sing from Northern plains,
Leading onward, laurel-crowned,
Pierce Sygambri fetterbound.

Cæsar great and good, and given
By the Fates and bounteous heaven—
Greater gift knows not our Rome,
Though the golden age were come.

Thou shalt sing of festal days,
Of the City's grateful praise,
Of the Forum's strife now stilled,
Prayers are granted, Heaven has willed.

Then if I may offering bring,
Cæsar's glad return I'll sing,
Glorious day, to thee belong
Highest strains of lyre and song.

Onward borne in festal car,
Shouts triumphal peal afar,
Shouts from every voice arise,
Clouds of incense dim the skies.

Twenty bleeding victims thine,
Tender yearling grace the shrine
From my humbler hand, and pay
Vows to heaven for this glad day.

Crescent horns his front shall show,
Like the moon with silver bow,
In his forehead spot of snow,
All the rest deep yellow's glow

Multa Diræcum levat aura cyenum,
Tendit, Antoni, quoties in altos
Nubium tractus, ego, apis Matinae
More miodoque.

Grata carpentis thyma per labore
Plurimum, circa nemus uvidique
Tiburis ripas operosa parvus
Carmina fingo.

Concines majore poëta plectro
Cæsareis, quandoque trahet ferocem
Per sacrum clivum, merita decoras
Fronde, Sygambros.

Quo nihil majus meliusve terris
Fata donavere bonique Divi,
Nec dabant, quamvis redeant in aurum
Tempora prisum.

Concines lætosque dies, et Urbis
Publicum ludum, super inpetrato
Fortis Augusti reditu, forumque
Litibus orbem.

Tum meæ, si quid loquar audiendum,
Vocis accedet bona pars, et, O Sol
Pulcher, O laudande, canam, recepto
Cæsare felix.

Tuque dum procedis, Io triumphæ,
Non semel decemus, Io triumphæ,
Civitas omnis, dabimusque lævis
Thura benignis.

Te decem tauri totidemque vaccæ,
Me tener solvet vitulus, relicta
Matre, qui largis juvenescit herbis
In mea vota,

Fronte curvatos imitatus unæ
Tertium Luncæ referentis ætatem,
Qua notam duxit nivens videri,
Cætera fulvus.

ODE IV. 3.

TO MELPOMENE.

Twenty-four lines, couplets.

That this is a lyric of great sweetness, the commentators affirm with an unusual concord. The honorable distinction which Horace had won as a poet, and especially as the first to introduce certain Greek modes into Roman poetry, was naturally the source of the deepest gratification to him. The appointment to write, and the writing of the Sæcular Hymn, perhaps more than anything else, gave Horace the right to say that Rome had placed his name among her "honored bards" (line fourteenth). In this ode he ascribes his honors to the Muse from whom come the gifts of genius. It is the grateful recognition of a power higher than himself. The date is placed after the Sæcular Hymn (17 B.C.), but no year is agreed upon. Rev. Henry Thompson, 1831, and Francis retain the couplet form of the ode, while Martin has four six-line stanzas, but all are in twenty-four lines. Lytton arranges in stanzas, and adds four lines.

The natal hour once marked by Thee
With favoring smile, Melpomene,
Shall yield no Isthmian palm to fame,
No chariot race, no wrestler's name,
No Victor leading, laurel-crowned,
Fierce kings subdued in fetters bound,
Triumphaut up the Sacred Way,
While Rome shall boast the proud array.
But where rich Tibur's streamlets flow,
And forests hide the sun's bright glow,
These shall the poet's soul inspire,
And wake to song the Æolian lyre,
While qucenly Rome his name shall grace,
And 'mid her honored bards shall place
Thy favored child from youth Thy care,
And far from envy's reach shall bear.
O Muse, who lov'st the golden shell,
Thro' whom its strains harmonious swell,
Who with the swan's sweet melody
Canst touch mute fishes of the sea,
'T is of Thy gift, from Thee the fire
That warmed with life my Roman lyre,
And won proud honors for my lays,
Thro' Thee they breathe, be Thine the
praise.

Quem tu, Melpomene, semel
Nascentem placido lumine videris,
Illum non labor Isthmius
Clarabit pugilem, non equus impiger
Curra ducet Achaïco
Victorem, neque res bellica Deliis
Ornatum foliis ducem,
Quod regum tumidas contuderit minas,
Ostendet Capitolio:
Sed quæ Tibur aquæ fertile præfluunt,
Et spissæ nemorum comæ,
Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem.
Romæ principis urbium
Dignatur soboles inter amabiles
Vatum ponere ine choros;
Et jam dente minus mordeor invido.
O, testudinis aureæ
Dulcem quæ strepitum, Pieri, temperas:
O, mutis quoque piscibus
Donatura cycni, si libeat, sonum,
Totum muneris hoc tui est,
Quod monstror digito prætereuntium
Romanae fidicen lyre;
Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum
est.

ODR IV. 4.

THE PRAISES OF DRUSUS. *Seventy-six lines, stanzas.*

Tiberius and Drusus, the step-sons of Augustus (who married their mother Livia Drusilla in 38), were the sons of Tiberius Nero Claudius a descendant of the Nero Claudius who defeated Hasdrubal at the Metaurus in 207 B.C. At the ninth stanza commences an historical summary beginning at this point of time, and sketching the closing events of that war with great poetic beauty. The Princes repaid the care of Augustus in their education, being entrusted as they grew up with important commands, and gaining victories in Gaul and among the Alps. To commemorate these, the fourth and fourteenth odes were written, both dating at 14 B.C. See the note to the latter, respecting Tiberius—afterwards Emperor Drusus died an early death in military service. Lord Lyttleton, Jeffrey, and Lytton retain the four-line stanza. Francis has sixteen six-line stanzas adding twenty-lines, while Martin uses twenty five-line stanzas, adding twenty-four lines.

As the winged thunderbearer flies,
The bird of Jove, prince o'er the skies,
So Jove decreed, its faith well proved
In gold-haired Ganymede removed ;

When young, by native vigor pressed,
Timid, he leaves the sheltering nest,
The storms are o'er, spring zephyrs bear
His untried plumes 'mid depths of air ;

But soon with bold impetuous throw
He swoops upon the folds below,
Or where the coiling serpent dwells,
As hunger drives or rage impels ;

Or, as amid the flowery leas,
The startled kid a lion sees,
Just from its tawny mother fierce,
Soon shall its tooth the life-blood pierce ;

Thus Rhoetians saw with Drusus brave,
'Mid Alpine peaks our banners wave,
Fierce tribes without th' accustomed brands,
But axes armed their strong right hands,

From times how far one may not say,
Not all things tells the poet's lay ;
Long did their fires of victory burn,
Now they are vanquished in their turn,

And feel the power of youthful skill,
And discipline, and steadfast will,
And show how wise his counsels prove,
Who gave these youths a father's love.

The brave come only from the brave,
'T was noble steed that offspring gave
To win the palm—the bird of Jove
Builds not to rear th' unwarlike dove.

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem,
Cui rex deorum regnum in aves vagas
Permisit, expertus fidelem
Jupiter in Ganymede flavo,

Olin juvenas et patrius vigor
Nido laborum propulit iussum ;
Verique, jam nimbis remotis,
Insolitos docuere nisus

Venti paventem ; mox in ovilia
Demisit hostem vividus impetus ;
Nunc in reluctantes dracones
Egit amor dapis atque pugnae ;

Qualemve lictis caprea pascuis
Intenta, fulvæ matris ab ubere
Jam lacte depulsam leonem,
Dente nova peritura, vidit

Videre Rhoetis bella sub Alpibus
Drusum gerentem Vindelici ; quibus
Mos unde deductus per omne
Tempus Amazonia securi

Dextras obarnet, querere distuli,
Nec scire fas est omnia ; sed diu
Lateque victrices catervæ,
Consiliis juvenis revictæ,

Sensere quid mens rite ; quid indoles.
Nutrita faustis sub penetralibus
Posset, quid Augusti paternus
In pueros animus Neroues.

Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis ;
Est in juvenis, est in equis patrum
Virtus ; neque imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam

ODR IV. 4.

Yet discipline must bear her part,
And culture aid to guide the heart;
When these shall fail, alas the hour,
Vices the native good o'erpower.

What Rome has owed to Nero's name,
Metaurus' stream has given to fame;
With conquered Hasdrubal the day
Of Latium's darkness passed away,

And victory smiled upon our land,
Where foes had rushed, as flaming brand
Thro' forest pines, as eastern breeze
Rides wildly o'er Sicilian seas.

Our Roman youth from that bright hour
Increased in strength, and felt their power;
Our fanes, defiled with Punic cries,
Again with prayers salute the skies.

Perfidious Hannibal exclaimed:
"As stags whom long pursuit has tamed,
We follow where 'twere wise to shun,
T' escape and fly is triumph won.

This nation brave when Ilium fell,
Tossed by the Tuscan billows' swell,
Their Gods, and children, and their sires,
Brought to this land from Trojan fires.

As hardy oak whose dark leaves grow
On Algidus, nor axe's blow,
Nor wounds, nor losses does it feel,
New life receiving from the steel.

Not Hydra grew with fresher life,
Sad Hercules scarce won the strife,
Nor greater prodigy was found
On Cholcos' strand, or Theban ground.

Plunge her in seas—more fair she 'll rise;
Content—her strength shall gain the prize;
On each new victor shall her name
Fresh laurels win and pass to fame.

No more to Carthage shall I send
Proud messages—all, all must end;
Fortune builds not our power again,
With Hasdrubal our hopes were slain.

The Clandian house the future wins,
Its fame through favoring Jove begins;
He shall defend these sons of Mars
With counsels wise 'mid toils and wars."

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant;
Utque defecere mores,
Iudecorant bene nata culpæ.

Quid debeas, O Roma, Nerouibus,
Testis Metaurum flumen, et Hasdrubal
Devictus, et pulcher fugatis
Ille dies Latio tenebris,

Qui primus alma risit adorea,
Dirus per urbes Afer ut Italas,
Ceu flamma per tædas, vel Eurus,
Per Siculas equitavit undas.

Post hoc secundis usque laboribus
Romana pubes crevit, et impio
Vastata Prænorum tumultu
Fana deos habuere rectos;

Dixitque tandem perfidus Hannibal:
"Cervi, luporum præda rapacium,
Sectamur ultro, quos opinus
Fallere et effigere est triumphus.

Gens, quæ cremato fortis ab Illo
Jactata Tuscis æquoribus sacra,
Natosque maturosque patres
Pertulit Ausonias ad urbes,

Durus ut ilex tonsa bipennibus
Nigre feraci frondia in Algido,
Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso
Ducit opes animumque ferro.

Non Hydra secto corpore firmior
Vinci doleutem crevit in Ilirculem;
Monstrumve submisere Colchii
Majus, Echioniæve Thebæ.

Merses profundo, pulchrior evenit;
Luctere, multa præniet integrum
Cum laude victorem, geretque
Proelia conjugibus loquenda.

Carthagini jam non ego nuntios
Mittam superbos; occidit, occidit
Spes omnis et fortuna nostri
Nominis, Hasdrubale interempto.

Nil Claudiæ non perficient manus;
Quas et benigno numine Jnpiter
Defendit, et curæ sagaces
Expediunt per acuta belli."

OD. IV. 5.

TO AUGUSTUS.

Forty lines, stanzas.

After the victories of Tiberius and Drusus in Gaul (preceding ode) Augustus visited the northern and western provinces, in 16 B.C. He had promised a speedy return, but he did not see Rome again till 13 B.C. This lyric represents the desire of Rome for his return, all the more, since his reign of sixteen years had healed up the wounds of civil war, and had ushered in peace and prosperity—finely described in the ode, and eliciting the praises of editors and commentators. The Greek and Roman ideas of the Gods (see Introduction) permitted the worship of what was not much above themselves. Augustus stood as a representative of Jove, and in the first line of the ode is declared a descendant of the Gods, all of which explains his reception (stanza ninth) among the deities of the household. The date is probably 14 B.C. Rev. S. Sanderson (some fine stanzas) adds twelve lines; Francis (six-line stanzas) adds twenty lines; Martin (very finished diction) adds four lines; while Lytton condenses in equal stanzas and lines.

Sprung from Gods, best guard of Rome,
Long, too long, thou leav'st thy home,
Thou didst promise shorter stay,
Ah! return, the Fathers pray,

Ah! return, thy country cries,
Like the spring-time to our skies,
Days shall glide more sweetly o'er,
Suns come brighter to our shore.

As the mother mourns her son,
Who 'mid gales his course has run,
Forced Carpathian seas to roam,
Long a wanderer from sweet home,

How her prayers kind Heaven implore,
How she scans the winding shore—
So our hearts entreat the skies,
Rome for absent Cæsar sighs.

Oxen safely roam the fields,
Ceres golden harvests yields,
Ships fly peaceful o'er the deep,
Faith and Truth their pledges keep.

Homes are pure, in virtue strong,
Law and order conquer wrong,
Gone the stain of former time,
Justice strikes the heels of crime.

Divis orte bonis, optime Romulæ
Custos gentis, abes jam nimium diu;
Maturum reditum pollicitis Patrum,
Sanclo concilio redi.

Lucem redde tuæ, dux bone, patriæ:
Instar veris enim vultus ubi tuus
Affulsit populo, gratior il dies,
Et soles melius nitent

Ut mater juvenem, quem Notus invidio
Flatu Carpathii trans maris æquora
Cuquantem spatio longius annuo
Dulci distinet a domo,

Votis ominibusque et precibus vocat,
Curvo nec faciem litore dimovet
Sic desideris icta fidelibus
Querit patria Cæsarem.

Tutus bos etenim rura perambulat,
Nutrit rura Ceres, almaque Fauſtitas,
Pacatum volitant per mare navitæ,
Culpari metuit Fides.

Nullis pelluitur casta domus stupris,
Mos et lex maculosum elomuit neſas.
Laudantur simili prole puerperæ,
Culpam Pœna premit comes.

ODE IV. 5.

Who the Scyth or Parthian fears,
Or the hordes Germania rears,
Or the wars with distant Spain?
Cæsar lives—sweet peace shall reign.

Each the day of quiet sees,
Vines once more espouse the trees,
Swains return at evening hour,
Joyful they invoke thy power.

Prayer they offer, wine they pour,
Thee with household Gods adore;
Hercules thus Greece reveres,
Thus great Castor's name she fears.

Long thy reign, good Prince, we pray,
Graced by many a festal day;
This our prayer at sober morn,
This, at cheerful eve's return.

Quis Parthum paveat? quis gelidum Scythæ?
Quis Germania quos horrida parturit
Fetus, incolumi Cæsare? quis feræ
Bellum curet Hiberiæ?

Condit quisque diem collibus in suis,
Et vitem viduas ducit ad arbores;
Hinc ad vina redit lætus, et alteris
Te mensis adhibet deum;

Te multa prece, te prosequitur mero
Defuso pateris, et Laribus tuum
Miscet numen, uti Græcia Castoris
Et magni memor Herculis.

Longas, O utinam, dux boue, ferias
Præstes Hesperiae! dicimus integro
Sicci mane die, dicimus uvidi,
Cum Sol Oceano subest.

ODE IV. 6.

TO APOLLO.

Forty-four lines, stanzas.

There is much discussion over this ode as to position and time of writing. With the majority of the critics, we think that it should be placed in the fourth book in an edition of Horace. It was doubtless used as a companion to the Sæcular Hymn (the measure is the same), and was written both before and at the time of that composition, as its references to the Hymn clearly indicate. Its date would then be 17 B.C. It is a prayer for inspiration in writing the grand Hymn, and, like other odes of the kind, recounts certain acts of the Gods, giving thanks, especially, for the successful intercession of Apollo and Venus (stanza sixth), that the survivors of the Trojan destruction might build new walls—those of Rome. The ode is full of poetic beauty. The latter part is addressed to the choir whom Horace was aiding in preparations for the festival. Francis places the ode in connection with the Sæcular Hymn. Lytton, and Martin (who adds four lines), retain it as the sixth ode of the fourth book.

Fair Niobe of boastful tongue,
And Tityos for Latona's wrong,
Achilles stern, all felt thy power,
The warrior e'en in victory's hour.

Greater than man, unmatched with Thee,
Though sprung from Thetis of the sea,
The Dardan towers he filled with fear,
Attacking with his mighty spear.

As pine before the biting steel,
As cypress which the gale shall feel,
He falls beneath thy vengeance just,
Low lies his head in Trojan dust.

Yet had he scorned Minerva's horse,
When falsehood marked its treacherous
course,
Nor would have struck 'mid dance and song,
While Priam's feasts the joys prolong;

An open and a cruel foe,
Aged and young at one fell blow
He would have burned in Grecian flame,
And Troy had perished and her name.

Thy prayers and beauteous Venus' tears
Prevailed above, the Father hears,
Auspicious grants to Ilian bands
To rear new walls in distant lands.

Dive, quem proles Niobeæ magnæ
Vindicem linguæ, Tityosque raptor,
Sensit, et Trojæ prope victor altæ
Phthius Achilles.

Cæteris major, tibi miles impar;
Filius quamvis Thetidis marinæ
Dardanas turres quateret tremenda
Cuspide pugnaz.

Ille, mordaci velut icta ferro
Pinus, aut impulsæ cupressus Euro,
Procidit late posuitque collum in
Pulvere Teucro.

Ille non inclusus equo Minervæ
Sacra mentito male feriatos
Troas et lætam Priami choreis
Falleret aulam;

Sed palam captis graviss, heu nefas! heu!
Nescios fari pueros Achivis
Ureret flammis, etiam latentem
Matris in alvo;

Ni, tuis victus Venerisque gratæ
Vocibus, divum Pater annuisset
Rebus, Ævæ potiore ductos
Alite muros.

ODE IV. 6.

Teacher of Thalia's tuneful lyre,
 Who dost fair Lycia's bards inspire,
 To Daunia's Muse thy presence lend,
 Propitious now her name defend;

His art and spirit Phœbus gives,
 The poet's name forever lives.
 Ye virgins, who fair lineage trace,
 Ye youths, who boast of noble race,

Loved by the Delian-born whose bow
 Lays flying stags and lynxes low,
 As I shall touch the tuneful string,
 In Lesbian measure fitly sing,

Latona's Son the Lord of day,
 And Her from whom night's softer ray,
 Who smiles propitious on the earth,
 And gives the rolling months their birth.

A happy bride pleased thou shalt say,
 I sang on that great festal day
 To list'ning Gods the hymn of praise,
 When Horace waked the sacred lays.

Doctor argutæ fidicen Thaliae,
 Phœbe, qui Xantho lavis amnæ crines,
 Dauniæ defende decus Camenæ,
 Levis Agyieu.

Spiritum Phœbus mihi Phœbus artem
 Carminis, nomenque dedit poetæ.
 Virginum primæ, puerique claris
 Patribus orti,

Deliaæ tutela Deæ, fugaces
 Lynceæ et cervos cohibentis arcu,
 Lesbium servate pedem, meique
 Pollicis ictum,

Rite Latonæ puerum canentes,
 Rite crescentem face Noctilucam,
 Prosperam frugum, celeremque pronos
 Volvere menses.

Nupta jam dices; ego dis amicam,
 Sæculo festas referente luces,
 Reddidi carmen, docilis modorum
 Vatis Horati.

OUR IV. 7

TO TORQUATUS.

Twenty-eight lines, couplets.

Grandson of the Manlius Torquatus who was Consul in the year in which Horace was born (Ode III. 21), a descendant of the Manlius Torquatus of Roman history, Epistle I. 5 is addressed to this Torquatus, from which, and from the ode, we take him to have been an eloquent lawyer, of a genial nature, and likely to enjoy the quiet supper to which he is invited in the epistle, at Horace's house. Here he will meet some friends, among them Septimius of Ode II. 6, who, like himself, had fought on the same side at Philippi. The ode before us has much poetic beauty, and is in its thought like those to Sextius and Dellius. Enjoy what you have, life is uncertain, and while the seasons return, *you* will never get back from the world of shadows. The "eloquence" of the lawyer (line twenty-third) will not move Minos in Hades. The date is uncertain, after 19 or 18 B.C. Dr. Johnson's fine translation (couplets) is in twenty-eight lines. Merivale (stanzas) adds two lines, as does also Francis, who is in couplets. Lytton and Martin arrange in seven four-line stanzas.

Now has fled the winter snow,
Tree and plain with beauty glow,
Earth how changed, the less'ning stream
Shall thro' wonted channels gleam,
And the Nymphs and Graces dare
Song and dance in eve's sweet air.
Dream not aught is lasting here,
Saith the hour, the day, the year;
Now the spring's soft Zephyrs blow,
Now the summer's fiery glow,
Soon rich autumn spreads his store,
Soon dread winter chills once more.
But while months again will come,
Man leaves not his Stygian home,
Where our hero-fathers reign,
Dust and shadow we remain.
And who knows that heavenly Powers
Will bestow to-morrow's hours—
Live to-day, what you shall spare
Falls but to your eager heir.
When at Minos' seat you stand,
Doom-dispensing, solemn, grand,
Virtue, birth, and eloquence
Will not bring Torquatus thence;
Not Diana could restore
Whom she loved from that dark shore,
Nor great Theseus break the chains
Binding to those Lethæan plains.

Diffugere nives; redeunt jam gramina campis
Arboribusque comæ;
Mutat terra vices et decrescentia ripas
Flumina prætereunt;
Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus
audet
Ducere nuda choros.
Immortalia ne speres, inonet Annus et Al-
mum
Quæ rapit Hora diem.
Frigora mitescunt Zephyris, Ver proferit.
Æstas
Interitura, simul
Pomifer Auctumnus fruges effuderit, et mox
Bruma recurrit iners.
Damna tamen celeres reparant cœlestia lunc;
Nos, ubi decidimus,
Quo pater Æneas, quo Tullus, dives et Ancus,
Pulvis et umbra sumus.
Quis scit, an adjiciant hodiernæ crastina
summe
Tempora Di superi?
Cuncta manus avidas fugient heredis, amico
Quæ dederis animo.
Cum semel occideris, et de te splendida Minos
Fecerit arbitria,
Non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te
Restituet pietas;
Infernis neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum
Liberat Hippolytum;
Nec Lethæa valet Theseus abruptere caro
Vincula Pirithoo.

C. Marcus Censorinus was Consul in 8 B.C., the year of Horace's death. The ode was written before 13 B.C. when it formed one of the fourth book—the year is not known. He was a man of wealth, of education, and of taste in matters of art. He died in 2 B.C. His grandfather was known as an orator and a scholar, and his father was Consul in 39 B.C. This ode was written on the occurrence of some season when friends who were able to do so sent presents to each other, such as vases, goblets, and works of art. Horace does not possess these, but gives such as he has—an ode—no worthless gift, he says, for the poet confers immortality. Censorinus has lived in this fine lyric—the Consul has been forgotten. We take with some hesitation the reading "stipendia" in the seventeenth line, although that of the younger Delphin and of Anthon. Francis retains the form of the ode, and adds twelve lines. Lytton (solid form) has thirty-four lines. Martin arranges in stanzas, adding two lines.

I 'd give to friends with generous soul,
Goblet, or cup, or fretted bowl,
Or tripod won in Grecian race,
Nor would the worst thy presence grace
Of art's grand gifts if wealth were mine,
Where Scopas and Parrhasius shine,
Where sculptor's art, or painter's skill
Makes man or God stand out at will.
This power my poverty denies,
And Censorinus' wealth supplies;
Thou lovest verse, my lyre for thee
Shall swell no worthless melody.
Not marbles sculptured for the brave,
That noble deeds and memories save,
That tell the flight which freed our soil,
The threats that on the foe recoil,
The tribute on fell Carthage laid,
The name that conquered Afric made—
Not longer last these proud remains,
Than the Calabrian Muse's strains.
Had pens been silent, scarce were won
The praise of deeds which men have done.
Would Romulus be known to fame,
Did envious silence shroud his name?
The poet's pen and favor save
Just Æacus from Stygian wave,
And place 'mid happy islands give.
The Muse shall make the hero live,
The Muse exalts and lifts to Jove,
Great Hercules thus feasts above,
Thus the bright starry Twins now save
The shattered barks from stormy wave,
And vine-crowned Bacchus favor lends,
Hears prayers, and leads to happy ends.

Donarem pateras grataque commodus,
Censorine, meis ara sodalibus;
Donarem tripodas, præmia fortium
Graiorum; neque tu pessima innumerum
Ferres, divite me scilicet artium,
Quas aut Parrhasius protulit, aut Scopas,
Hic saxo, liquidia ille coloribus
Sollers nunc hominem ponere, nunc Deum.
Sed non hæc mihi vis; non tibi talium
Res est, aut auius deliciarum egens.
Gaudes carminibus; carmina possumus
Donare, et pretium dicere muneris.
Non incisa notis marmora publicis,
Per quæ spiritus et vita redit bonis
Post mortem ducibus; non celeres fugæ,
Rejectæque retrorsum Hannibalis minæ,
Nou stipendia Carthaginis impia,
Ejus, qui domita nomen ab Africa
Lucratus rediit, clarius indicant
Laudes, quam Calabræ Picrides; neque,
Si chartæ silent, quod bene feceris,
Mercedem tuleris. Quid foret Iliæ
Mavortisque puer, si taciturnitas
Obstaret meritis invida Romuli?
Ereptum Stygiis fluctibus Æacum
Virtus et favor et lingua potentium
Vatum divitibus consecrat insulis.
Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori;
Cælo Musa beat. Sic Jovis interest
Optatis epulis impiger Hercules;
Clarum Tyndaridæ sidus ab infamis
Quassas eripiunt æquoribus rates;
Ornatus viridi tempora pampino
Liber vota bonos ducit ad exitus.

ODE IV. 9.

TO LOLLIVS.

Fifty-two lines, stanzas.

This is a case like that of Plancus (Ode i. 7)—a life-long occupancy of high official trusts, and general accusations of corruption and wrong. We first meet Lolliv Pelicantus as Prætor of Galatia in 26 B.C. where his administration gave great satisfaction especially on account of its probity—finely described in stanzas 8th–11th of the ode. With the exception of some military reverses in Gaul, which he fully retrieved, we find him participating in public life up to 3 B.C. when Augustus appointed him to the responsible position of tutor to his grandson Caius Cæsar. If there had been any grave accusations against Lolliv before this time, Augustus, with his opportunities of knowing the men around him, must have been aware of it, and would not have received him into the royal household. It is now that we hear of charges against him and of his death by his own hand in 2 B.C. We also hear that Sulpicius Quirinus, the principal accuser, was occupying his position with Caius Cæsar. The date of the lyric is uncertain (after 20 B.C.), but it is suggested that it was written during his reverses in Gaul, as a friendly recognition of his character and services. It has much poetic beauty, and its introductory stanzas in praise of Grecian art, and of the poet's office and power (as in the preceding ode) are very fine. George Stepney, 1689 (no stanzas), adds eighteen lines. Francis (stanzas) adds twenty-six lines. Lytton and Martin retain the four-line stanzas—fifty-two lines.

Think not the poet's words will die,
Though horn beneath Italian sky,
Where Aufidus far-sounding plays—
'T is Grecian art shall mould my lays.

Great Homer's brow the crown shall claim,
Yet Cæan Muse, and Pindar's name,
Alcæan threats, and stately lays.
Of Himera's bard shall win our praise.

If aught though light Anacreon moves,
Time kindly spares. Yet breathe the loves
Which the Æolian maid inspire,
Still lives her passion in her lyre.

Helen was not alone to glow
With guilty fires, and yield to show,
And dress, and courtly manners vain,
And royal pomp, and princely train.

Tencer was not the first to throw
Swift arrows from the Cretan bow,
Troy twice was captured—not alone
Idomeneus in fight was known,

Ne forte credas interitura, quæ
Longe sonantem natus ad Aufidum,
Non ante vulgatas per artes
Verba loquor socianda chordis :

Non, si priores Mæonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent,
Cecæque et Alcæi minaces,
Stesichoricæ graves Camenæ .

Nec si quid olim lussit Anacreon,
Delevit ætas ; spirant adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commissi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ.

Non sola comptos arsit adulteri
Crines, et antrum vestibus illitum
Mirata regalesque cultus
Et comites Helene Lacæna ,

Primusve Tencer tela Cydonio
Direxit arcu, non semel Ilios
Vexata, non pugnaxit ingens
Idomeneus Sthenelusve solus

ODE IV. 9.

Nor Sthenelus in battle famed,
Nor bold Deiphobus first named,
With Hector brave, who take hard blows
When love for wife and children glows.

Brave men had lived before that day,
And fell unwept in poet's lay,
Unknown through all that night of time,
No bard had waked the sacred chime.

As well be buried as unsung,
For Lollius my harp is strung,
Nor silent shall its chords remain,
Thy toilsome labors swell the strain.

Oblivion's grave shall not be thine,
Thy soul with virtue graced, there shine
Knowledge, and prudence, steadfast will,
Firm in the midst of good or ill.

Avenging fraud, a foe to pelf,
That draws so many to itself,
Not Consul for a year alone,
But always when thy truth is shown.

An honest judge, from gilded wrong
Disdaining bribes, in virtue strong,
Thou mak'st the opposing crowds to yield,
Victor in arms on Virtue's field.

Mere wealth alone shall give no claim
To call one blest; rightly the name
To those belongs, who wisely use
The gifts that Heaven shall kindly choose,

Or learn deep poverty to bear,
And death less than dishonor fear,
Such go when friends and home shall call,
And for their country bravely fall.

Dicenda Musis prelia; non ferox
Hector, vel acer Deiphobus graves
Excepit ictus pro pudicis
Conjugibus puerisque primus.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed omnes illacrimabiles
Urgentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

Paullum sepultæ distat inertiae
Celata virtus. Non ego te meis
Chartis inornatum silebo,
Totve tuos patiar labores

Impune, Lolli, carpere lividas
Obliviones. Est animus tibi
Rerumque prudens, et secundis
Temporibus dubisque rectus;

Vindex avaræ fraudis, et abstinens
Ducit ad se cuncta pecuniæ;
Consulque non unius anni,
Sed quoties bonus atque fidus

Judex honestum prætulit utili,
Rejecit alto dona nocentium
Vultu, per obstantes catervas
Explicuit sua victor arma.

Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Recte beatum; rectius occupat
Nomen beati, qui deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,

Duramque callet pauperiem pati,
Pejusque leto flagitium timet;
Non ille pro caris amicis
Aut patria timidus perire.

ODE IV. 10.

TO LIGURINUS.

Eight equal lines.

There are five odes of Horace (see Introduction) in which one of the vices peculiar to portions of Roman society is recognized in such a way as to indicate a marked disapprobation on the part of the bard—shown in the ridicule and sarcasm used, the only weapons which he was able to employ. In the first ode of this book, Ligurius is sharply satirized, being brought in as a thing forgotten, and suddenly remembered, and then spoken of with such extravagance of language as to make the whole thing very absurd. In this ode Horace ridicules the youth's position and vanity, pointing out the certain loss of those feminine charms which constituted his greatest power, and drawing with grim satisfaction a picture of his face changed by the coming of manhood into a coarse and hardened form—a picture for others as well as for Ligurius. Scholars have remarked upon the poetic beauty of this brief ode. The metre is the same as in those to Varus and Lenconœ. The date is unknown. Cuninghams adaptation, 1746, and Wranghams translation, 1821, retain the form of the ode, the former adding eight and the latter six lines—both with fine diction. Francis is in eight lines, Martin arranges in two eight-line stanzas, while Lytton omits the ode.

O cruel and strong in the armor of love,
 When the down shall the bloom of your cheek remove,
 When the locks on your shoulders floating are gone,
 And the hue which the palm from the rose had won,
 And your face, Ligurius, to roughness shall pass,
 You'll address the new self that appears in your glass—
 "Ah, why could the youth not feel as to-day,
 Or the bloom of my cheek with the new feeling stay?"

*O crudelis adhuc, et Veneris muneribus potens,
 Insperata tunc quum veniet pluma superbiæ,
 Et, quæ nunc humeris involitant, deciderint comæ,
 Nunc et, qui color est puniceæ flore prior rosæ,
 Mutatus Ligurinum in faciem verterit hispidam;
 Dices, heu! quoties te in speculo videris alterum,
 Quæ mens est hodie, cur eadem non puero fuit?
 Vel cur his auiis incolumes non redeunt genæ?*

ODE IV. 11.

TO PHYLLIS.

Thirty-six lines, stanzas.

This ode of elegant classical allusion and fine diction would indicate that Phyllis was a woman of culture and good social position. Horace invites her to celebrate the birthday of Mæcenas with him, and being interested in a certain Telephus, above her in station, he pleasantly cautions her in the matter of her attachment, alluding gracefully to the stories of Phaëthon and Bellerophon. The date probably 14 B.C. Francis adds four lines, Martin is four lines short, and Lytton in thirty-six lines.

There rests with me a cask of wine,
'T is nine years old, a portion thine,
My garden glows with parsley greeu
For festal wreaths, around is seen

Dark ivy that shall grace thy hair,
My house with silver smiles, they bear
Chaste vervain to the altar made,
Which waits the blood from sacred blade ;

And all are hastening to and fro,
My men and maids in mingled flow,
The flames ascend from kindling fires,
The dark smoke rolls in billowy spires.

What joys for our fair Phyllis stay ?
'T is April's Ides, a festal day,
The month of her sprung from the sea,
A day to be observed by thee ;

A day to me almost as dear
As that which marks my natal year,
Its light shone on Mæcenas' birth,
From this he counts his years on earth.

Lo ! Telephus who moves thy love,
A youth thy station far above,
Is won by maiden rich and fond,
Who holds him in her pleasing bond.

Aspiring high Phaëthon warns,
Wiug'd Pegasus his rider scorns—
Bellerophon of earthly mould,
The storied lesson oft is told,

That thou mayst follow worthy things,
And shun the harms ambition brings ;
Care not to join unequal mate,
Hope not beyond the common fate.

Come then to me last of my loves,
None else the tender passion moves,
Thy tuneful voice my strains rehearse,
Dark care be buried in the verse.

Est mihi nonum superantis annum
Plenus Albani cadus ; est in horto,
Phylli, nectendis apium coronis ;
Est hederæ vis

Multa, qua crines religata fulges ;
Ridet argento domus ; ara castis
Vincta verbenis avet immolato
Spargier agno ;

Cuncta festinat manus, huc et illuc
Cursitant mixtæ pueris puellæ ;
Sordidum flammæ trepidant rotantes
Vertice fumum.

Ut tamen noris, quibus advoceris
Gandiis, Idus tibi sunt agendæ,
Qui dies mensem Veneris marinæ
Findit Aprilem ;

Jure sollempnis mihi, sanctiorque,
Pæne natali proprio, quod ex hac
Luce Mæcenas meus adfluens
Ordinat annos.

Telephum, quem tu petis, occupavit,
Non tuæ sortis juvenem, puella
Dives et lasciva, tenetque grata
Compede vinctum

Terret ambustus Phaëthon avaras
Spes ; et exemplum grave præbet ales
Pegasus, terrenum equitem gravatus
Bellerophontem ;

Semper ut te digna sequare, et ultra
Quam licet sperare nefas putando
Disparem vites. Age jam meorum
Finis amorum,

Non enim posthac alia calebo
Femina,—condisce modos, amanda
Voce quos reddas ; minuuntur atræ
Carmine curæ.

ODE IV. 12.

TO VIRGIL.

Twenty-eight lines, stanzas.

Out of the discussions over this ode we evolve the following points. It was probably written in the summer of 21, *after* the third book (collected in that year) was published, and before Virgil sailed for Greece (also in 21), from which visit he returned in 19, dying at Brundisium. The lyric would then receive position in the next collection, the fourth book, 13 B.C. It was the last visit to Horace of the friend addressed with such affection in the third ode of the first book, written in 24, on the occasion of an earlier visit of Virgil to Greece. Few things would be remembered with more interest than this last visit. There was to be a small party at Horace's house, and Virgil is told that he must bring as his share of the entertainment a box of spikenard which will buy a cask of Calenian wine. Some of the stanzas are noticed by scholars for their poetic beauty.

Lord Thurlow (tens), Francis (tens, elegiac), Martin (twelves, anapaestic), and Lytton all retain the four-line stanza of the original and its twenty-eight lines. All are smooth in rhythm and of fine diction.

Now fall spring zephyrs on the seas,
Now swell the sails with Thracian breeze,
Frosts leave the meads, nor longer flow
The streamlets swoln with winter's snow.

Now builds her nest with sorrowing wail,
Unhappy bird, the nightingale,
And mourns o'er Itis and the shame
Her vengeance brought on Cecrop's name.

'Mid tender grass the shepherd's lay
Resounds with flutes that softly play,
And charm the God whom flocks and trees
That grace dark-hilled Arcadia, please.

The days bring thirst, wouldst thou have wine
Pressed where the suns of Calce shine?
Thou hast in royal dwellings quaffed,
Here sweet perfumes shall earn thy draught.

'T is one small vase of spikenard buys
A cask that with Sulpicius lies,
One that shall give large hopes to dare,
And in its depths drown bitter care.

To all these joys, O Virgil, haste,
Come with thy price—think not to taste,
Costless, of cups that glow with wine,
As if luxurious home were mine.

Then linger not, nor gain desire,
Think—soon may burn your funeral pyre,
Some folly shall your wisdom grace,
'T is sweet t' unbud in fitting place.

Jam Veris comites, quæ mare temperant,
Impellunt animæ lineæ Thraciæ,
Jam nec prata rigent nec fluvii strepunt,
Hiberna nive turgidi.

Nidum ponit, Ityn flebiliter gemens,
Infelix avis et Crecropiæ domus
Æternum opprobrium, quod male barbaras
Regum est ultra libidines.

Dicunt in tenero gramine pinguini
Custodes ovium carmina fistula,
Delectantque Deum, cui pecus et nigri
Colles Arcadiæ placent.

Adduxere sitim tempora, Virgili
Sed pressam Calibus ducere Liberum
Si gestis, juvenum nobilium cliens,
Nardo vina mēbere.

Nardi parvus onyx eliciet cadum,
Qui nunc Sulpiciis accubat horreis,
Spes douare novus largus, amaraque
Curarum eluere efficac.

Ad quæ si properas gaudia, cum tua
Velox merce veni; non ego te mea
Immutum mēditor tingere poculis,
Plena dives ut in domo.

Verum pone moras et studium lucri,
Nigrorumque memor, dum licet, ignium.
Misce stultitiam consiliis brevent;
Dulce est desipere in loco.

ODE IV. 13.

TO LYCE.

Twenty-eight lines, stanzas.

It is agreed that this is not the Lyce of Ode III. 10—a woman of good position, and of modest character. Placing the date of this ode at 14, and allowing for the greatest difference in time, she could not yet be old enough to exhibit those marks of age described in the third stanza. The Lyce of this ode is leading a life bad in its influence on society, and different from that of her younger days, a thing recognized in the fifth and sixth stanzas. In these she is compared with Cinara, to whom Horace was sincerely attached, and who died so early. Like those to Barine and Chloris, this ode does the work of a satire, and Lyce is sharply exposed to those around her. "We perceive, too, in the ode, a certain pathos; as though the bard were doing his work unwillingly, over the memories of her former loveliness." "The ode is replete with beauties of expression"—(Lytton). Cartwright, 1693, uses seven, Francis six, and Martin four six-line stanzas—the last is short four lines. Lytton retains the four-line stanza of the ode—twenty-eight lines.

They have heard, O Lyce, my prayers Above,
And the prayers of many a former love,
You are old, and would fresh and youthful
seem,
You are gay, and of former beauty dream.

And with trembling voice as you strike the
lyre,
You pray that Cupid would love inspire,
But ah! he lurks in the blooming cheek
Of the music-girl, the beautiful Greek.

And he flies away from the withered oak,
And you he shuns, tho' you oft invoke,
As teeth and wrinkles unseemly show,
And your head as white as the winter snow.

Nor Coan silks with their purple dye,
Nor pearls and jewels of lustre high,
Can restore the years that flying time
In the book records—you are past your prime.

Ah, where is the beauty, and bloom, and grace
Of your former years—the charms of that face
Alf breathing of love, and whose kindly gaze
Had stolen myself in those youthful days.

You stood to Cinara second alone
For form, and grace, and accomplishment
known,
The Fates gave her but a few brief years,
You they reserve for future tears.

Lyce shall rival the raven in age,
As the joyous youth in their sports engage,
They will visit the torch that so brightly
burned,
And laugh as they find it to ashes turned.

Audivere, Lyce, di mea vota, di
Audivere, Lyce; fis anus, et tamen
Vis formosa videri,
Ludisque et bibis impudens,

Et cantu tremulo pota Cupidinem
Lentum sollicitas. Ille virentis et
Doctæ psallere Chie
Pulchris excubat in genis.

Importunus enim transvolat aridas
Quercus, et refugit te, quia luridil
Dentes, te quia rugæ
Turpant et capitis nives.

Nec Coæ referunt jam tibi purpuræ,
Nec clari lapides tempora, quæ semel
Notis condita fastis
Inclusit volucris dies.

Quo fugit Venus? heu, quove color? decens
Quo motus? quid habes illius, illius,
Quæ spirabat Amores,
Quæ me surpuerat mibi,

Felix post Cinaram, notaque et artium
Gratarum facies? Sed Cinaræ breves
Annos fata dederunt,
Servatura diu parem

Cornicis vetulæ temporibus Lycen;
Possent ut juvenes visere fervidi,
Multo non sine risu,
Dilapsam in cineres facem.

ODE IV. 14. (For Claudius Tiberius.) TO AUGUSTUS.

Fifty-two lines, stanzas.

The Christian reader of this lyric is naturally interested in those names which he finds in close proximity in our sacred records, as in the ode before us—linked together with events in which both in a certain way participate. "There went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be taxed." This, when Jesus Christ was born. "In the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Cæsar," Jesus began his ministry. The lyric, though properly addressed to Augustus, is designed to celebrate the victories of Tiberius, who, with Drusus, fought the closing combats among the Alps. The full name is Nero Claudius Tiberius. In Epistle I. 9, he is called Claudius, as in this ode, and his descent from the Claudius Nero who won the battle of the Metaurus, is referred to. When this ode was written (14 B.C.) there were two persons before him in the order of succession, Caius and Lucius Cæsar, sons of Agrippa, and Julia the daughter of Augustus. Lucius died in 2, and Caius in 4 A.D. Tiberius was then adopted as the successor of Augustus. This ode, like the fourth, commends the care of the Emperor over the Princes, and his furnishing the resources for the wars. The last three stanzas are fine specimens of lyrical composition. Francis and Lytton retain the four-line stanza, and are in fifty-two lines. Martin uses the "Pindaric stanza," and adds twenty-eight lines.

Shall Senate's power or People's care
With honors laden, fitly bear
Augustus' name to farthest time,
Or titles scrolled in words sublime?

Thy deeds, great Prince, reach distant shores
Where'er the sun his radiance pours,
And tribes to Roman law unknown,
By arms subdued, thy sceptre own.

Thine was the power that Drusus led,
Genauni fierce and Brenni fled,
And fell the towers on Alpine height,
In bloody interchange of fight.

'T was then our elder Nero fought,
Rhæti untamed defeat were taught,
And learned 'mid battle's dire alarms,
What Auspices had blessed thine arms.

Goodly to see the martial fields,
As grandly to the fight he yields,
On the brave foe what ruin falls
Who rush to death when freedom calls.

Quæ cura Patrum, quæve Quiritium,
Plenis honorum muneribus tuas,
Auguste, virtutes in ævum
Per titulos memoresque fastos

Æternæ, O qua sol habitabiles
Illustrat oras, maxime principum?
Quem legis experte Latine,
Vindelici didicere nuper,

Quid Marti posses. Milite nam tuo
Drusus Genaunos, implacitum genus,
Breunosque veloces, et arces
Alpibus impositas tremendis,

Dejecit acer plus vice simplici,
Major Neronum mox grave prælium
Commisit, immanesque Ratos
Auspiciis pepulit secundis,

Speciandus in certamine Martio,
Devota morti pectora libera
Quantis fatigaret ruinis,
Indomitas prope qualis undas

ODE IV. 14.

As stormy South 'mid tameless seas,
When rise cloud-piercing Pleiades,
So on his foaming steed not slow,
He plunged in battle's fiery glow.

As roll swift Aufid's branching streams,
When thro' the Daunian realms it gleams,
Swelled by the storms they wildly flow,
And deluge smiling fields below.

Thus Claudius charges on the bands
Steel-armed, our foes of barbarous lands,
Victor he strews the ground with dead,
Without defeat tho' wounds have bled.

Troops, counsels, Auspices, from thee,—
And from the day when o'er the sea
Sad Egypt as a suppliant falls,
Her harbor yields and vacant halls,

Kind Fortune through the years afar
Gives favoring issues to the war,
Three lustres pass, the last work done,
The Empire's peace and glory won.

Thee, far Cantabria's wild domains,
And Mede, and India, Scythia's plains
Revere, dread Guardian of the State,
Proud Rome's defender, called by Fate,

Thee, the dark Nile who hides his source,
Danube, Tigris with arrowy course,
And monster-bearing seas that roar
Against Britannia's distant shore,

Thee, the brave sons of Gallia's land,
And hard Iberia's rocky strand,
And fierce Sygambri—all obey,
And peaceful rest beneath thy sway.

Exercet Auster, Pleiadum choro
Scindente nubes, impiger hostium
Vexare turmas, et frementem
Mittere equum medios per ignes.

Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus,
Qui regna Dauni præfluit Apuli,
Cum sævit, horrendamque cultis
Diluvium meditatur agris,

Ut barbarorum Claudius agmina
Ferrata vasto diruit impetu,
Primosque et extremos metendo
Stravit humum, sine clade victor,

Te copias, te consilium et tuos
Præbente Divos. Nam tibi, quo die
Portus Alexandria supplex
Et vacuum patefecit aulam,

Fortuna lustrò prospera tertio
Belli secundos reddidit exitus,
Laudemque et optatum peractis
Imperiis decus arrogavit.

Te Cantaber non ante domabilis,
Medusque, et Indus, te profugus Scythes
Miratur, O tutela præsens
Italiæ dominæque Romæ :

Te, fontium qui celat origines
Nilusque et Ister, te rapidus Tigris,
Te belluosus qui remotis
Obstrept Oceanus Britannis :

Te non paventis funera Galliæ
Dureque tellus audit Iberiæ ;
Te cæde gaudentes Sygambri
Compositis venerantur armis.

ODE IV. 15.

TO AUGUSTUS. (Congratulation.) Thirty-two lines, stanzas.

The preceding ode, celebrating the victories of Drusus and Tiberius, is appropriately followed by the lyric before us. The Emperor is congratulated on the establishment of universal peace, the bard noticing, in the second and third stanzas, the closing once more of the temple of Janus. This was closed for the first time by Augustus in 30, after the taking of Alexandria, an event referred to in the ninth stanza of the preceding ode. For the second time, in 23 B.C., at the close of the Cantabrian war, noticed in Ode III. 14. For the third time, in 19 B.C., on his return from the East with the recovered standards, events referred to in the Sæcular Hymn (fourteenth stanza), written for the grand celebration of 17 B.C. The empire was now at peace except portions of Gaul and Germany. In 16 B.C. Drusus proceeded to these sections, and then Tiberius, both obtaining victories, and thus preparing the way for Augustus, who soon followed, remaining nearly three years, and settling the country by his personal efforts. He returned in 13 B.C., and closed for the fourth time the gates of Janus. The second, fourth, fifth, and fourteenth odes of this book were written in connection with these events, and the book itself gathered and closed with this fine lyric of congratulation, the last that came from the pen of Horace.

Only twelve years from this ode, a Child was born in "Bethlehem of Judea," and enrolled as a subject of Augustus. In less than a century its Name was winning disciples in the "household of Cæsar." Francis uses six-line stanzas, and adds ten lines. Martin (without regular stanzas) adds eight lines. Lytton retains the four-line stanza and has thirty-two lines.

Phœbus chides, withholds his fire,
"War and siege fit not thy lyre,
Peace thy theme—thy little sails
May not brave the Tyrrhene's gales,"

Golden harvests grace the fields,
Long lost standards Parthia yields,
Janus' gates are closed again,
Peace, and Law, and Order reign.

Lawless license feels its curb,
Vice and crime no more disturb,
Arts and Virtues once our own
Now regain their ancient throne;

These have won our Roman name,
And Italia's strength and fame,
And her proud, majestic sway
From the rise to set of day.

Phœbus volentem prælia me loqui
Victas et urbes, increpuit lyra;
Ne parva Tyrrhenum per æquor
Vela darem. Tua, Cæsar, ætas

Fruges et agris retulit uberes,
Et signa nostro restituit Jovi,
Derepta Parthorum superbis
Postibus, et vacuum duellis

Janum Quirini clausit, et ordinem
Rectum evaganti frena Licente
Injecit, emovitque culpas,
Et veteres revocavit artes,

Per quas Latinum nomen et Italie
Crevere vires, famaue et imperi
Porrecta majestas ad ortus
Sola ab Hispanio cubili

ODE IV. 15.

Cæsar guarding now the state,
 Civil war, and rage, and hate,
 Shall no more their swords employ,
 And the nation's peace destroy.

They who drink of Danube deep,
 Cæsar's edicts now shall keep,
 Scyth's and Persians, Seres brave,
 And where Tanais swells its wave.

Round each hearth thro' coming days
 Kindly Bacchus will we praise,
 With our wives and children dear,
 Gods invoking in our prayer,

Deeds our sires have done, rehearse,
 Flutes soft mingling with our verse,
 Troy, Anchises, Venus, sing,
 Whence the Julian races spring.

Custode rerum Cæsare, non furor
 Civilis aut vis exiget otium,
 Non ira, quæ procudit enses,
 Et miseras inimicat urbes.

Nop, qui profundum Danubium bibunt,
 Edicta rumpent Julia, non Getæ,
 Non Seres, infidive Persæ,
 Non Tanain prope flumen orti.

Nosque et profestis lucibus et sacris,
 Inter jocosî munera Liberi,
 Cum prole matronisque nostris,
 Rite Deos prius apprecati,

Virtute functos, more patrum, duces,
 Lydis remixto carmine tibiis,
 Trojamque et Anchisen et almæ
 Progeniem Veneris canemus.

NOTE TO THE EPODES.

THIS is sometimes called the fifth book of Odes, but more generally by the title which stands at the head of this note. Whatever may have been the original acceptations as to position and metre connected with the term *Epode*, it has come to be applied to this book of odes by critics and editors, as meaning simply an appendix, or addition, to the four books. Horace uses neither term (*Ode* or *epode*)—possibly he may have employed the word "*Carmen*," as we find a majority of the editions to do.

According to the received chronology, the first and second book of the *Satires* came out in 36 and 33 B.C. These were the first publications of the poet, the individual satires being composed at different times previous to these dates—as early, perhaps, as 38 B.C. The third publication was the *Epodes*, in 30 B.C., the year after the battle of Actium. These earliest lyrics represent a period of time between the battles of Philippi and Actium—42 to 31 B.C. Some of them were written at the same time during which he was composing the *Satires*. Some possess an historical value, as the exponent of events in the midst of which they made their appearance.

The *Epodes*, then, represent the earlier lyrical efforts of the poet, and make manifest both his excellences and his faults. They are seventeen in number (eighteen in some of the older editions), and we find the longest of the odes among them. There is some very fine writing, and some of the lyrics possess great merit—such as the second—in their descriptions of outward nature, and some are of great power—such as the seventh and sixteenth—in the expression of feeling respecting the destructiveness and demoralizations of the civil wars. It is through the *Epodes* that certain Greek poetical forms were introduced into Italy. The first ten are in couplets, all of the same metre (iambic), and peculiar to themselves. We have thought it best, however, to use two different measures in our translation of them. We have omitted two, in accordance with custom.

EPODE 1.

TO MÆCENAS.

Thirty-four lines, couplets.

From the discussions, we place the date of this ode at 32 B.C., when Octavius Cæsar went to Brundisium from which to sail in connection with the expedition culminating in the battle of Actium. It was a situation of the deepest gravity, for it was by no means certain that he would win the victory against the numerous forces of Antony and Cleopatra. Mæcenas was to join Octavius, and then this "fine lyrical outburst of anxiety" came from Horace, who had been with him six or seven years, and wished to share in the dangers of the campaign. Octavius changed his plan, and wisely left the trustworthy Mæcenas in charge of Italy till the issues of the war were decided, as they were at Actium, September 2, 31 B.C., from which the reign of Octavius (Augustus in 27) is reckoned. Chetwood's adaptation, 1706 (stanzas), adds eight lines. Francis and Martin (couplets, finely written) add, the one four, and the other two lines. Lytton (couplets) adds two lines.

In light Liburnian ships you go
'Mid towering galleys of the foe,
Prepared in Cæsar's toils to share,
And with him war's stern perils bear.
But life, Mæcenas, wanting thee,
Shall yield but joyless hours to me;
And vainly would I seek for rest,
Which without thee were scarcely blest.
Then shall I not the toil endure,
Like hardy men in strength not poor?
O'er Alpine hills I 'll bravely tread,
Or o'er Caucasus's snowy head,
Or to the furthest western sea,
With soul undaunted follow thee.
But can I aid in such a strife,
A novice in the warrior's life?
Present with thee, my fears are less
Than would upon the absent press,
As when she leaves her young, the bird
Is more by fear of serpents stirred
Than with her nestlings, yet if there,
She scarce the needed help could bear.
Then all these wars I gladly take,
Beloved Mæcenas, for thy sake,
Although my fields share not the spoils
That come thro' numerous oxen's toils,
Nor changed from hot Calabria's glow,
My flocks Lucanian pastures know,
Nor 'mid high Tusculum's rich bowers,
My house shall match with Circæan towers.
For thou hast given enough and more,
Nor shall thy friend with added store,
Like Chremes hide it in the ground,
Or like some spendthrift heir be found.

Ibis Liburnis inter alta navium,
Amice, propugnacula,
Paratus omne Cæsaris periculum
Subire, Mæcenas, tuo.
Quid nos, quibus te vita sit superstitie
Jucunda, si contra, gravis?
Utrumne jussi persequemur otium,
Non dulce, ni tecum simul,
An hunc laborem mente latui, decet
Qua ferre non molles viros?
Peremus; et te vel per Alpium juga
Inhospitalem et Caucasum,
Vel Occidentis usque ad ultimum sinum
Porti sequemur pectore.
Roges, tuum labore quid juvem in eo,
Imbellis ac firmus parum?
Comes minore sum futurus in metu,
Qui major absentes habet;
U't assidens implumibus pullis avis
Serpentium allapsus timet
Magis relictis; non, ut adsit, auxill
Latens plus præsentibus.
Libenter hoc et omne militabitur
Bellum in tuæ spem gratiæ;
Non ut juvenis illigata pluribus
Aratra nitantur mea;
Pecusve Calabris ante sidus fervidum
Lucana metet pascuis;
Neque ut superni villa cadens Tusculi
Circæa tangat mœnia.
Satis superque me benignitas tua
Dixit; haud paravero,
Quod aut avarus ut Chremes terra premam,
Discinctus aut perdam nepos.

As several of the odes before us were contemporaneous with the satires, this lyric must have been written not far in time from the first satire of the first book—collected in 36 B.C. They resemble each other in cast of thought, particularly in the ten opening lines of each. It is probable that every one knew who was meant by Alphius, if indeed it is not a real name. He is disgusted with the troubles of his business, and resolves to buy a farm as soon as he receives his next payments. The descriptions which the poet puts in the mouth of the old usurer of rural life and nature are very beautiful. The Ides come, he gathers in his money, old habits plead successfully, and in two weeks after he lends it all out again. Cotton, 1681, Francis and Lytton retain the couplet form, and are in seventy lines. Dryden's paraphrase (eights) adds twenty-eight lines. Martin arranges in twenty four-line stanzas (tens, elegiac, of fine diction), adding ten lines.

Happy he who far from cares,
Like the men of ancient years,
Cultures now his father's farm,
Nor in usury sees a charm,
Nor the trumpet moves his soul,
Nor the stormy billows' roll,
Nor the courts with pleadings loud,
Nor the portals of the proud.
But the daughters of the vine
Round his lofty poplars twine,
Useless branches pruned away,
Richer grafts their place repay ;
Or in quiet valley seen,
Lowing herds 'mid pastures green,
Or in jars pure honey pours,
Or he clips his woolly stores ;
Or when vine-crowned Autumn yields
Mellow fruits thro' all the fields,
Gathering luscious pears that lie,
Grapes that with the purple vie,
Offers first-fruits of the grounds
To the Gods who guard the bounds.
'Neath some oak he now reclines,
Or on matted grass and vines,
Waters glide through wooded plains,
Warbling birds give forth their strains,
Fountains gush with purling streams,
Sleep inviting and soft dreams.
Winter comes and chills the air,
Bids his rains and snows prepare,
Now he drives with many a bound

Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
Solutus omni fenore,
Neque excitatur classico miles truci,
Neque horret iratum mare,
Forumque vivat et superba civium
Potentiorum limina.
Ergo aut adulta vitium propagine
Altas maritat populos,
Inutilesque falce ramos amputans
Felicioris inserit ;
Aut in reducta valle mugientium
Prospectat errantes greges ;
Aut pressa puris mella condit amphoris ;
Aut tondet infirmas oves ;
Vel, cum decorum mitibus pomis caput
Autumnus agris extulit,
Ut gaudet insitiva decerpens pira,
Certantem et uvam purpuræ,
Qua muneretur te, Priape, et te, pater
Silvane, tutor finium.
Libet jacere, modo sub antiqua ilice,
Modo in tenaci gramine.
Labuntur altis interim ripis aquæ,
Queruntur in silvis aves,
Fontesque lymphis obstrepunt manantibus,
Somnos quod invitet leves.
At cum Tonantis annus hiernus Jovis
Imbres nivesque comparat,
Aut trudit acres hinc et hinc multa cane

EPODE 2.

Wild boars in the toils around,
 Or his poles the light net push,
 Certain snare for greedy thrush,
 Or his noose makes pleasant gain
 Trembling hare and journeying crane.
 Pleasures such as these would prove
 Means to cure the pangs of love,
 More, if modest wife were there,
 Guiding house and children fair,
 Sabine like by suns embrowned,
 Spouse of hardy peasant found,
 Dry wood piling, fire will burn
 At the wearied man's return,
 Herds receiving from the plain,
 Swelling udders she will drain,
 Then the wine from seasoned cask,
 This shall end her evening task.
 Oysters brought from Lucrine's shore,
 Turbot, Char, scarce please me more,
 When the stormy eastern breeze
 Brings them to Italian seas;
 Afric's bird, and Asia's game
 Not more sweetly hunger tame,
 Than the olive plucked from boughs,
 Thick and fertile through the ploughs,
 Or the sorrel, loving meads,
 Mallows for the body's needs,
 Or the lamb for festal day,
 Or the kid some wolf would slay.
 'Mid these feasts what joys would come,
 See the sheep now hastening home,
 See the wearied oxen bear
 Ploughs reversed with languid air,
 And the slaves to manors bound,
 'Mid the Larcs seated round.
 Thus our Alpius blessed his lot,
 Farmer he beyond a doubt,—
 On the Ides his money got,
 On the Kalends lent it out.

Apros in obstantes plagas;
 Aut amite levi rara tendit retia,
 Turdis edacibus dolos,
 Pavidumque leporem et advenam laqueo
 gruein
 Jucunda capit præmia.
 Quis non malarum, quas amor curas habet,
 Hæc inter obliviscitur?
 Quod si pudica mulier in partem juvet
 Domum atque dulces liberos,
 Sabina qualis, aut perusta solibus
 Pernicis uxor Apuli,
 Sacrum vetustis exstruat lignis focum
 Lassi sub adventum viri;
 Claudensque textis cratibus lætum pecus
 Distenta siccet ubera;
 Et horna dulci vina promena dolio
 Dapes inemptas apparet,
 Non me Lucrina juverint conchyliis,
 Magisque rhombus, aut scari,
 Si quos Eois intonata fluctibus
 Hiems ad hoc vertat mare;
 Non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum,
 Non attagen Ionicus
 Jucundior, quam lecta de pinguisimis
 Oliva ramis arborum,
 Aut herba lapathi prata amantis, et gravi
 Malvæ salubres corpori,
 Vel agna festis cæsa Terminalibus,
 Vel hædus ereptus lupo.
 Has inter epulas, ut juvat pastas oves
 Videre properantes domum,
 Videre fessos vomerem inversum boves
 Collo trahentes languido,
 Positosque vernas, ditis examen domus,
 Circum residentem Lares.
 Hæc ubi locutus fenerator Alpius,
 Jam jam futurus rusticus,—
 Omnem redegit Idibus pecuniam,
 Quærit Kalendis ponere.

EPODE 3.

TO MÆCENAS.

Twenty-two lines, couplets.

It seems that Mæcenas at the usual hour of dining had placed before the poet a dish seasoned with garlic, which he knew that Horace detested. The bard partook and suffered. Then comes this sportive effusion, in which he describes the offending plant as the most deadly foe to man, more fatal than even the hemlock. The classical allusions to Jason, Medea, and Hercules are in a fine vein of humor. There are discussions over the word "puella," in the twenty-first line, as applied to the wife of Mæcenas, but we are constantly making such applications of the words "boys" and "girls" to all ages and conditions of life. From the reference to Canidia, in the eighth line, as a well-known witch, we infer the date of the ode as 34 or 33 B.C. Francis and Lytton retain the couplet form of the ode, and are in twenty-two lines. Martin arranges in stanzas, adding two lines.

If one should lift his impious hand,
And stain with parent's blood the land,
The law should such with garlic kill—
Yet peasants eat and feel no ill.
What poison rages in my veins?
What viper's blood this salad stains?
So strangely mingling with the herbs;
Or else Canidia's power disturbs.
To Jason, more than others fair,
The fond Medea gave to wear
Such charms as untamed oxen broke—
'T was garlic brought them to the yoke;
The gifts thus steeped her rival slew,
Then on her serpent's wings she flew.
Nor raging stars so foul a blast
O'er dry Apulia ever cast,
Nor when great Hercules returned,
The poisoned gift more fiercely burned.
If, my Mæcenas, you prepare
Such jestful dishes, this my prayer:—
Your presence always be denied
By her who rightly claims your side.

Parentis olim si quis impia mauu
Senile guttur fregerit,
Edit cicutis allium nocentius.
O dura messorum ilia!
Quid hoc veneni sævit in præcordiis?
Num viperinus his cruror
Incoctus herbis me sefellit? an malas
Canidia tractavit dapes?
Ut Argonautas præter omnes candidum
Medea mirata est dncem,
Ignota tauris illigaturum juga
Perunxit hoc Jasonem;
Hoc delibantis ulta donis pellicem,
Serpente fugit alite.
Nec tantus unquam siderum insedit vapor
Siticulosæ Apulizæ,
Nec munus humeris efficacis Herculis
Inarsit astuosius.
At si quid unquam tale concupiveris,
Jocose Mæcenas, precor
Manum puella savio opponat tuo,
Extrema et in sponda cubet.

EPODE 4.

TO MENAS.

Twenty lines, couplets.

This short lyric has received much discussion as to its title. That of the Delphin, and of some other editions reads, "To Menas, the Freedman of Pompey the Great." The date will be quite early, from 38 to 36 B.C., a period of conflict with robbers and servile bands on the Italian coast. In some part of his life, Menas was a captive in Spain, a thing which he wished to conceal—see third and fourth lines. His life after this may be called a series of treacheries, in connection with Sextus (son of Pompey), and Antony, and Octavius, coming over finally to the last, all in the course of two years. Caesar received and rewarded him, as a war necessity, making him a Tribune. The ode is a protest of the people, and we can well believe was not a little satisfactory to Octavius himself. Francis is in couplets—tens and eights. Martin (couplets) adds four lines. Lytton retains the couplet form of the ode.

Wolves and lambs will now agree
Sooner far than I with thee.
Scarred with Spanish whips, your side,
Fetter-marks your garments hide.
Purse-proud through the streets you range,
Fortune's, not your nature's change.
Marching through the Sacred Way,
Six-ell'd toga you display;
See indignaut faces frown,
Hear the anger pouring down.
' By Triumvirs' lashes scourged,
Till the criers pity urged,
Acres rich his plough divides,
O'er the Appian way he rides,
Seated in the knightly rows,
Full contempt for Otho shows.
Why so many ships prepare
With their brazen beaks for war
'Gainst the thieves and servile bands,
While this man a Tribune stands."

Lupis et agnis quanta sortito obtigit,
Tecum mihi discordia est,
Hibericis peruste funibus latus,
Et crura dura compede.
Licet superbus ambules pecunia,
Fortuna non mutat genus.
Videsne, Sacram metiente te Viam
Cum his trium ulnarum toga,
Ut ora vertat huc et huc euntium
Liberrima indignatio?
"Sectus flagellis hic Triumviralibus
Præconis ad fastidium,
Arat Falerni mille fundi jugera
Et Appiam mannis terit,
Sedilibusque magnus in primis eques,
Oibone contempto, sedet.
Quid attinet tot ora navium gravi
Rostrata duci pondere
Contra latrones atque servilem manum,
Hoc, hoc Tribuno militum."

EPODE 5.

CANIDIA. One hundred and two lines, couplets.

Was it to direct attention to bad practices, or for the amusement of the public, or as an outcome of personal feeling, that this lyric was written? The Canidia of Horace is described in Satire 1. 8, and in the ode before us, and is addressed personally in the seventeenth epode. These three poems, written not far apart in date—38 to 36 B.C.—must be taken together. They indicate clearly, we think, a purpose to hold up to reprobation certain practices which were deprecated by the better classes. The public also received its share of amusement. We see no evidence of "personal feeling," as intimated by some of the older critics, who say that these are the "iambics" apologized for to Tyndaris, who was the daughter of Canidia, the real name of whom was Gratidia—a suppositiō attended with insuperable difficulties, in the opinion of some of the ablest scholars. The lyric before us has much power and poetic beauty. Canidia, with other witches, is seizing a child of good family, out of whose marrow and liver she is to make a potent love-charm. The ode opens with the exclamations of the boy, frightened at their preparations. The ingredients of the "charmed pot," and the witches' work are vividly described. Rev. C. A. Wheelright, 1831, retains the couplet form and proper number of lines. Francis and Martin are in eights (couplets), very smooth, the former adding sixteen, and the latter twenty-six lines. Lytton (two lines short) has a most careful rendering of the ode.

O ye Gods who reign on high,
Nor to man your care deny,
Whence these terrors that I see,
Cruel faces turned on me?
By your children if true birth
Ever blessed your joyous hearth,
By this purple badge I pray,
By just Jove who marks your way,
Look not with a steplame's eyes,
Or as wounded beast that flies.
Thus the boy with faltering tone,
Dress and ornament are gone,
Piteous form that well might move
Fiercest Thracian breasts to love.
Now Canidia wreathes her hair,
Vipers takes from serpent's lair,
Wild figs from some lonely tomb,
Cypress with funereal gloom,
Eggs with blood of toads most foul,
Feathers from the screeching owl,
Herbs from far Iberia's land,
Poisons from Iolchos' strand,
Bones from dogs with hunger pined,
To the cauldron all assigned.
Sagana o'er the water round
Sprinkles Stygian waters round,
Rough as hedgehog stands her hair,
Or as wild boar from his lair.

At, O Deorum quidquid in cœlo regit
Terras et humanum genus!
Quid iste fert tumultus? aut quid omnium
Vultus in unum me truces?
Per liberos te, si vocata partibus
Lucina veris affuit,
Per hoc inane purpuræ decus precor,
Per improbaturum hæc Jovem,
Quid ut noverca me intueris, aut uti
Petita ferro bellua?
Ut hæc tremēti questus ore constitit
Insignibus raptis puer,
Impube corpus, quale posset impia
Mollire Thracum pectora;
Canidia, brevibus implicata viperis
Crues et incomptum caput,
Jubet sepulcris caprificos erutas,
Jubet cupressus funebres,
Et uncta turpis ova ranæ sanguine,
Plumamque nocturnæ strigis,
Herbasque, quas Iolcos atque Iberia
Mittit venenorum ferax,
Et ossa ab ore rapta jejunæ canis,
Flammis aduri Colchicis.
At expedita Sagana, per totam domum
Spargens Avernales aquas,
Horret capillis ut marinus asperis
Echinus, aut currens aper.

EPODE 5.

Veia no remorse shall feel,
 Ground she digs with spade of steel,
 O'er her toil heaves many a sigh—
 There the living boy shall lie,
 There the oft changed food desire,
 Till the lingering day expire,
 Face projecting as it gleams
 When the swimmer stems the stream,
 Marrow shrunk and liver dry
 Form the spell for lover's sigh,
 As with eyes fixed on the food,
 Hunger wastes the youthful blood.
 Nor was wanting in that hour
 Folia witch of wondrous power,
 Idle Naples so believed,
 Thia the neighboring towns received,
 To whose magic power 't was given
 Moon and stars to draw from heaven.
 Now her livid teeth indent
 Nails that grow uncut and bent,
 As Canidia pours her prayers—
 Faithful in these dread affairs,
 Night and Day rule the sky,
 While these secret rites we ply,
 On my foes now in this hour,
 Turn your anger and your power,
 Now while beasts the forests keep,
 Buried in their slumbers deep,
 Varus old let laughter greet,
 Dogs bark in Suburan Street,
 Come spell-struck, before me stand,
 Stronger never left my hand.
 Comes he not? Medea's skill
 Greater far to work her will,
 Brought upon her rival fair
 Vengeance deep, e'en Creon's heir,
 From the mantle poison-steeped,
 Flames the bride devouring leaped—
 Yet no herb escapes my gaze,
 Lurking in the wildest ways.
 Varus lies in other's arms
 All unmindful of my charms,
 Ah, some witch more powerful still,
 Frees him from my utmost skill.
 But new potions shall appear,
 Thou shalt shed full many a tear,
 Back to me thou com'st this day,

Abacta nulla Veia conscientia
 Ligonibus duris humum
 Exhaustiebat, ingemens laboribus,
 Quo posset infossus puer
 Longo die bis terque mutatae dapis
 Inmemori spectaculo,
 Cum promitteret ore, quantum exstant aqua
 Suspensa mento corpora;
 Exsucta uti medulla et aridum jecur
 Amoris esset poculum,
 Interminato cum semel fixæ cibo
 Intabuissent pupulæ.
 Non defuisse masculæ libidinis
 Ariminensem Foliam,
 Et otiosa credidit Neapolis,
 Et omne vicinum oppidum;
 Que sidera excantata voce Thessala
 Lunamque cælo deripit.
 Hic irsectum sæva dente livido
 Canidia rodens pollicem
 Quid dixit aut quid tacuit? O rebus meis
 Non infideles arbitre,
 Nox et Diana, quæ silentium regis,
 Arcana cum fiunt sacra,
 Nunc, nunc adeste: nunc in hostiles domos
 Iram atque numen vertite!
 Formidolosus dum latent silvis feræ
 Dulci sopore languide,
 Senem, quod omnes rideant, adulterum
 Latrent Suburane canes
 Nardo perunctum, quale non perfectius
 Mæ laborarint manus.
 Quid accidit? Cur dira barbarie minus
 Venena Medæe valent,
 Quibus superbum fugit ulta pellicem,
 Magni Creontis filiam,
 Cum palla, tabo munus imbutum, novam
 Incendio nuptam abstulit.
 Atqui nec herba, nec Intus in asperis
 Radix fefellit me locis.
 Indormit unctis omnium cubilibus
 Oblivione pellicum.
 Ah! ah! solutus ambulat veneficæ
 Scientioris carminæ.
 Non usitatis, Vare, potionibus,
 O multa fleturum caput,
 Ad me recurres; nec vocata mens tua

EPODE 5.

Nor shall Marsian spells delay,
 Greater charms will I prepare,
 Stronger cups for thee will bear,
 Skies shall sing beneath the sea,
 Earth outstretched as canopy,
 But thy love for me shall burn,
 As when pitch to flames shall turn.
 Here the boy no more with prayer
 Seeks to soothe the wretches there,
 Doubtful once now silence breaks,
 In Thyestean curses apeaks.
 Spells may right and wrong confound,
 Heavenly justice is not bound,
 Dark the crime you make your own,
 Which no blood shall e'er atone ;
 When I perish by your power,
 Fury-like in night's dark hour,
 Seeking in the shade your bed,
 Fingers curved, by spirits led,
 I shall sit upon your breast,
 And with terrors break your rest,
 Village crowds your withered forms
 Rushing seize, and fling to storms,
 And the wolves and eagles haste
 To th' unburied limbs' repast,
 While my parents weep for me,
 Glad they will this vengeance see.

Marsis redibit vocibus,
 Majus parabo, majus infundam tibi
 Fastidienti poculum,
 Priusque cœlum sidet inferius mari,
 Tellure porrecta super,
 Quam non amore sic meo flagres, uti
 Bitumen atris ignibus.
 Sub hæc puer, jam non, ut ante, mollibus
 Lenire verbis impias ;
 Sed dubius nunc rumperet silentium,
 Misit Thyesteas preces :
 Venena magnum fas nefasque, non valent
 Convertere humanam vicem ;
 Diris agam vos ; dira detestatio
 Nulla expiatur victima.
 Quin, ubi perire jussus exspiravero,
 Nocturnus occurram Furor,
 Petamque vultus umbra curvis unguibus,
 Quæ vis deorum est Manium ;
 Et inquietis assidens præcordiis,
 Pavore somnos auferam.
 Vos turba vicatim hinc et hinc saxis petens
 Contundet obscenas anus ;
 Post insepulta membra different lupi
 Et Esquilinæ alites ;
 Neque hoc parentes, heu mihi superstites,
 Effugerit spectaculum.

EPODE 6.

TO CASSIUS SEVERUS.

Sixteen lines, couplets.

There is much discussion over the title of this ode. We take the above as in accordance with what we regard as the best criticism in the case. Cassius Severus was born about 50 B.C., and died 33 A.D.—eighty-three years of age. He began as a writer of verses as early as twenty years of age, a thing not without precedent in the history of authors and of literary men. Severus was banished for libellous writings both by Augustus and Tiberius, and died in banishment. The life and character of the man agree with the person described in the ode—one like a snappish cur, afraid of the strong, and harassing the weak. The bard will prove a stout hound of Molossia to Severus. The date is probably 32 or 31 B.C. Francis (couplets) is in sixteen lines. Martin arranges in stanzas—adds sixteen lines. Lytton retains the form and size of the ode.

Ah, dog, why harmless strangers tear,
So cowardly when wolves are near?
Turn now on me, and yet 't were vain,
For I shall surely bite again,
And like Molossia's tawny hounds
So helpful to the shepherd's grounds,
Thro' the deep piling snows that lie,
Wild beasts I drive 'neath winter's sky.
The woods with your loud barking ring,
But soon you scent the crusts they fling.
Take care, take care, my horn I 'll raise,
And gore you with iambic lays,
As when Lycambes once deceived,
Or when sharp Hipponax was grieved.
When mongrel's tooth shall strike me deep,
Like weakling child shall I but weep?

Quid immerentes hospites vexas, canis,
Ignavus adversum lupos?
Quin huc inanes, si potes, vertis minas,
Et me remorsurum petis?
Nam, qualis aut Molossus, aut fulvus Iacon,
Amica vis pastoribus,
Agam per altis aure sublata nives,
Quæcunque præcedet fera:
Tu, cum timenda voce complesti nemus,
Projectum odoraris cibum.
Cave, cave; namque in malos asperrimus
Parata tollo cornua;
Qualis Lycambæ apretus infido gener,
Ant acer hostis Rupalo.
An, si quis atro dente me petiverit,
Inultus ut flebo puer?

EPODE 7.

TO THE ROMANS.

Twenty lines, couplets.

Four different dates are proposed for this ode. First, 43 B.C., with reference to the preparations of Brutus and Cassius. Second, 41, with reference to the Perusian war—after the battle of Philippi. Third, 38 or 37, with reference to the expedition against Sextus Pompeius. Fourth, 33 or 32, with reference to hostilities between Octavius and Antony, culminating in the battle of Actium. We take the last, following in this some eminent scholars, while yet the battles above referred to were all bloody facts which justified the poet in the very strong language of this brief ode. He laments the coming slaughter (wherever that was to be), and says that the nation was expiating, in the civil wars, the blood of Remus which rested on Rome like an evil destiny. As Antony by his alliance with Cleopatra was the aggressor, such an ode would be helpful to Octavius, who stood as the defender of the country's honor and safety. Francis, Martin, and Lytton retain the form and size of the lyric.

Whither, whither, filled with rage?
Swords unsheathed your hands engage,
Lands and Neptune's watery plain
Latian blood once more shall stain,
Not some Carthage now to burn,
And its towers to ashes turn,
Not some Briton's pride to lay,
Treading chained the Sacred Way,
But that Parthia's prayer may stand,
"Perish Rome by Roman hand."
'Mid the wilds this is unknown,
Wolves and lions love their own.
Is it phrensy, Fate's decree,
Fathers' guilt that rests on thee?
Silent thou, thy cheeks are pale.
And thy wonted spirits fail.
Sad the fate that Rome must dread,
Brother's blood rests on her head,
Blood from Remus' day afar,
Cursing still in civil war.

Quo, quo scelesti ruitis? aut cur dexteris
Aptantur enses conditi?
Parumne campis atque Neptuno super
Fusum est Latini sanguinis,
Non, ut superbas invidiæ Carthaginis
Romanus arces ureret;
Intactus aut Britannus ut descenderet
Sacra catenatus Via,
Sed ut, secundum vota Parthorum, sua
Urbs hæc periret dextera.
Neque hic lupis mos, nec fuit leonibus
Unquam, nisi in dispar, feris.
Furore cæcus, an rapit vis acrior,
An culpa? Responsum date.
Tacent; et albus ora pallor inficit,
Mentesque percussæ stupent.
Sic est; acerba fata Romanos agunt,
Scelesque fraternæ necis,
Ut immeritis fluxit in terram Remi
Sacer nepotibus cruor.

EPODE 9.

TO MÆCENAS.

Thirty-eight lines, couplets.

Written when the first news came of the victory at Actium, September 2, 31 B.C., and addressed to Mæcenas, who had remained in charge of Italy during the uncertainty of affairs, the ode calls upon him to rejoice over the great event. Neither the ending of the Jurgurthine war nor the fall of Carthage brought greater results to Rome than the complete conquest of Egypt, which followed the battle of Actium. (Lines 22-26.) It was the last of the great battles from 50 to 31 B.C. Pharsalia, Thapsus, Munda, Philippi, Naulochus, and Actium were all marked by terrible slaughter, and the last dates the beginning of the reign of Augustus. One year from this, came the ode on the death of Cleopatra, too late for insertion among the epodes, and placed in the first book (i. 37). Francis (couplets) adds two lines. Martin is in six-line stanzas, adding eighteen lines. Lytton retains the form and size of the ode.

When shall we break the wine's long sleep,
And festal time for Cæsar keep
In glad Mæcenas' stately halls;
Great Jove has heard us, victory calls,
And lyre and flute shall mingling play
Sweet Dorian strain and Phrygian lay?
As when the boastful Sextus learned
To know defeat—his vessels burned,
He threat'ning chains for Roman hands,
Chains taken from his servile bands.
That Romans (we shall scarce believe,
Would implements of war receive,
And toil as slaves on foreign strand,
While queens and eunuchs take command,
Or that with standards strangely blent,
The sun would see a curtained tent,
Then turned at this the Gallic horse,
And shouted "Cæsar" in their course,
Then turned the wing of hostile fleet,
And "Cæsar" they indignant greet.
Hail God of Triumph,—why delay,
Bring golden chariots, victims slay—
Hail God of Triumph, thou didst bear
None greater from Jurgurthine war,
Nor when great Africanus came,
Whose tomb o'er Carthage boasts the name.
Conquered on land and sea, the foe
Dons sorrow's garb for purple's glow,
And Crete for cities once renowned
He seeks—no favoring winds are found,
Or the far Syrtis rough with gales,
Or the uncertain sea he sails.
Come boy, let larger cups be mine,
The Chian bring, or Lesbian wine,
Or what my anxious soul shall still,
With Cæcuban the goblet fill,
And care and fear for Cæsar go,
And rest in the sweet depths below.

Quando repostum Cæcubum ad festas dapes,
Victore lactus Cæsare,
Tecum sub alta, sic Jovi gratum, domo,
Beate Mæcenas, bibam,
Sonante mixtum tibi carmen lyra,
Hac Dorian, illis barbarum?
Ut nuper, actus cum freto Neptunius
Dux fugit, ustis navibus,
Minatus Urbi vincla, quæ detraxerat
Servis amicus perfidis.
Romanus, eheu, posteri negabitis,
Emanicipatus femine,
Fert vallum et arma miles, et spualonibus
Servire rugosis potest,
Interque signa turpe militaria
Sol aspexit canopium.
At huc frementes verterunt his mille equos
Galli, canentes Cæsarem.
Hostiliumque navium portu latent
Puppæ sinistrorsum citæ:
Io Triumphæ, tu moraris aureos
Currus, et intactos boves?
Io Triumphæ, nec Jurgurthino parem
Bello reportasti ducem,
Neque Africanum, cui super Carthaginem
Victus sepulcrum condidit.
Terra marique victus hostis punico
Lugubre mutavit sagum;
Aut ille centum nobilem Cretam urbibus,
Ventis iturus non suis,
Exercitatus aut petit Syrtis Notæ,
Aut fertur incerto mari.
Capaciores affer huc, puer, scyphos,
Et Chla vina aut Lesbica,
Vel, quod fluentem nauseam coërceat,
Metire nobis Cæcubum;
Cumq; metumq; Cæsaris rerum juvat
Dulci Lyæo solvere.

EPODE 10.

TO MÆVIUS THE POET.

Twenty-four lines, couplets.

This is doubtless the same person who, with the poet Bavius, is so contemptuously referred to by Virgil in Eclogue iii., line 90. Both were probably authors of libellous writings. In the absence of anything in his favor, and from the agreement of Virgil and Horace in speaking of him, we shall probably be justified in regarding Mævius as deserving of the evil reputation which seems to attach to his name. He was going to Athens when this lyric was written. It may be described as full of wrath, humor, and poetic beauty, all poured out as it were in one breath. The invocation to the storm-winds, to the sky, to the waves, and other destructive elements of nature against Mævius, is remarkably full of life and spirit. Of the two dates proposed, 38 and 34, we take the latter. This is the last of the epodes in this peculiar Latin metre. Francis and Lytton retain the couplet form, and the twenty-four lines of the ode. Martin arranges in stanzas, adding four lines.

Evil go, O ship, with thee
 Bearing Mævius o'er the sea;
 Stormy South, with horrid waves
 Lash its sides, send watery graves;
 Cloud-black East, the sea upheave,
 Rope, nor oar, nor sailyard leave;
 Rise, O North, as when thy blast
 Mountain oaks to earth shall cast;
 Not a star the dark night cheer,
 All Orion's storms be there;
 Lash, ye restless waves, the strands,
 As ye did the victor bands,
 When from conquered Troy returned,
 Pallas' ire 'gainst Ajax burned.
 Toil and labor vex the men,
 Pallid cheeks thy portion then,
 Wailing with unmanly fear
 Prayers that Jove will never hear,
 As the sea its rage shall wake,
 And the storm your ship shall break,
 Casting you upon the shore,
 Luscious prey for sea-bird's store—
 Grateful sacrifice I'll pay,
 Lamb and kid to Tempests slay.

Mala soluta navis exit alite,
 Ferens olentem Mævium;
 Ut horridis utrumque verberes latus,
 Auster, memento fluctibus;
 Niger rudentes Eurus, inverso mari,
 Fractosque remos differat;
 Insurgat Aquilo, quantus altis montibus
 Frangit tremantes ilices;
 Nec sidus atra nocte amicum appareat,
 Qua tristis Orion cadit;
 Quietiore nec feratur æquore,
 Quam Graia victorum inanum,
 Cum Pallas usto vertit iram ab Ilío
 In impiam Ajacis ratem.
 O quantus instat navitis sudor tuis,
 Tibique pallor luteus,
 Et illa non virilis ejulatio,
 Preces et aversum ad Jovem,
 Ionius udo cum remugiens sinus
 Noto carinam ruperit.
 Opima quod si præda carum litore
 Porrecta mergos juveris,
 Libidinosus immolabitur caper
 Et agna Tempestatibus.

EPODE 11.

TO PETTIUS.

Twenty-eight lines, couplets.

This ode, which possesses the usual Horatian elegance, and has much poetic beauty, was probably written between 36 and 34 B.C. (a time of comparative quiet), and not far from the period assigned to the fourteenth epode, in which, as in this lyric, he professes that love keeps him from his work. As in the ode to Pyrrhus, and those respecting Ligurinus, so here, the existence of one of the great vices of that age is recognized in terms expressive of strong disapproval. In design and execution it resembles closely those addressed to Pyrrha, to Lydia, and to the Lyce of the third book. The ode does the work of a satire. The bard speaks for others, or for society. There is the same extravagance of expression as in the lyrics referred to. He is evidently satirizing the amazing follies of lovers, who are ridiculed as a class in and through himself, as in the ode to Lydia—I. 13. This interpretation of the lyric makes it easily understood. Francis and Martin are very smooth, the former omitting a few lines, and the latter changing a name. We have thought it best to retain these as they are. Lytton omits the ode. We know nothing of Pettius.

My verses, Pettius, cease to flow,
For love now wakes his warmer glow,
And burns as with unwonted fire,
All beauteous forms my soul inspire.
Three times the leaves have come and gone
Since I was fair Inachia's scorn,
The city's jest (I shame to tell),
'Mid joyous feasts 'neath lover's spell,
My languor, silence, deep-drawn sighs,
All marked the fool in wisdom's eyes.
Alas, in love, fair genius' self
If poor, is nought 'gainst brainless pelf,
Thus I complained, to thee appealed,
When Bacchus had my lips unsealed.
I said, if boiling anger rose,
And scattered to the winds these foes
That galled my wounds and broke my peace,
The shame of foul defeat would cease.
All this before thee gravely laid—
Home, home, thou saidst, I disobeyed,
To her unfriendly doors I stride,
Hard doors that bruised my limbs and side.
But now long-haired Lyciscus charms,
And wakes all my friends' alarms,
Nor counsels grave, nor threats undo
The chains that folly round me throw,
But passion, passion's cure may be,
Some better love may set me free.

Petti, nihil me, sicut antea, juvat
Scribere versiculos amore percussum
gravi;
Amore, qui me præter omnes expetit
Mollibus in pueris aut in puellis urere.
Hic tertius December, ex quo destiti
Inachia furere, silvis honorem decuit.
Heu! me, per urbem, nam pudet tanti mali,
Fahula quanta fui, conviviorum et
premitet.
In queis amantem et languor et silentium
Arguit, et latere petitus imo spiritus.
Contrane lucrum nil valere candidum
Pauperis ingenium, querebar applorens
tibi;
Simul calentis inverecundus Deus
Pervidiore mero arcana promorat loco.
Quod si meis inestuat præcordiis
Libera bilis, ut hæc ingrata ventis dividat
Fomenta, vulnus nil malum levantia.
Desinet imparibus certare summos
pudor.
Ubi hæc severus te palam laudaveram,
Jussus abire domum, ferebar incerto pelle
Ad non amicos heu, mihi postes, et heu!
Limina dura, quibus lumina et infregi lætus.
Nunc, gloriantis quamlibet mulierculam
Vincere molliora, amor Lycisci me tenet,
Unde expedire non amicorum queant
Libera consilia, nec contumelie graves.
Sed alius ardor aut puellæ candidæ,
Aut teretispueri, longam renodantis co-
mam.

EPODE 13.

TO FRIENDS.

Eighteen lines, couplets.

The older Delphin arranges as an ode of twenty-seven lines. The younger Delphin (Pemble), the Anthon, and the Orelli-Yonge editions, place it in eighteen lines, which arrangement we follow. All agree that it was written before 30 B.C. Of the four dates proposed, 43, 42, 39, and 33, we take the last as best meeting all the conditions of the case. Some "friends" are invited to his pleasant dwelling at Tibur on a stormy day of the early spring. To these the ode is addressed. Already reports of new strifes and wars were around. The bard says to them—do not worry over coming troubles, trust Heaven for the future, and take the sentiment of the Centaur to the young Achilles—that since his life was to be short, he must meet its ills with song and social enjoyment. Francis translates as an ode of thirty lines. Martin (fourteens) retains the general shape of the ode, adding two lines. Lytton (couplets) adds ten lines.

Now horrid storms shut in the sky,
Now pour the rains, the thick snows fly,
O'er seas and woods winds shriek along,
Friends, seize the day while limbs are strong,
And brows no touch of care reveal.
The goblet bring—Torquatus' seal.
Of ills speak not, some change in store
Kind Gods may see—now fragrance pour
From flowing vase, wake Hermes' shell,
And from our breasts dire care dispel.
The Centaur to Achilles sung :
"Unconquered boy from Thetis sprung,
Where cool Scamander's tiny stream,
And smoothly gliding Simois gleam,
Thou goest—the Fates forbid return,
Nor mother's prayer that boon could earn,
Then soothe the ills thy life shall meet,
With wine and song and converse sweet."

Horrida tempestas cœlum contraxit, et imbres
Nivesque deducunt Jovem : nunc mare,
nunc silvæ
Threicio Aquilone sonant : rapiamus, amici,
Occasionem de die, dumque virent genua,
Et decet, obducta solvatur fronte senectus.
Tu vina Torquato move Consule pressa meo.
Cetera mitte loqui : Deus hæc fortasse benigna
Reducet in sedem vice. Nunc et Achæ-
menio
Perfundi uardo juvat, et fide Cyllenea
Levare diris pectora sollicitudinibus ;
Nobilis ut grandi cecinit Centaurus alumno :
"Invicte, mortalis, Dea nate puer Thetidæ,
Te manet Assaraci Tellus, quam frigida parvi
Findunt Scamandri flumina lubricus et
Simois,
Unde tibi reditum certo subtemine Parce
Rupere ; nec mater domum cœrula te
revehet.
Illic omne malum vino cantuque levato,
Deformis ærimonix dulcibus alloquius."

EPODE 14.

TO MÆCENAS.

Sixteen lines, couplets.

This sportive ode of elegant diction was probably written at some period of ease in civil affairs, perhaps between 36 and 34 B.C.—after the defeat of Sextus Pompeius by sea, and before the new troubles connected with Antony and Cleopatra broke out—intimated in the last ode. The verses referred to in this lyric are probably some single poem which Horace never intended to finish, and which was a standing jest between them. He playfully offers as an excuse (as in the ode to Pettius) the power of love over him, appealing to Mæcenas himself as knowing the power of this passion, and gracefully compliments Terentia, calling her, as it were, another Helen. The contrast between the elegant Terentia and the coarse Phryne who he says is *his* flame, makes the whole thing (as intended) very ludicrous. We can easily understand that Phryne, and Myrtale (Ode i. 33), and Ligurinus, and Lyciscus, and others that might be mentioned, all stand in the same relation to Horace—simply as subjects of humor and satire. How different the tone of all these lyrics from the deep earnestness of the ode next in order. Lytton retains the couplet form of the ode, Martin arranges in two eight-line stanzas, while Francis omits the lyric.

Why steals soft languor o'er my soul,
As when oblivion's waters roll,
And one with parching lips should drink
Deep cups from Lethe's dreary brink,
'T is this, Mæcenas, that you ask—
Not Lethe—love forbids my task,
My promised verses, oft begun,
Never on roller will they run.
Love ruled, they say, Anaercon's lyre,
The Teïan hard as burned its fire,
Oft mourned his passion on his shell,
The strains in careless measure swell.
But thou dost love, thy flame as bright
As that which kindled Ilium's light,
Enjoy thy lot—me Phryne hinds,
And more than me perhaps she finds.

Mollis inertia cur tantam diffuderit imis
Oblivionem sensibus,
Pocula Lethæos ut si ducentia somnos
Arente fœces traxerim,
Candidè Mæcenas, occidis sæpe rogando
Deus, Deus nam me vetat
Inceptos, olim promissum carmen, iam
Ad umbilicum adducere.
Non aliter Samio dicunt arsiæse Bathyllos
Anaeronta Teïum,
Qui persæpe cava testudine flevit amorem,
Non elaboratum ad pedem.
Ureris ipse miser; quod si non pulchrior ignis
Accendit obsessam Ilium,
Gaude sorte tua; me libertina, neque uno
Contenta, Phryne macerat.

EPODE 15.

TO NEÆRA.

Twenty-four lines, couplets.

This is, we think, the earliest ode of Horace, or nearly so, one of the two or three which bear marks of personal feeling, differing widely in this respect from those addressed to Chloe, Lydia, Glycera, and others of that kind. Nothing is known of Neæra outside of this ode. It may have been written after Horace's return to Rome from Philippi, before he was established in the household of Mæcenas,—40 or 39 B.C. About twenty-five years old, and susceptible as others to the charms of female grace and beauty, it would have been strange if he had not seen some one to whom he might become honorably attached. Neæra was such an one, but some rival with more personal attraction, and more wealth (as the lyric intimates) won her away. That he felt this deeply appears in the animus with which he introduces his own name (Flaccus) in the ode. He will seek some one else, and by success in life, make Neæra regret her present decision. He met with Cinara after this, and but for her early death ("breves annos") might have become attached to her. He always speaks of her with feeling. In this lyric he says that Neæra will be faithless to the new lover, and so time will avenge the old one. The poetic beauty of the ode has been remarked upon by scholars. W. Somerville is in stanzas—adds eleven lines. Francis (couplets) adds two lines. Martin arranges in six four-line stanzas. Lytton (couplet form) adds eight lines.

'T was night, the skies were all serene,
'Mid lesser orbs shone night's fair Queen,
When thou before the Gods above,
Swore falsely to my words of love,
As ivy round the oak might wind,
Thy slender arms about me twined.
"While sheep the rav'ning wolf shall flee,
While storms shall vex the wintry sea,
While breezes kiss Apollo's hair,
This love shall last—our mutual care."
Neæra many a tear shall give,
If aught of man in Flaccus live,
Thou false, he brooks no second place,
Some truer heart his love shall grace,
Nor shall thy beauty e'er recall,
If on thy soul regret should fall.
And thou, now happier far than I,
Who proudly lift'st thy head on high,
Tho' lands and herds give wealth to thee,
Or flows Pactolus' golden sea,
Or sages' secrets open lie,
Or thou with beauteous Nireus vie,
Her love transferred, what grief is thine,
Time will avenge—the smile be mine.

Nox erat, et cœlo fulgebat Luna sereno
Inter minora sidera,
Cum tu, magnorum numen læsura Deorum,
In verba jurabas mea,
Artius atque hedera procera adstringitur ilex,
Lentis adhærens brachiis.
Dnm pecori lupus, et nantis infestus Orion,
Turbaret biberum mare,
Intonsosque agitaret Apollinis aura capillos,
Fore hunc amorem mutuum.
O dolitura mea multum virtute Neæra!
Nam, si quid in Flacco viri est,
Non feret assiduas potiori te dare noctes,
Et quæret iratus parem,
Nec semel offensæ cedet constantia formæ,
Si certus intrarit dolor.
Et tu, quicunque es felicior atque meo nunc
Superbus incedis malo,
Sis pecore et multa dives tellure licebit,
Tibique Pactolus fluat,
Nec te Pythagoræ fallant arcana renati,
Formaque vincas Nireus;
Eheu! translato alio mœrebis amores;
Ast ego vicissim risero.

EPICUM 16.

TO THE ROMANS.

Sixty-six lines, couplets.

We think that this ode was written nearly at the same time with the seventh—about 33 B.C.—this lyric being the later of the two. This date seems to match with the "altera ætas" of the ode, or the second generation of civil wars, commencing from the consulship of Metellus (Ode II. 1) and now within three years of its close. The first "ætas" commenced in 90 or 89, with the quarrels of Marius and Sylla. It was in 88 that Sylla led his legions against Rome, and set a price on the head of Marius. Nearly two generations had passed away, witnessing numerous conflicts, besides the bloody fields of Pharsalia, Thapsus, Munda, Philippi, and Naulochus. The ode is a strong expression of feeling on the destructiveness of these wars. Rome destroys herself—not her foreign enemies. Let us, like the Phœceans, leave our country and build in some far and happy isle. The description of the "arva beata" places before us a picture of rare beauty. In the positions of lines 53 and 54, we follow Martin, and the younger Delphin and Anthon editions. Our translators retain the couplet form of the ode, and Martin (with great elegance of diction) the number of lines. Francis adds ten, and Lytton (very unusual) sixteen lines.

Another age of civil strife—

'T is Rome's own hand destroys her life,
Not foemen from brave Marsia's lands,
Nor strong Etruria's threat'ning bands,
Nor Capua's power, Spartacus bold,
Nor Allobrox in mountain hold,
Nor blue-eyed youth Germania bred,
Nor Hannibal, our father's dread.
Ah impious race still doomed to bleed,
Our soil again wild beasts shall feed,
Rome's ashes barbarous foes shall tread,
Their horsemen thro' her streets shall spread,
And bones long sacred from the light,
Shall scatter in the noonday bright.
Perchance the better part will say,—
What will avert such evil day?
Your plans Phœcean plans must be,
Who dared oath-bound the distant sea,
And fields, and temples, and sweet home,
They left for boars and wolves to roam.
Where'er your feet can bear you, go,
Nor care if raging tempests blow.
Who will propose a better way,
Good omens call us, why delay?
And this your oath. When on the sea
The rocks shall float, return shall be,

Alterâ jam teritur bellis civilibus ætas,
Suis et ipsa Roma viribus ruit,
Quam neque finitimi valuerunt perdere
Marsi,
Minacis aut Etrusca Porsetæ manus,
Æmula nec virtus Capuæ, nec Spartacus acer,
Novisque rebus infidelis Allobrox,
Nec fera cærulea domuit Germania pube,
Parentibusque abominatus Hannibal
Impia perdemus devoti sanguinis ætas,
Perisque rursus occupabitur solum.
Barbarus, heu, cineres insistet victor, et
Urhem
Eques sonante verberabit ungula,
Quæque carent ventis et solibus ossa Quirini,
Nefas videre! dissipabit insolens.
Forte quid expediat communiter aut melior
pars
Malis carere queritis laboribus;
Nulla sit hac potior sententia; Phœcorum
Velut profugit exsecrata civitas
Agros atque Lares patrios, habitandaque fana
Apris reliquit et rapacibus lupis.
Ire pedes quocunque ferent, quocunque per
undas
Notus vocabit, aut protervus Africus.
Sic placet? an melius quis habet suadere?
Secunda
Ratem occupare quid moramur alite?
Sed juremus in hæc:—Simul imis saxa re-
narint
Vadis levata, ne redire sit nefas;

EPODE 16.

Nor sail we spread, nor home we seek,
 Till Po aball bathe Matina's peak,
 Or Apennine to sea shall move,
 Or strangely joined in some strange love,
 Pierce tigers mate with tender hinds,
 Or dove with kite protection finds,
 Or trustful herds the lion saves,
 Or he-goats love the briny waves.
 All that our sweet return denies,
 We 'll swear and go to other skies—
 The better part—the soft and weak
 Their ill-starred indolence may seek.
 Ye stroug, all woman's grief deny,
 And far from Tuscan waters fly,
 For us great ocean waits, sweet fields
 And islands blest our voyage yields.
 The lands untill'd rich harvests bring,
 To vines unpruned fair clusters cling,
 The olive's flowers unfailing, blow,
 On native boughs the dark figs glow,
 The hollow oaks yield honeyed store,
 The dancing rills from hillsides pour,
 The she-goats seek the milker's hand,
 The herds with swelling udders stand,
 Nor bears around the fold shall prowl,
 Nor ground is swelled with vipers foul,
 Nor flocks contagion feel, nor star
 Its blasting rays aball send from far—
 And more we sing—no wasting rains
 From stormy Eurus sweep the plains,
 Nor seed shall burn in parching ground,
 Tempered by Jove the season round.
 Not here came Argo's conquering band,
 Nor Colchian frail could win this strand,
 Not here Sidonian sails are furled,
 Nor touched the fleet that roamed the world.
 Saved for the just these happy climes,
 When Jove once changed the former times
 From gold to brass and iron—here,
 Ye pious, fly—thus speaks the seer.

Neu conversa domum pigeat dare lutea,
 quando
 Padus Matina laverit cacumina,
 In mare seu celsus procurrerit Apenninus,
 Novaque monstra junxerit libidie
 Mirus amor, juvet ut tigres subsidere cervis,
 Adulteretur et columba miluo,
 Credula nec rivos timeant armenta leones,
 Ametque salsa levis hircus æquora.
 Hæc, et quæ poterunt reditus abscondere
 dulces,
 Eamus omnis exsecrata civitas,
 Aut pars indocili melior grege; molli et
 exspes
 Inominata perprimat cubilia.
 Vos, quibus est virtus, muliebrem tollite
 luctum,
 Etrusca præter et volate litora.
 Nos manet Oceanus circumvagus: arva,
 beata
 Petamus arva divites et insulas;
 Reddit ubi Cererem tellus inarata quotannis,
 Et imputata floret usque vinca,
 Germinat et nunquam fallentis terminis olive
 Suamque pulla ficus ornat arborem,
 Mella cava manant ex ilice, montibus altis
 Levis crepante lympha desilit pede.
 Illic injussæ veniunt ad mulctra capellæ,
 Refertque tenta grex amicus ubera;
 Nec vespertinus circumgemit ursus ovile,
 Neque intumescit alta viperis humus,
 Nulla nocent pecori contagia, nullius astri
 Gregem æstuosa torret impotentia,
 Pluraque felices mirabimur: ut neque largis
 Æquos Eurus arva radat imbribus,
 Pinguis nec siccis urantur semina glebis;
 Utrumque rege temperante cœlitum.
 Non huc Argo contendit remige pinus,
 Neque impudica Colchis intulit pedem;
 Non huc Sidonii torserunt cornua nautæ,
 Laboriosa nec cohors Ulixæ.
 Jupiter illa pie secrevit litora genti,
 Ut inquinavit ære tempus aureum;
 Ære, dehinc ferro duravit sæcula; quorum
 Pius secunda, vate me, data fuga.

EPODE 17.

TO CANIDIA.

Eighty-one equal lines.

Some of the Delphin editions divide this ode at Canidia's reply, making that the eighteenth epode. We follow those arrangements which treat it as one ode. It is a pretended recantation of epode fifth. Three compositions come in the following order: In Satire i. 8, he describes Canidia as using the waxen image, bringing up the dead, mixing cups—referred to in her reply. Epode fifth comes next (37 or 36 B.C.), in which she is described as using spells for the recovery of an old lover. Probably in the same years comes the ode before us, in which the bard says some very bitter things, as indeed he intended to do. She is made to avow her witchcraft, and the old mythological stories are finely worked up on the part of both, with much poetic beauty. Francis and Martin are in eights, very smooth, the former adding twenty-seven lines, and the latter forty-five. Lytton adds seven lines (very unusual), giving a careful rendering of the lyric.

Now, now I yield, such skill is thine—
By the dark realm of Proserpine,
Ily Hecaté revered in Hell,
Ily the strange books whose potent spell
Draws down the loosen'd stars from heaven,
An end to magic rites be given,
And thy swift wheel now backward turn;
Sweet pity moved Achilles stern,
When Telephus drew out his bands,
And hurled his spear with hostile hands.
Brave Hector's body Troy entombed,
To beasts of prey and vultures doomed,
For mournful Priam leaves the walls,
And at the victor's feet he falls.
Hard, bristling skins no more deform
The crews harass'd by toil and storm,
For Ceres wills, and voice and mind
Return, and grace of human kind.
Enough of pain from you I bear,
To sailors and to traders dear,
My youth and ruddy color fail,
My ghastly skin hangs like a sail,
My hair turns gray thro' magic rites,
My labors bring no rest at nights,
Day follows day in troubled round,
My panting breath no ease has found.
What was denied is now confessed,
Sabellian charms disturb my breast,
And spells which they of Marsia learn
My head have struck—ye Gods!—I burn
With fires to Hercules unknown,
With Nessus' garment round him thrown,
And worse than Ætna's fiery stores,
Which in Sicilian waves it pours,

Jam, jam efficaci do manus scientiæ—
Supplex, et oro regna per Proserpinæ
Per et Diance non movenda numina,
Per atque libros carminum valeantium
Refixa cælo devocare sidera,
Canidia, parce vocibus tandem sacris,
Citumque retro solve, solve turbium.
Movit nepotem Telephus Nereium,
In quem superbus ordinarat agmina
Mysorum, et in quem tela acuta torserat.
Unxere matres Iliæ addictum feris
Aliis atque canibus homicidam Hectorem,
Postquam relictis mœnibus rex procidit
Heu! perniciæ ad pedes Achillei.
Setosa duris exuere pellibus
Laboriosi retinges l'licei,
Volente Circa, membra; tunc mens et sonus
Relapsus, atque notus in vultus honor.
Dedi satis superque pignarum tibi,
Amata nautis multum et inastitoribus.
Fugit juvenas, et verecundus color
Reliquit ossa pelle amicta lurida;
Tuis capillus albus est odoribus,
Nullum a labore me reclinat otium,
Urget diem nox, et dies noctem, nequi est
Levare tenta spiritu præcordia.
Ergo negatum vincor ut credam uncer
Sabella pectus inerepare carminibus,
Caputque Marsa dissilire nœvina.
Quid amplius vis? O mare, O terra! ardeo,
Quantum neque atro delibutus Hercules
Nessi cruore, nec Sicania fervida
Furens in Ætna flamma. Tu donec cinis
Injuriis aridus ventis ferar.

EPODE 17.

Your poisons brought from Colchos' shores.
 What end, what penalty for me?
 Ask what thou wilt, whate'er it be,
 Prepared to yield all you desire,
 A hundred steers, or false-touched lyre—
 I'll chant you modest, true to love,
 Place you a star 'mid stars above.
 Fair Helen's name her brothers guard,
 They punish yet they hear the bard,
 Give back the sight they take away—
 Ah, loose me from thy spells, I pray.
 With parents' crimes thou art not stained,
 Nor name of sorceress hast gained
 'Mid graves and ashes of the poor,
 Pure hands are thine, an open door,
 And Pactumeius is thy son,
 In honor born, not foully won
 From cradled home, as tales might run.

My ears are closed, why pour your prayers?
 Not rocks so deaf to sailors' fears,
 Lashed by the waves of wintry seas,—
 You scorn Cotyttian mysteries,
 You brand our own free love with shame,
 And High-Priest-like our rites defame,
 And send thro' Rome my slandered name.
 'T is not in vain my gifts enrich
 For mingled spells Pelignian witch.
 Slow, lingering deaths for you remain,
 Your wretched life drawn out in pain,
 New sufferings shall delight my breast—
 How sighs that treacherous sire for rest,
 'Mid feasts he feels sharp hunger's needs,
 Prometheus sighs, the bird yet feeds,
 Sighs Sisyphus on highest spot
 That stone to fix, Jove wills it not.
 And you shall wish from towers to leap,
 Or in your blood sharp daggers steep,
 And cords in vain your neck shall bind,
 Sad, weary, yet no death you'll find,
 While on your shoulders mounted I
 Triumphant course the earth and sky.
 To move dead wax with life 't was given,
 Thou saw'st (a spy) while from the heaven
 I draw the moon with magic lore,
 I call the dead from Stygian shore,
 I mix deep poison's cup, shall I
 My art and vengeance now deny?

Cales venenis officina Colchicis.
 Quæ finis? aut quod me manet stipendium?
 Effare; jussas cum fide penas luam;
 Paratus, expiare seu poposceris
 Centum juvencos, sive mendaci lyra
 Voles sonari; tu pudica, tu proba
 Perambulabis astra sidus aureum.
 Infamis Helenæ Castor offensus vicem,
 Fraterque magni Castoris, victi prece,
 Adempta vati reddidere lumina.
 Et tu, potes nam, solve me dementia,
 O nec paternis obsoleta sordibus,
 Neque in sepulcris pauperum prudens anus
 Novendiales dissipare pulverem;
 Tibi hospitale pectus et puræ manus,
 Tuusque venter Pactumeius, et tuo
 Cruore rubros obstetrix pannis lavit,
 Utcunque fortis exilis puerpera.

Quid obseratis auribus fundis preces?
 Non saxa nudis surdiora navitis
 Neptunus alto tundit hibernus salo.
 Ioultus ut tu riseris Cotytia
 Vulgata, sacrum liberi Cupidinis,
 Et Esquilini Pontifex venefici
 Impune ut Urbem nomine impleris meo?
 Quid proderat ditasse Pelignas anus,
 Velociusve miscuisse toxicum?
 Sed tardiora fata te votis mauent;
 Ingrata misero vita ducenda est in hoc,
 Novis ut usque suppates laboribus.
 Optat quietem Pelopis infidi pater,
 Egens benignæ Tantalus semper dapia;
 Optat Prometheus obligatus aliti;
 Optat supremo collocare Sisyphus
 In monte saxum; sed vetant leges Jovis.
 Voles modo altis desilire turribus,
 Modo ense pectus Norio recludere,
 Frustraque vincla gutturi nectes tuo,
 Fastidiosa tristis ægrimonia.
 Vectabor humeris tunc ego inimicis eques,
 Meaque terra cedet insolentia.
 An quæ movere cereas imagines,
 Ut ipse nosti curiosus, et polo
 Deripere lunam vocibus possim meis,
 Possim crematos excitare mortuos,
 Desiderique temperare pocula,
 Plorem artis, in te nil agentis, exitum?

THE SÆCULAR HYMN.

Seventy-six lines, stanzas.

It is 17 A.C. Augustus has reigned fourteen years, reckoning from the battle of Actium. The wounds of civil war have been largely healed, and peace smiles upon the land. The temple of Janus has been closed three times. When Alexandria was taken, when the Cantabrian war was finished, and when Augustus returned from the East with the standards recovered from Parthia,—these events mark the successive eras of peace as twenty-nine, twenty-four, and twenty years before the birth of Christ. It would seem fitting that some grand celebration should signalize the time of prosperity which had come to a people emerging from the civil wars of two generations.

Out of this feeling, easily understood, grows the Sæcular Hymn, deeply religious and patriotic in its character. All cultivated nations probably have their periodical celebrations, connected with remarkable events in their history. Rome had hers from the early times of the Republic, although they were not held as perhaps originally intended, at regular periods of just one hundred and ten years. We are told that the principal hymns on those former occasions were to Pluto and Proserpine, and not to Apollo and Diana, as in the lyric before us. When this change of Deities took place does not seem to be known,—some think not before the time of Augustus.

This celebration was arranged by those who had charge of the Sibylline books (second stanza), together with Ateius Capito, a celebrated jurist, and Horace was invited to write the principal hymn for the occasion. There had been three celebrations before Augustus, the times of which, singularly enough, are not known with certainty. Historians give us three after him at irregular periods,—the first under Claudius, 47 A.D., the second under Domitian, 88 A.D., and the third under Philippos, 248 A.D. The next in regular order would have been 358 A.D. But the son of Constantine was on the throne of the Cæsars, Rome had been leavened with Christianity, and hymns were sung to a New and Higher Name, still religiously Supreme after the lapse of fifteen centuries.

Twenty-seven youths and as many maidens from the best families of Rome (second, sixth, and last stanzas) composed the choir by which was sung the Hymn before us, on the last of the three days allotted to these festivities. It is, of course, in entire accordance with Roman thought and feeling, recognizing the religious ideas, the civil and political history, and the theistical traditions accepted at Rome. Addressed to Apollo and Diana, its adoration and praise are followed by petitions for protection, for peace and prosperity, for population, for the prevalence of virtue, and for moral and lasting grandeur. These two Deities were regarded as the special founders and guardians of Rome, as is clearly recognized in the second, tenth, eleventh, seventeenth, and eighteenth stanzas. It is a magnificent lyric, worthy of the poet, and of the occasion which called it forth; and we infer from the ten concluding lines of the ode to Melpomene, the third of the fourth

THE SÆCULAR HYMN.

book, that this was the judgment of the Rome of Horace's day,—an opinion in which, where such a matter is concerned, it would seem safe to acquiesce.

William Duncombe, 1769, translates in the nineteen four-line stanzas of the ode. Francis transfers (as introductory) Ode i. 21, Ode iv. 6, and the first stanza of Ode iii. 1. The Hymn itself he translates with good diction, adding thirty-six lines. Martin makes no transfers, uses the "Pindaric stanza," has fine diction, and adds thirty-eight lines. Lytton retains the form and size of the lyric, and is smooth and condensed, placing it also, chronologically correct, between the third and fourth books. We give the Latin text of the Hymn as arranged in all the editions named in the preface, and have selected for our translation a rhythm used in some of the sacred lyrics of our day.

Phœbus, Dian, forest-Queen,
Lustrous Orbs 'mid grandeur seen,
Always Rome adores your Power,
Hear us in this sacred hour ;

Guided by the Sibyl's lays,
Youths and maidens sing your praise,
Gods whose love and guardian care
Shall the seven-hilled City share.

Radiant Sun, with car of flame,
Born each day yet still the same,
Not from morn to evening's glow,
Greater see than Rome below.

Ilithyia, with thy power
Kindly aid in childbirth's hour,
As Lucina bow thine ear,
Or as Genitalis hear ;

Goddess, on thy name we wait,
Prosper the decrees of state,
Marriage laws with offspring grace,
Pure, and fresh, and numerous race ;

Then as roll the circling years,
Festal hymns the future hears,
Shining day thrice greets the throngs,
Softer night the joy prolongs.

You, ye Fates, who truthful sing
What unfolding years shall bring,
Add new glories to the past,
Through the ages bid them last.

Phœbe, silvarumque potens Diana,
Lucidum cœli decus, O colendi
Semper et culti, date, quæ precamur
Tempore sacro ;

Quo Sibyllini monuere versus
Virgines lectas puerosque castos
Dis, quibus septem placuere colles,
Dicere carmen.

Alme Sol, curru nitido diem qui
Promis et celas, aliusque et idem
Nasceris, possis nihil urbe Roma
Visere majus.

Rite maturos aperire partus
Lenis, Ilithyia, tuere matres ;
Sive tu Lucina probas vocari,
Seu Genitalis ;

Diva, producas sobolem, Patrumque
Prosperes decreta super jugandia
Feminis, prolisque novæ feraci
Lege marita ;

Certus undenos decies per annos
Orbis ut cantus referatque ludos,
Ter die claro, totiesque grata
Nocte frequentes.

Vosque veraces cecinisse, Parcæ,
Quod semel dictum est, stabilisque rerum
Terminus servat, bona jam peractis
Jungite fata.

THE SÆCULAR HYMN.

Fertile earth with fruits abound,
Cereals be with harvests crowned,
Genial showers on fields descend,
Healthful airs our flocks defend.

Phœbus, lay thine armor by,
Hear thy suppliant youth on High;
Crescent Moon, bright Queen of heaven,
Hear thy virgins' praises given:

Rome is yours, the Ilian band
Seek from far the Tuscan strand,
Home and country changing now,
To your wise command they bow;

From the burning city won,
Great Æneas leads them on;
Guided o'er the watery way,
Grander fates their toils repay.

Be our youth with virtue blest,
Wearied age find peace and rest,
Grant, ye Gods, to Latian race,
Wealth, and men, and every grace.

Him who snow-white victims brings,
And from beauteous Venus springs,
Conqueror make on battle-field,
Gentle when the foe shall yield.

Now o'er sea and land appears
Roman grandeur, Media fears,
Scythia late so haughty bends,
Fair responses India sends.

Faith, and Peace, and Honor come,
Ancient Reverence finds her home,
Virtue braves neglectful scorn,
Smiling Plenty fills her horn.

Thou who dost the future know,
Phœbus of the shining bow,
Dear to Muses, skilled to heal
Pains the anguished limbs shall feel,

From thine own Palatian hill,
Roman greatness guarding still,
Happy Latium make thy care,
Grander as the ages wear.

Pertilis frugum pecorisque Tellus
Spicea donet Cererem corona;
Nutriant fœtus et aquæ salubres,
Et Jovis aura.

Conditio mitis placidusque telo
Supplex audi pueros, Apollo.
Siderum regina bicornis, audi,
Lona puellas!

Roma si vestrum est opus, Iliacæ
Litus Etruscum tenere turinæ,
Jussa pars mutare Lares et urbem
Sospite cursu.

Cui per ardentem sine fraude Trojam
Castos Æneas patriæ superstes
Liberum monivit iter, daturus
Plura relictis.

Di, proles mores docili juventæ.
Di, senectuti placidæ quietem,
Romulæ genti date remque prolemque
Et decus omne.

Quique vos bobus veneratur albis
Clarus Anchisæ Venerisque sanguis.
Impetret, bellante prior, jacentem
Lentis in hostem.

Jam mari terraque manus potentes
Medus, Albanasque timet secures;
Jam Scythiæ responsa petunt superbi
Nuper, et Indi.

Jam Fides, et Pax, et Honor, Pudorque
Priscus, et neglecta redire Virtus
Audet; apparetque beata pleno
Copiæ cornu.

Augur, et fulgente decorus arcu
Phœbus, acceptusque novem Camenis,
Qui salutari levat arte fœdas
Corporis artus.

Si Palatinas videt æquus arces,
Remque Romanam Latiumque felix
Alterum in lustrum, meliusque semper
Proroget ævum.

THE SÆCULAR HYMN.

From thine own Aventine towers,
Or from Algid's shady bowers,
Holy men, O Dian, hear,
Youthful praises reach thine ear.

We have hymned in choral lays
Phœbus and Diana's praise,
Stroug in hope we homeward bend,
Jove has heard, the Gods defend.

Quæque Aventinum tenet Algidumque,
Quindecim Diana preces virorum
Curet, et votis puerorum amicas
Applicet aures.

Hæc Jovem sentire, deosque cunctos,
Spem bonam certamque domum reporto,
Doctus et Phœbi chorus et Dianæ
Dicere laudes.

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